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THE
COMPLETE WORKS
OF
LORD BYRON

WITH
A BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICE
BY J. W. LAKE, ESQ.

VOL. VII.

Miscellaneous Pieces.



PARIS

From the Press of Julien Didot senior,

VI. RUE DU PONT-DE-LODI.

PUBLISHED BY BAUDRY, RUE DU COQ-SAINT-HONORÉ,
AND AMYOT, RUE DE LA PAIX.

1825.



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THE
PROPHECY OF DANTE.

"T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore.
And coming events cast their shadows before."

CAMPBELL.

DEDICATION.

LADY! if for the cold and cloudy clime
Where I was born, but where I would not die,
Of the great Poet-Sire of Italy
I dare to build the imitative rhyme,
- Harsh Runic copy of the south's sublime,
Thou art the cause; and howsoever I
Fall short of his immortal harmony,
Thy gentle heart will pardon me the crime.
Thou, in the pride of beauty and of youth,
Spak'st; and for thee to speak and be obey'd
Are one; but only in the sunny south
Such sounds are utter'd, and such charms display'd,
So sweet a language from so fair a mouth—
Ah! to what effort would it not persuade?

Ravenna, June 21, 1819.

PREFACE.

IN the course of a visit to the city of Ravenna in the summer of 1819, it was suggested to the author, that having composed something on the subject of Tasso's confinement, he should do the same on Dante's exile—the tomb of the poet forming one of the principal objects of interest in that city, both to the native and to the stranger.

« On this hint I spake, » and the result has been the following four cantos, in terza rima, now offered to the reader. If they are understood and approved, it is my purpose to continue the poem in various other cantos to its natural conclusion in the present age. The reader is requested to suppose that Dante addresses him in the interval between the conclusion of the *Divina Commedia* and his death, and shortly before the latter event,

foretelling the fortunes of Italy in general in the ensuing centuries. In adopting this plan I have had in my mind the Cassandra of Lycophron, and the Prophecy of Nereus by Horace, as well as the Prophecies of Holy Writ. The measure adopted is the terza rima of Dante, which I am not aware to have seen hitherto tried in our language, except it may be by Mr Hayley, of whose translation I never saw but one extract, quoted in the notes to Caliph Vathek; so that—if I do not err—this poem may be considered as a metrical experiment. The cantos are short, and about the same length of those of the poet whose name I have borrowed, and most probably taken in vain.

Amongst the inconveniences of authors in the present day, it is difficult for any who have a name, good or bad, to escape translation. I have had the fortune to see the fourth canto of Childe Harold translated into Italian versi sciolti—that is, a poem written in the *Spenserean stanza* into *blank verse*, without regard to the natural divisions of the stanza, or of the sense. If the present poem, being on a national topic, should chance to undergo the same fate, I would request the Italian reader to remember that when I have failed in the imitation of his great « Padre Alighier, » I have failed in imitating that which all study and few understand, since to this very day it is not yet settled what was

the meaning of the allegory in the first canto of the *Inferno*, unless Count Marchetti's ingenious and probable conjecture may be considered as having decided the question.

He may also pardon my failure the more, as I am not quite sure that he would be pleased with my success, since the Italians, with a pardonable nationality, are particularly jealous of all that is left them as a nation—their literature; and in the present bitterness of the classic and romantic war, are but ill disposed to permit a foreigner even to approve or imitate them, without finding some fault with his ultramontane presumption. I can easily enter into all this, knowing what would be thought in England of an Italian imitator of Milton, or if a translation of Monti, or Pindemonte, or Arici, should be held up to the rising generation as a model for their future poetical essays. But I perceive that I am deviating into an address to the Italian reader, when my business is with the English one, and, be they few or many, I must take my leave of both.

THE
PROPHECY OF DANTE.

CANTO I.

ONCE more in man's frail world ! which I had left
So long that 't was forgotten ; and I feel
The weight of clay again,—too soon bereft
Of the immortal vision which could heal
My earthly sorrows, and to God's own skies
Lift me from that deep gulf without repeal,
Where late my ears rung with the damned cries
Of souls in hopeless bale ; and from that place
Of lesser torment, whence men may arise,
Pure from the fire, to join the angelic race ;
Midst whom my own bright Beatricē bless'd
My spirit with her light ; and to the base

Of the Eternal Triad ! first, last, best,
Mysterious, three, sole, infinite, great God !
Soul universal ! led the mortal guest,
Unblasted by the glory, though he trod
From star to star to reach the almighty throne.
Oh Beatricē ! whose sweet limbs the sod
So long hath prest, and the cold marble stone,
Thou sole pure seraph of my earliest love,
Love so ineffable, and so alone,
That nought on earth could more my bosom move,
And meeting thee in heaven was but to meet
That without which my soul, like the arkless dove,
Had wander'd still in search of, nor her feet
Relieved her wing till found ; without thy light
My paradise had still been incomplete.²
Since my tenth sun gave summer to my sight
Thou wert my life, the essence of my thought,
Loved ere I knew the name of love, and bright
Still in these dim old eyes, now overwrought
With the world's war, and years, and banishment,
And tears for thee, by other woes untaught ;
For mine is not a nature to be bent
By tyrannous faction, and the brawling crowd ;
And though the long, long conflict hath been spent
In vain, and never more, save when the cloud
Which overhangs the Apennine, my mind's eye
Pierces to fancy Florence, once so proud
Of me, can I return, though but to die,
Unto my native soil, they have not yet
Quench'd the old exile's spirit, stern and high.
But the sun, though not overcast, must set,
And the night cometh ; I am old in days,

And deeds, and contemplation, and have met
Destruction face to face in all his ways.

The world hath left me, what it found me, pure,
And if I have not gather'd yet its praise,
I sought it not by any baser lure;
Man wrongs, and time avenges, and my name
May form a monument not all obscure,
Though such was not my ambition's end or aim,
To add to the vain-glorious list of those
Who dabble in the pettiness of fame,
And make men's fickle breath the wind that blows
Their sail, and deem it glory to be class'd
With conquerors and virtue's other foes,
In bloody chronicles of ages past.

I would have had my Florence great and free :³
Oh Florence! Florence! unto me thou wast
Like that Jerusalem which the Almighty He
Wept over, « but thou wouldst not; » as the bird
Gathers its young, I would have gather'd thee
Beneath a parent pinion, hadst thou heard
My voice; but as the adder, deaf and fierce,
Against the breast that cherish'd thee was stir'd
Thy venom, and my state thou didst amerce,
And doom this body forfeit to the fire.
Alas! how bitter is his country's curse
To him who *for* that country would expire,
But did not merit to expire *by* her,
And loves her, loves her even in her ire.
The day may come when she will cease to err,
The day may come she would be proud to have
The dust she dooms to scatter, and transfer⁴
Of him, whom she denied a home, the grave.

But this shall not be granted; let my dust
Lie where it falls; nor shall the soil which gave
Me breath, but in her sudden fury thrust
Me forth to breathe elsewhere, so reassume
My indignant bones, because her angry gust
Forsooth is over, and repeal'd her doom;
No,—she denied me what was mine—my roof,
And shall not have what is not hers—my tomb.
Too long her armed wrath hath kept aloof
The breast which would have bled for her, the heart
That beat, the mind that was temptation proof,
The man who fought, toil'd, travell'd, and each part
Of a true citizen fulfill'd, and saw
For his reward the Guelf's ascendant art
Pass his destruction even into a law.
These things are not made for forgetfulness,
Florence shall be forgotten first; too raw
The wound, too deep the wrong, and the distress
Of such endurance too prolong'd to make
My pardon greater, her injustice less,
Though late repented; yet—yet for her sake
I feel some fonder yearnings, and for thine,
My own Beatricē, I would hardly take
Vengeance upon the land which once was mine,
And still is hallow'd by thy dust's return,
Which would protect the murderess like a shrine,
And save ten thousand foes by thy sole urn.
Though, like old Marius from Minturnæ's marsh
And Carthage' ruins, my lone breast may burn
At times with evil feelings hot and harsh,
And sometimes the last pangs of a vile foe
Writhe in a dream before me, and o'erarch

My brow with hopes of triumph,—let them go!
Such are the last infirmities of those
Who long have suffer'd more than mortal woe,
And yet being mortal still, have no repose
But on the pillow of Revenge—Revenge,
Who sleeps to dream of blood, and waking glows
With the oft-baffled, slakeless thirst of change,
When we shall mount again, and they that trod
Be trampled on, while Death and Até range
O'er humbled heads and sever'd necks—Great God!
Take these thoughts from me—to thy hands I yield
My many wrongs, and thine almighty rod
Will fall on those who smote me,—be my shield!
As thou hast been in peril, and in pain,
In turbulent cities, and the tented field—
In toil, and many troubles borne in vain
For Florence.—I appeal from her to Thee!
Thee, whom I late saw in thy loftiest reign,
Even in that glorious vision, which to see
And live was never granted until now,
And yet thou hast permitted this to me.
Alas! with what a weight upon my brow
The sense of earth and earthly things come back,
Corrosive passions, feelings dull and low,
The heart's quick throb upon the mental rack,
Long day, and dreary night; the retrospect
Of half a century bloody and black,
And the frail few years I may yet expect
Hoary and hopeless, but less hard to bear,
For I have been too long and deeply wreck'd
On the lone rock of desolate despair
To lift my eyes more to the passing sail

Which shuns that reef so horrible and bare ;
Nor raise my voice—for who would heed my wail ?
I am not of this people, nor this age,
And yet my harpings will unfold a tale
Which shall preserve these times, when not a page
Of their perturbed annals could attract
An eye to gaze upon their civil rage,
Did not my verse embalm full many an act
Worthless as they who wrought it : 't is the doom
Of spirits of my order to be rack'd
In life, to wear their hearts out, and consume
Their days in endless strife, and die alone ;
Then future thousands crowd around their tomb,
And pilgrims come from climes where they have known
The name of him—who now is but a name,
And wasting homage o'er the sullen stone,
Spread his—by him unheard, unheeded—fame ;
And mine at least hath cost me dear : to die
Is nothing ; but to wither thus—to tame
My mind down from its own infinity—
To live in narrow ways with little men,
A common sight to every common eye,
A wanderer, while even wolves can find a den,
Ripp'd from all kindred, from all home, all things
That make communion sweet, and soften pain—
To feel me in the solitude of kings
Without the power that makes them bear a crown—
To envy every dove his nest and wings
Which waft him where the Apennine looks down
On Arno, till he perches, it may be,
Within my all-inexorable town,
Where yet my boys are, and that fatal she,⁵

Their mother, the cold partner who hath brought
Destruction for a dowry—this to see
And feel, and know without repair, hath taught
A bitter lesson ; but it leaves me free :
I have not vilely found, nor basely sought,
They made an exile—not a slave of me.

NOTES TO CANTO I.

Note 1, page 9, line 11.

Midst whom my own bright Beatrice bless'd, etc.

The reader is requested to adopt the Italian pronunciation of Beatrice, sounding all the syllables.

Note 2, page 10, line 15.

My paradise had still been incomplete.

« Che sol per le belle opre
Che fanno in cielq il sole e l' altre stelle
Dentro di lui *si crede il paradiso*,
Così se guardi fiso
Pensar ben dèi ch' ogni terren' piacere.

Canzone, in which Dante describes the person of Beatrice, strophe third.

Note 3, page 11, line 15.

I would have had my Florence great and free: etc.

« L'Esilio che m' è dato onor mi tegno.
* * * * *

Cader tra' buoni è pur di lode degno.»

Sonnet of Dante,

in which he represents right, generosity, and temperance as banished from among men, and seeking refuge from love, who inhabits his bosom. .

Note 4, page 11, line 31.

The dust she dooms to scatter, *etc.*

« Ut si quis predictorum ullo tempore in fortiam dicti communis pervenerit, *talis perveniens igne comburatur, sic quod moriatur.* »

Second sentence of Florence against Dante, and the fourteen accused with him.—The Latin is worthy of the sentence.

Note 5, page 14, last line.

Where yet my boys are, and that fatal she, *etc.*

This lady, whose name was *Gemma*, sprung from one of the most powerful Gueff families, named Donati. Corso Donati was the principal adversary of the Ghibellines. She is described as being « *Admodum morosa, ut de Xantippe Socratis philosophi conjugis scriptum esse legimus,* » according to Giannozzo Manetti. But Lionardo Aretino is scandalized with Boccace, in his life of Dante, for saying that literary men should not marry. « Qui il Boccaccio non ha pazienza, e dice, le mogli esser contrarie agli studj; e non si ricorda che Socrate il più nobile filosofo che mai fusse ebbe moglie, e figliuoli e uffici della repubblica mella sua città; e Aristotele che, *etc. etc.* ebbe due mogli in varj tempi, ed ebbe figliuoli, e ricchezze assai.—E Marco Tullio—e Catone—e Varrone, e Seneca—ebbero moglie, » *etc. etc.* It is odd that honest Lionardo's examples, with the exception of Seneca, and, for any thing I know, of Aristotle, are not the most felicitous. Tully's Terentia, and Socrates' Xantippe, by no means contributed to their husbands' happiness, whatever they might do to their philosophy—Cato gave away his wife—of Varro's we know nothing—and of Seneca's, only that she was disposed to die with him, but recovered, and lived several years afterwards. But, says Lionardo, « L' uomo è *animale civile*, secondo piace a tutti i filosofi. » And thence concludes that the greatest proof of the *animal's civism* is « la prima congiunzione, dalla quale multiplicata nasce la città. »

THE
PROPHECY OF DANTE.

CANTO II.

THE Spirit of the fervent days of old,
When words were things that came to pass, and thought
Flash'd o'er the future, bidding men behold
Their children's children's doom already brought
Forth from the abyss of time which is to be,
The chaos of events, where lie half-wrought
Shapes that must undergo mortality;
What the great seers of Israel wore within,
That spirit was on them, and is on me,
And if, Cassandra-like, amidst the din
Of conflict none will hear, or hearing heed
This voice from out the wilderness, the sin

Be theirs, and my own feeling be my meed,
The only guerdon I have ever known.
Hast thou not bled? and hast thou still to bleed,
Italia? Ah! to me such things, foreshown
With dim sepulchral light, bid me forget
In thine irreparable wrongs my own;
We can have but one country, and even yet
Thou 'rt mine—my bones shall be within thy breast,
My soul within thy language, which once set
With our old Roman sway in the wide west;
But I will make another tongue arise
As lofty and more sweet, in which express
The hero's ardour, or the lover's sighs,
Shall find alike such sounds for every theme
That every word, as brilliant as thy skies,
Shall realize a poet's proudest dream,
And make thee Europe's nightingale of song;
So that all present speech to thine shall seem
The note of meaner birds, and every tongue
Confess its barbarism when compared with thine.
This shalt thou owe to him thou didst so wrong,
Thy Tuscan bard, the banish'd Ghibelline.
Woe! woe! the veil of coming centuries
Is rent,—a thousand years which yet supine
Lie like the ocean-waves ere winds arise,
Heaving in dark and sullen undulation,
Float from eternity into these eyes;
The storms yet sleep, the clouds still keep their station,
The unborn earthquake yet is in the womb,
The bloody chaos yet expects creation,
But all things are disposing for thy doom;
The elements await but for the word,

« Let there be darkness! » and thou grow'st a tomb!
Yes! thou, so beautiful, shalt feel the sword,
Thou, Italy! so fair that paradise,
Revived in thee, blooms forth to man restored:
Ah! must the sons of Adam lose it twice?
Thou, Italy! whose ever-golden fields,
Plough'd by the sunbeams solely, would suffice
For the world's granary; thou, whose sky heaven gilds
With brighter stars, and robes with deeper blue;
Thou, in whose pleasant places summer builds
Her palace, in whose cradle empire grew,
And form'd the eternal city's ornaments
From spoils of kings whom freemen overthrew;
Birth-place of heroes, sanctuary of saints,
Where earthly first, then heavenly glory made
Her home; thou, all which fondest fancy paints,
And finds her prior vision but pourtray'd
In feeble colours, when the eye—from the Alp
Of horrid snow, and rock, and shaggy shade
Of desert-loving pine, whose emerald scalp
Nods to the storm—dilates and dotes o'er thee,
And wistfully implores, as 't were, for help
To see thy sunny fields, my Italy,
Nearer and nearer yet, and dearer still
The more approach'd, and dearest were they free,
Thou—thou must wither to each tyrant's will:
The Goth hath been,—the German, Frank, and Hun
Are yet to come,—and on the imperial hill
Ruin, already proud of the deeds done
By the old barbarians, there awaits the new,
Throned on the Palatine, while, lost and won,
Rome at her feet lies bleeding; and the hue

Of human sacrifice and Roman slaughter
Troubles the clotted air, of late so blue,
And deepens into red the saffron water
Of Tiber, thick with dead; the helpless priest,
And still more helpless nor less holy daughter,
Vow'd to their God, have shrieking fled, and ceased
Their ministry: the nations take their prey,
Iberian, Almain, Lombard, and the beast
And bird, wolf, vulture, more humane than they
Are; these but gorge the flesh and lap the gore
Of the departed, and then go their way;
But those, the human savages, explore
All paths of torture, and insatiate yet,
With Ugolino hunger prowls for more.
Nine moons shall rise o'er scenes like this and set;
The chiefless army of the dead, which late
Beneath the traitor prince's banner met,
Hath left its leader's ashes at the gate;
Had but the royal rebel lived, perchance
Thou hadst been spared, but his involved thy fate,
Oh! Rome, the spoiler or the spoil of France,
From Brennus to the Bourbon, never, never
Shall foreign standard to thy walls advance
But Tiber shall become a mournful river.
Oh! when the strangers pass the Alps and Po,
Crush them, ye rocks! floods, overwhelm them, and for ever!
Why sleep the idle avalanches so,
To topple on the lonely pilgrim's head?
Why doth Eridanus but overflow
The peasant's harvest from his turbid bed?
Were not each barbarous horde a nobler prey?
Over Cambyse's host the desert spread

Her sandy ocean, and the sea-waves' sway
Roll'd over Pharaoh and his thousands,—why,
Mountains and waters, do ye not as they?
And you, ye men! Romans, who dare not die,
Sons of the conquerors who overthrew
Those who o'erthrew proud Xerxes, where yet lie
The dead whose tomb oblivion never knew,
Are the Alps weaker than Thermopylæ?
Their passes more alluring to the view
Of an invader? is it they, or ye,
That to each host the mountain-gate unbar,
And leave the march in peace, the passage free?
Why, nature's self detains the victor's car,
And makes your land impregnable, if earth
Could be so; but alone she will not war,
Yet aids the warrior worthy of his birth
In a soil where the mothers bring forth men:
Not so with those whose souls are little worth;
For them no fortress can avail,—the den
Of the poor reptile which preserves its sting
Is more secure than walls of adamant, when
The hearts of those within are quivering.
Are ye not brave? Yes, yet the Ausonian soil
Hath hearts, and hands, and arms, and hosts to bring
Against oppression; but how vain the toil,
While still division sows the seeds of woe
And weakness, till the stranger reaps the spoil.
Oh! my own beauteous land! so long laid low,
So long the grave of thy own children's hopes,
When there is but required a single blow
To break the chain, yet—yet the avenger stops,
And doubt and discord step 'twixt thine and thee,

And join their strength to that which with thee copes;
What is there wanting then to set thee free,
And show thy beauty in its fullest light?
To make the Alps impassable; and we,
Her sons, may do this with *one* deed——unite!

NOTE TO CANTO II.

Note 1, page 22, line 15.

Nine moons shall rise o'er scenes like this and set; *etc.*

See « Sacco di Roma, » generally attributed to Guicciardini. There is another written by a Jacopo *Buonaparte*, Gentiluomo Samminiatese che vi si trovò presente.

THE
PROPHECY OF DANTE.

CANTO III.

FROM out the mass of never-dying ill,
The plague; the prince, the stranger, and the sword,
Vials of wrath but emptied to refill
And flow again, I cannot all record
That crowds on my prophetic eye: the earth
And ocean written o'er would not afford
Space for the annal, yet it shall go forth;
Yes, all, though not by human pen, is graven,
There where the farthest suns and stars have birth.
Spread like a banner at the gate of heaven,
The bloody scroll of our millennial wrongs
Waves, and the echo of our groans is driven

Athwart the sound of archangelic songs,
And Italy, the martyr'd nation's gore,
Will not in vain arise to where belongs
Omnipotence and mercy evermore:
Like to a harpstring stricken by the wind,
The sound of her lament shall, rising o'er
The seraph voices, touch the Almighty Mind.
Meantime I, humblest of thy sons, and of
Earth's dust by immortality refined
To sense and suffering, though the vain may scoff,
And tyrants threat, and meeker victims bow
Before the storm because its breath is rough,
To thee, my country! whom before, as now,
I loved and love, devote the mournful lyre
And melancholy gift high powers allow
To read the future; and if now my fire
Is not as once it shone o'er thee, forgive!
I but foretell thy fortunes—then expire;
Think not that I would look on them and live.
A spirit forces me to see and speak,
And for my guerdon grants *not* to survive;
My heart shall be pour'd over thee and break:
Yet for a moment, ere I must resume
Thy sable web of sorrow, let me take
Over the gleams that flash athwart thy gloom.
A softer glimpse; some stars shine through thy night,
And many meteors, and above thy tomb
Leans sculptured beauty, which death cannot blight;
And from thine ashes boundless spirits rise
To give thee honour, and the earth delight;
Thy soil shall still be pregnant with the wise,
The gay, the learn'd, the generous, and the brave,

Native to thee as summer to thy skies,
Conquerors on foreign shores, and the far wave,¹
Discoverers of new worlds, which take their name;²
For *thee* alone they have no arm to save,
And all thy recompense is in their fame,
A noble one to them, but not to thee—
Shall they be glorious, and thou still the same?
Oh! more than these illustrious far shall be
The being—and even yet he may be born—
The mortal saviour who shall set thee free,
And see thy diadem, so changed and worn
By fresh barbarians, on thy brow replaced;
And the sweet sun replenishing thy morn,
Thy moral morn, too long with clouds defaced
And noxious vapours from Avernus risen,
Such as all they must breathe who are debased
By servitude, and have the mind in prison.
Yet through this centuried eclipse of woe
Some voices shall be heard, and earth shall listen;
Poets shall follow in the path I show,
And make it broader; the same brilliant sky
Which cheers the birds to song shall bid them glow,
And raise their notes as natural and high;
Tuneful shall be their numbers: they shall sing
Many of love, and some of liberty,
But few shall soar upon that eagle's wing,
And look in the sun's face with eagle's gaze
All free and fearless as the feather'd king,
But fly more near the earth; how many a phrase
Sublime shall lavish'd be on some small prince
In all the prodigality of praise!
And language, eloquently false, evince

The harlotry of genius, which, like beauty,
 Too oft forgets its own self-reverence,
 And looks on prostitution as a duty.

He who once enters in a tyrant's hall³

As guest is slave, his thoughts become a booty,
 And the first day which sees the chain intral⁴

A captive, sees his half of manhood gone—

The soul's emasculation saddens all

His spirit; thus the bard too near the throne

Quails from his inspiration, bound to *please*,—

How servile is the task to please alone!

To smooth the verse to suit his sovereign's ease

And royal leisure, nor too much prolong

Aught save his eulogy, and find, and seize,

Or force, or forge fit argument of song!

Thus trammell'd, thus condemn'd to flattery's trebles,

He toils through all, still trembling to be wrong:

For fear some noble thoughts, like heavenly rebels,

Should rise up in high treason to his brain,

He sings, as the Athenian spoke, with pebbles

In 's mouth, lest truth should stammer through his strain.

But out of the long file of sonnetteers

There shall be some who will not sing in vain,

And he, their prince, shall rank among my peers,⁵

And love shall be his torment; but his grief

Shall make an immortality of tears,

And Italy shall hail him as the chief

Of poet-lovers, and his higher song

Of freedom wreath him with as green a leaf.

But in a farther age shall rise, along

The banks of Po, two greater still than he;

The world which smiled on him shall do them wrong

Till they are ashes, and repose with me.

The first will make an epoch with his lyre,

And fill the earth with feats of chivalry :

His fancy like a rainbow, and his fire,

Like that of heaven, immortal, and his thought

Borne onward with a wing that cannot tire ;

Pleasure shall, like a butterfly new caught,

Flutter her lovely pinions o'er his theme,

And art itself seem into nature wrought

By the transparency of his bright dream.—

The second, of a tenderer, sadder mood,

Shall pour his soul out o'er Jerusalem ;

He, too, shall sing of arms, and christian blood

Shed where Christ bled for man ; and his high harp

Shall, by the willow over Jordan's flood,

Revive a song of Sion, and the sharp

Conflict, and final triumph of the brave

And pious, and the strife of hell to warp

Their hearts from their great purpose, until wave

The red-cross banners where the first red cross

Was crimson'd from his veins who died to save,

Shall be his sacred argument ; the loss

Of years, of favour, freedom, even of fame

Contested for a time, while the smooth gloss

Of courts would slide o'er his forgotten name,

And call captivity a kindness, meant

To shield him from insanity or shame,

Such shall be his meet guerdon ! who was sent

To be Christ's Laureate—they reward him well !

Florence dooms me but death or banishment,

Ferrara him a pittance and a cell,

Harder to bear and less deserved, for I

Had stung the factions which I strove to quell;
But this meek man, who with a lover's eye
Will look on earth and heaven, and who will deign
To embalm with his celestial flattery
As poor a thing as e'er was spawn'd to reign,
What will *he* do to merit such a doom?
Perhaps he 'll *love*,—and is not love in vain
Torture enough without a living tomb?
Yet it will be so—he and his compeer,
The bard of chivalry, will both consume
In penury and pain too many a year,
And, dying in despondency, bequeath
To the kind world, which scarce will yield a tear,
A heritage enriching all who breathe
With the wealth of a genuine poet's soul,
And to their country a redoubled wreath,
Unmatch'd by time; not Hellas can unroll
Through her olympiads two such names, though one
Of hers be mighty;—and is this the whole
Of such men's destiny beneath the sun?
Must all the finer thoughts, the thrilling sense,
The electric blood with which their arteries run,
Their body's self turn'd soul with the intense
Feeling of that which is, and fancy of
That which should be, to such a recompense
Conduct? shall their bright plumage on the rough
Storm be still scatter'd? Yes, and it must be,
For, form'd of far too penetrable stuff,
These birds of paradise but long to flee
Back to their native mansion, soon they find
Earth's mist with their pure pinions not agree,
And die or are degraded, for the mind

Succumbs to long infection, and despair,
And vulture passions flying close behind,
Await the moment to assail and tear;
And when at length the winged wanderers stoop,
Then is the prey-bird's triumph, then they share
The spoil, o'erpower'd at length by one fell swoop.
Yet some have been untouch'd, who learn'd to bear,
Some whom no power could ever force to droop,
Who could resist themselves even, hardest care!
And task most hopeless; but some such have been,
And if my name amongst the number were,
That destiny austere, and yet serene,
Were prouder than more dazzling fame unblest;
The Alp's snow summit nearer heaven is seen
Than the volcano's fierce eruptive crest,
Whose splendour from the black abyss is flung,
While the scorch'd mountain, from whose burning breast
A temporary torturing flame is wrung,
Shines for a night of terror, then repels
Its fire back to the hell from whence it sprung,
The hell which in its entrails ever dwells.

NOTES TO CANTO III.

Note 1, page 29, line 2.

Conquerors on foreign shores, and the far wave, *etc.*

Alexander of Parma, Spinola, Pescara, Eugene of Savoy, Montecucco.

Note 2, page 29, line 3.

Discoverers of new worlds, which take their name; *etc.*

Columbus, Americus Vespusius, Sebastian Cabot.

Note 3, page 30, line 4.

He who once enters in a tyrant's hall *etc.*

A verse from the Greek tragedians, with which Pompey took leave of Cornelia, on entering the boat in which he was slain.

Note 4, page 30, line 6.

And the first day which sees the chain inthral *etc.*

The verse and sentiment are taken from Homer.

Note 5, page 30, line 24.

And he, their prince, shall rank among my peers, *etc.*

Petrarch.

THE

PROPHECY OF DANTE.

CANTO IV.

MANY are poets who have never penn'd
Their inspiration, and perchance the best :
They felt, and loved, and died, but would not lend
Their thoughts to meaner beings ; they compress'd
The god within them, and rejoin'd the stars
Unlaurell'd upon earth, but far more blest
Than those who are degraded by the jars
Of passion, and their frailties link'd to fame,
Conquerors of high renown, but full of scars.
Many are poets but without the name,
For what is poesy but to create
From overfeeling good or ill ; and aim

At an external life beyond our fate,
 And be the new Prometheus of new men,
 Bestowing fire from heaven, and then, too late,
 Finding the pleasure given repaid with pain,
 And vultures to the heart of the bestower,
 Who, having lavish'd his high gift in vain,
 Lies chain'd to his lone rock by the sea-shore?
 So be it: we can bear.—But thus all they,
 Whose intellect is an o'ermastering power
 Which still recoils from its encumbering clay
 Or lightens it to spirit, whatsoe'er
 The form which their creations may essay,
 Are bards; the kindled marble's bust may wear
 More poesy upon its speaking brow
 Than aught less than the Homeric page may bear;
 One noble stroke with a whole life may glow,
 Or deify the canvass till it shine
 With beauty so surpassing all below,
 That they who kneel to idols so divine
 Break no commandment, for high heaven is there
 Transfused, transfigured: and the line
 Of poesy, which peoples but the air
 With thought and beings of our thought reflected,
 Can do no more: then let the artist share.
 The palm, he shares the peril, and dejected
 Faints o'er the labour unapproved.—Alas!
 Despair and genius are too oft connected.
 Within the ages which before me pass
 Art shall resume and equal even the away
 Which with Apelles and old Phidias
 She held in Hellas' unforgotten day.
 Ye shall be taught by ruin to revive

The Grecian forms at least from their decay,
 And Roman souls at last again shall live
 In Roman works wrought by Italian hands,
 And temples, loftier than the old temples, give
 New wonders to the world ; and while still stands
 The austere Pantheon, into heaven shall soar
 A dome,¹ its image, while the base expands
 Into a fane surpassing all before,
 Such as all flesh shall flock to kneel in : ne'er
 Such sight hath been unfolded by a door
 As this, to which all nations shall repair
 And lay their sins at this huge gate of heaven.
 And the bold architect unto whose care
 The daring charge to raise it shall be given,
 Whom all arts shall acknowledge as their lord,
 Whether into the marble chaos driven
 His chisel bid the Hebrew,² at whose word
 Israel left Egypt, stop the waves in stone,
 Or hues of hell be by his pencil pour'd
 Over the damn'd before the judgment throne,³
 Such as I saw them, such as all shall see,
 Or fanes be built of grandeur yet unknown,
 The stream of his great thoughts shall spring from me,⁴
 The Ghibelline, who traversed the three realms
 Which form the empire of eternity.
 Amidst the clash of swords, and clang of helms,
 The age which I anticipate, no less
 ' Shall be the age of beauty, and while wheelms
 Calamity the nations with distress,
 The genius of my country shall arise,
 A cedar towering o'er the wilderness,
 Lovely in all its branches to all eyes,

Fragrant as fair, and recognized afar,
Wafting its native incense through the skies.
Sovereigns shall pause amidst their sport of war,
Wean'd for an hour from blood, to turn and gaze
On canvass or on stone; and they who mar
All beauty upon earth, compell'd to praise,
Shall feel the power of that which they destroy;
And art's mistaken gratitude shall raise
To tyrants, who but take her for a toy,
Emblems and monuments, and prostitute
Her charms to pontiffs proud,⁵ who but employ
The man of genius as the meanest brute
To bear a burthen, and to serve a need,
To sell his labours, and his soul to boot:
Who toils for nations may be poor indeed
But free; who sweats for monarchs is no more
Than the gilt chamberlain, who, clothed and fee'd,
Stands sleek and slavish, bowing at his door.
Oh, Power that rulest and inspirest! how
Is it that they on earth, whose earthly power
Is likest thine in heaven in outward show,
Least like to thee in attributes divine,
Tread on the universal necks that bow,
And then assure us that their rights are thine?
And how is it that they, the sons of fame,
Whose inspiration seems to them to shine
From high, they whom the nations ofttest name,
Must pass their days in penury or pain.
Or step to grandeur through the paths of shame,
And wear a deeper brand, and gaudier chain?
Or if their destiny be born aloof
From lowliness, or tempted thence in vain,

In their own souls sustain a harder proof,
The inner war of passions deep and fierce?
Florence! when thy harsh sentence razed my roof,
I loved thee; but the vengeance of my verse,
The hate of injuries which every year
Makes greater, and accumulates my curse,
Shall live, outliving all thou holdest dear,
Thy pride, thy wealth, thy freedom, and even *that*,
The most infernal of all evils here,
The sway of petty tyrants in a state;
For such sway is not limited to kings,
And demagogues yield to them but in date,
As swept off sooner; in all deadly things
Which make men hate themselves, and one another,
In discord, cowardice, cruelty, all that springs
From death the sin-born's incest with his mother,
In rank oppression in its rudest shape,
The faction chief is but the sultan's brother,
And the worst despot's far less human ape:
Florence! when this lone spirit, which so long
Yearn'd, as the captive toiling at escape,
To fly back to thee in despite of wrong,
An exile, saddest of all prisoners,
Who has the whole world for a dungeon strong,
Seas, mountains, and the horizon's verge for bars,
Which shut him from the sole small spot of earth
Where—whatsoever his fate—he still were hers,
His country's, and might die where he had birth—
Florence! when this lone spirit shall return
To kindred spirits, thou wilt feel my worth,
And seek to honour with an empty urn
The ashes thou shalt ne'er obtain—Alas!

«What have I done to thee, my people?»⁶ Stern
Are all thy dealings, but in this they pass
The limits of man's common malice, for
All that a citizen could be I was ;
Raised by thy will, all things in peace or war,
And for this thou hast warr'd with me.—'T is done :
I may not overleap the eternal bar
Built up between us, and will die alone,
Beholding, with the dark eye of a seer,
The evil days to gifted souls foreshown,
Foretelling them to those who will not hear,
As in the old times, till the hour be come
When truth shall strike their eyes through many a tear,
And make them own the prophet in his tomb.

NOTES TO CANTO IV.

Note 1, page 39, line 7.

A dome, its image, etc.

The cupola of Saint Peter's.

Note 2, page 39, line 17.

His chisel bid the Hebrew, etc..

The statue of Moses on the monument of Julius II.

SONNETTO

DI GIOVANNI BATTISTA ZAPPI.

Chi è costui, che in dura pietra scolto,
Siede gigante; e le più illustre, e conte
Prove dell' arte avvanza, e ha vive, e pronte
Le labbia sì, che le parole ascolto?
Quest' è Mosè; ben me'l diceva il folto
Onor del mento, e' l doppio raggio in fronte,
Quest' è Mose, quando scendea del monte,
E gran parte del Nume avea nel volto.
Tal era allor, che le sonanti, e vaste
Acque ei sospese a sè d' intorno, e tale
Quando il mar chiuse, e ne fè tomba altrui.
E voi sue turbe un rio vitello alzate?
Alzata avete imago a questa eguale!
Ch' era men fallo l' adorar costui.

Note 3, page 39, line 20.

Over the damn'd before the judgment throne, etc.

The Last Judgment in the Sistine chapel.

Note 4, page 39, line 23.

The stream of his great thoughts shall spring from me, etc.

I have read somewhere (if I do not err, for I cannot recollect where) that Dante was so great a favourite of Michel Angiolo's, that he had designed the whole of the Divina Commedia; but that the volume containing these studies was lost by sea.

Note 5, page 40, line 11.

Her charms to pontiffs proud, who but employ, etc.

See the treatment of Michel Angiolo by Julius II, and his neglect by Leo X.

Note 6, page 42, line 1.

«What have I done to thee, my people?»

«E scrisse più volte non solamente a particolari cittadin del reggimento, ma ancora al popolo, e intra l' altre un epistola assai lunga che comincia:—*Popule mi, quid feci tibi?*»

Vita di Dante scritta da Lionardo Aretino.

THE
AGE OF BRONZE;
OR,
CARMEN SECLARE ET ANNUS HAUD MIRABILIS.

•Impar Congressus Achilli. •

THE
AGE OF BRONZE.

I.

THE «good old times»—all times when old are good—
Are gone; the present might be if they would;
Great things have been, and are, and greater still
Want little of mere mortals but their will;
A wider space, a greener field is given
To those who play their «tricks before high heaven.»
I know not if the angels weep, but men
Have wept enough—for what?—to weep again.

II.

All is exploded—be it good or bad.
Reader! remember when thou wert a lad,
Then Pitt was all; or, if not all, so much,
His very rival almost deem'd him such.
We, we have seen the intellectual race
Of giants stand, like Titans, face to face—

Athos and Ida, with a dashing sea
Of eloquence between, which flow'd all free,
As the deep billows of the Ægean roar
Betwixt the Hellenic and the Phrygian shore.
But where are they—the rivals?—a few feet
Of sullen earth divide each windingsheet.
How peaceful and how powerful is the grave
Which hushes all! a calm, unstormy wave
Which oversweeps the world. The theme is old
Of «dust to dust;» but half its tale untold.
Time tempers not its terrors—still the worm
Winds its cold folds, the tomb preserves its form—
Varied above, but still alike below;
The urn may shine, the ashes will not glow.
Though Cleopatra's mummy cross the sea,
O'er which from empire she lured Anthony;
Though Alexander's urn a show be grown
On shores he wept to conquer, though unknown—
How vain, how worse than vain at length appear
The madman's wish, the Macedonian's tear.
He wept for worlds to conquer—half the earth
Knows not his name, or but his death and birth
And desolation; while his native Greece
Hath all of desolation, save its peace.
He «wept for worlds to conquer!» he who ne'er
Conceived the globe, he panted not to spare!
With even the busy Northern isle unknown,
Which holds his urn, and never knew his throne.

III.

But where is he, the modern, mightier far,
Who, born no king, made monarchs draw his car:

The new Sesostris, whose unharness'd kings,
 Freed from the bit, believe themselves with wings,
 And spurn the dust o'er which they crawl'd of late,
 Chain'd to the chariot of the chieftain's state?
 Yes! where is he, the champion and the child *
 Of all that 's great or little, wise or wild?
 Whose game was empires and whose stakes were thrones?
 Whose table, earth—whose dice were human bones?
 Behold the grand result in yon lone isle,
 And, as thy nature urges, weep or smile.
 Sigh to behold the eagle's lofty rage
 Reduced to nibble at his narrow cage;
 Smile to survey the queller of the nations
 Now daily squabbling o'er disputed rations;
 Weep to perceive him mourning, as he dines,
 O'er curtail'd dishes and o'er stinted wines,
 O'er petty quarrels upon petty things.
 Is this the man who scourged or feasted kings?
 Behold the scales in which his fortune hangs,
 A surgeon's statement and an earl's harangues!
 A bust delay'd, a book refused, can shake
 The sleep of him who kept the world awake.
 Is this indeed the tamer of the great,
 Now slave of all could tease or irritate—
 The paltry jailer and the prying spy,
 The staring stranger with his note-book nigh?
 Plunged in a dungeon, he had still been great;
 How low, how little was this middle state,

* Lord Byron had, doubtless, in his mind the expressive epithet
 which Mr Pitt applied to Buonaparte:—"The child and champion of
 jacobinism." (*Note of the Editor.*)

Between a prison and a palace, where
How few could feel for what he had to bear!
Vain his complaint,—my lord presents his bill,
His food and wine were doled out duly still:
Vain was his sickness,—never was a clime
So free from homicide—to doubt 's a crime;
And the stiff surgeon, who maintain'd his cause,
Hath lost his place, and gain'd the world's applause.
But smile—though all the pangs of brain and heart
Disdain, defy, the tardy aid of art;
Though, save the few fond friends, and imaged face
Of that fair boy his sire shall ne'er embrace,
None stand by his low bed—though even the mind
Be wavering, which long awed and awes mankind;—
Smile—for the fetter'd eagle breaks his chain,
And higher worlds than this are his again.

IV.

How, if that soaring spirit still retain
A conscious twilight of his blazing reign,
How must he smile, on looking down, to see
The little that he was and sought to be!
What though his name a wider empire found
Than his ambition, though with scarce a bound;
Though first in glory, deepest in reverse,
He tasted empire's blessings and its curse;
Though kings, rejoicing in their late escape
From chains, would gladly be *their* tyrant's ape;
How must he smile, and turn to yon lone grave,
The proudest sea-mark that o'ertops the wave!
What though his jailer, duteous to the last,
Scarce deem'd the coffin's lead could keep him fast,

Refusing one poor line along the lid
To date the birth and death of all it hid,
That name shall hallow the ignoble shore,
A talisman to all save him who bore :
The fleets that sweep before the eastern blast
Shall hear their sea-boys hail it from the mast ;
When victory's Gallic column shall but rise,
Like Pompey's pillar, in a desert's skies,
The rocky isle that holds or held his dust
Shall crown the Atlantic like the hero's bust,
And mighty nature o'er his obsequies
Do more than niggard envy still denies.
But what are these to him? Can glory's lust
Touch the freed spirit or the fetter'd dust?
Small care hath he of what his tomb consists,
Nought if he sleeps—nor more if he exists :
Alike the better-seeing shade will smile
On the rude cavern of the rocky isle,
As if his ashes found their latest home
In Rome's pantheon, or Gaul's mimic dome.
He wants not this ; but France shall feel the want
Of this last consolation, though so scant ;
Her honour, fame, and faith, demand his bones,
To rear above a pyramid of thrones ;
Or carried onward in the battle's van
To form, like Guesclin's dust, her talisman, '
But be it as it is—the time may come
His name shall beat the alarm like Ziska's drum.

V.

Oh heaven ! of which he was in power a feature ;
Oh earth ! of which he was a noble creature ;

Thou isle! to be remember'd long and well,
That saw'st the unfledged eaglet chip his shell!
Ye Alps, which view'd him in his dawning flights
Hover, the victor of an hundred fights!
Thou Rome, who saw'st thy Cæsar's deeds outdone!
Alas! why past he too the Rubicon?
The Rubicon of man's awaken'd rights,
To herd with vulgar kings and parasites?
Egypt! from whose all dateless tombs arose
Forgotten Pharoahs from their long repose,
And shook within their pyramids to hear
A new Cambyzes thundering in their ear;
While the dark shades of forty ages stood
Like startled giants by Nile's famous flood;
Or from the pyramid's tall pinnacle
Beheld the desert peopled, as from hell,
With clashing hosts, who strew'd the barren sand
To re-manure the uncultivated land!
Spain! which, a moment mindless of the Cid,
Beheld his banner flouting thy Madrid!
Austria! which saw thy twice-ta'en capital
Twice spared, to be the traitress of his fall!
Ye race of Frederic!—Frederics but in name
And falsehood—heirs to all except his fame;
Who, crush'd at Jena, crouch'd at Berlin, fell
First, and but rose to follow! Ye who dwell
Where Kosciusko dwelt, remembering yet
The unpaid amount of Catherine's bloody debt!
Poland! o'er which the avenging angel past,
But left thee as he found thee, still a waste,
Forgetting all thy still-enduring claim,
Thy lotted people and extinguished name,

Thy sigh for freedom, thy long-flowing tear,
That sound that crashes in the tyrant's ear—
Kosciusko! On—on—on—the thirst of war
Gasps for the gore of serfs and of their czar.
The half barbaric Moscow's minarets
Gleam in the sun, but 't is a sun that sets!
Moscow! thou limit of his long career,
For which rude Charles had wept his frozen tear
To see in vain—he saw thee—how! with spire
And palace fuel to one common fire.
To this the soldier lent his kindling match,
To this the peasant gave his cottage thatch,
To this the merchant flung his hoarded store,
The prince his hall—and Moscow was no more!
Sublimest of volcanos! Etna's flame
Pales before thine, and quenchless Hecla's tame;
Vesuvius shews his blaze, an usual sight
For gaping tottrists, from his hacknied height:
Thou stand'st alone unrivall'd, till the fire
To come, in which all empires shall expire.
Thou other element! as strong and stern
To teach a lesson conquerors will not learn,
Whose icy wing flapp'd o'er the faltering foe,
Till fell a hero with each flake of snow;
How did thy numbing beak and silent fang
Pierce, till hosts perish'd with a single pang!
In vain shall Seine look up along his banks
For the gay thousands of his dashing ranks;
In vain shall France recall beneath her vines
Her youth; their blood flows faster than her wines;
Or stagnant in their human ice remains
In frozen mummies on the Polar plains.

In vain will Italy's broad sun awaken
Her offspring chill'd; its beams are now forsaken.
Of all the trophies gather'd from the war,
What shall return? The conqueror's broken car!
The conqueror's yet unbroken heart! Again
The horn of Roland sounds, and not in vain.
Lutzen, where fell the Swede of victory,
Beholds him conquer, but, alas! not die:
Dresden surveys three despots fly once more
Before their sovereign,—sovereign as before;
But there exhausted fortune quits the field,
And Leipsic's treason bids the unvanquish'd yield;
The Saxon jackal leaves the lion's side
To turn the bear's, and wolf's, and fox's guide;
And backward to the den of his despair
The forest monarch shrinks, but finds no lair!
Oh ye! and each, and all! Oh France! who found
Thy long fair fields plough'd up as hostile ground,
Disputed foot by foot, till treason, still
His only victor, from Montmartre's hill
Look'd down o'er trampled Paris; and thou isle,
Which seest Etruria from thy ramparts smile,
Thou momentary shelter of his pride,
Till woo'd by danger, his yet weeping bride:
Oh France! retaken by a single march,
Whose path was through one long triumphal arch!
Oh bloody and most bootless Waterloo!
Which proves how fools may have their fortune too,
Won half by blunder, half by treachery:
Oh dull Saint Helen! with thy jailer nigh—
Hear! hear Prometheus from his rock appeal²
To earth, air, ocean, all that felt or feel

His power and glory, all who yet shall hear
A name eternal as the rolling year,
He teaches them the lesson taught so long,
So oft, so vainly—learn to do no wrong!
A single step into the right had made
This man the Washington of worlds betray'd;
A single step into the wrong has given
His name a doubt to all the winds of heaven;
The reed of fortune and of thrones the rod,
Of fame the Moloch or the demigod;
His country's Cæsar, Europe's Hannibal,
Without their decent dignity of fall.
Yet vanity herself had better taught
A surer path even to the fame he sought,
By pointing out on history's fruitless page
Ten thousand conquerors for a single sage.
While Franklin's quiet memory climbs to heaven,
Calming the lightning which he thence hath riven,
Or drawing from the no less kindled earth
Freedom and peace to that which boasts his birth:
While Washington's a watch-word, such as ne'er
Shall sink while there's an echo left to air:
While even the Spaniard's thirst of gold and war
Forgets Pizarro to shout Bolivar!
Alas! why must the same Atlantic wave
Which wafted freedom gird a tyrant's grave—
The king of kings, and yet of slaves the slave.
Who burst the chains of millions to renew
The very fetters which his arm broke through,
And crush'd the rights of Europe and his own,
To flit between a dungeon and a throne!

VI.

But 't will not be—the spark 's awaken'd—lo!
The swarthy Spaniard feels his former glow;
The same high spirit which beat back the Moor
Through eight long ages of alternate gore,
Revives—and where? in that avenging clime
Where Spain was once synonymous with crime,
Where Cortes' and Pizarro's banner flew,
The infant world redeems her name of "*New*."
'T is the *old* aspiration breathed afresh,
To kindle souls within degraded flesh,
Such as repulsed the Persian from the shore
Where Greece *was*—No! she still is Greece once more.
One common cause makes myriads of one breast,
Slaves of the East, or Helots of the West;
On Andes' and on Athos' peaks unfurl'd,
The self-same standard streams o'er either world;
The Athenian wears again Harmodius' sword;
The Chili chief abjures his foreign lord;
The Spartan knows himself once more a Greek;
Young freedom plumes the crest of each cacique:
Debating despots, hemm'd on either shore,
Shrink vainly from the roused Atlantic's roar;
Through Calpe's strait the rolling tides advance,
Sweep slightly by the half-tamed land of France,
Dash o'er the old Spaniard's cradle, and would fain
Unite Ausonia to the mighty main:
But driven from thence awhile yet not for aye,
Break o'er th' Ægean, mindful of the day
Of Salamis—there, there, the waves arise,
Not to be lull'd by tyrant victories.

Lone, lost, abandon'd in their utmost need
By christians unto whom they gave their creed,
The desolated lands, the ravaged isle,
The foster'd feud encouraged to beguile;
The aid evaded, and the cold delay,
Prolong'd but in the hope to make a prey;—
These, these shall tell the tale, and Greece can shew
The false friend worse than the infuriate foe.
But this is well : Greeks only should free Greece,
Not the barbarian, with his mask of peace.
How should the autocrat of bondage be
The king of serfs, and set the nations free?
Better still serve the haughty mussulman,
Than swell the cossaque's prowling caravan :
Better still toil for masters, than await,
The slave of slaves, before a Russian gate,—
Number'd by hordes, a human capital,
A live estate, existing but for thrall,
Lotted by thousands, as a meet reward
For the first courtier in the czar's regard ;
While their immediate owner never tastes
His sleep, *sans* dreaming of Siberia's wastes ;
Better succumb even to their own despair,
And drive the camel than purvey the bear.

VII.

But not alone within the hoariest clime,
Where freedom dates her birth with that of time;
And not alone where, plunged in night, a crowd
Of incas darken to a dubious cloud,
The dawn revives : renown'd, romantic Spain
Holds back the invader from her soil again.

Not now the Roman tribe nor Punic horde
Demand her fields as lists to prove the sword;
Not now the Vandal or the Visigoth
Pollute the plains alike abhorring both;
Nor old Pelayo on his mountain rears
The warlike fathers of a thousand years.
That seed is sown and reap'd, as oft the Moor
Sighs to remember on his dusky shore.
Long in the peasant's song or poet's page
Has dwelt the memory of Abencerage,
The Zegri, and the captive victors, flung
Back to the barbarous realm from whence they sprung.
But these are gone—their faith, their swords, their sway,
Yet left more antichristian foes than they:
The bigot monarch and the butcher priest,
The inquisition, with her burning feast,
The faith's red "auto," fed with human fuel,
While sate the Catholic Moloch, calmly cruel,
Enjoying, with inexorable eye,
That fiery festival of agony!
The stern or feeble sovereign, one or both
By turns; the haughtiness whose pride was sloth;
The long-degenerate noble; the debased
Hidalgo, and the peasant less disgraced
But more degraded; the unpeopled realm;
The once proud navy which forgot the helm;
The once impervious phalanx disarray'd;
The idle forge that form'd Toledo's blade;
The foreign wealth that flow'd on ev'ry shore,
Save hers who earned it with the natives' gore;
The very language, which might vie with Rome's,
And once was known to nations like their home's,

Neglected or forgotten :—such was Spain ;
 But such she is not, nor shall be again.
 These worst, these *home* invaders, felt and feel
 The new Numantine soul of old Castile.
 Up! up again! undaunted Tauridor!
 The bull of Phalaris renews his roar ;
 Mount, chivalrous Hidalgo! not in vain
 Revive the cry—"Iago! and close Spain!"³
 Yes, close her with your armed bosoms round,
 And form the barrier which Napoleon found,—
 The exterminating war; the desert plain;
 The streets without a tenant, save the slain;
 The wild Sierra, with its wilder troop
 Of vulture-plumed guerillas; on the stoop
 For their incessant prey; the desperate wall
 Of Saragoza, mightiest in her fall;
 The man nerved to a spirit, and the maid
 Waving her more than Amazonian blade;
 The knife of Arragon,⁴ Toledo's steel;
 The famous lance of chivalrous Castile;
 The unerring rifle of the Catalan;
 The Andalusian courser in the van;
 The torch to make a Moscow of Madrid;
 And in each heart the spirit of the Cid :—
 Such have been, such shall be, such are. Advance,
 And win—not Spain, but thine own freedom, France!

VIII.

But lo! a congress! What, that hallow'd name
 Which freed the Atlantic? May we hope the same
 For outworn Europe? With the sound arise,
 Like Samuel's shade to Saul's monarchic eyes,

The prophets of young freedom, summon'd far
From climes of Washington and Bolivar;
Henry, * the forest-born Demosthenes,
Whose thunder shook the Philip of the seas;
And stoic Franklin's energetic shade,
Robed in the lightnings which his hand allay'd;
And Washington, the tyrant-tamer, wake,
To bid us blush for these old chains, or break.
But *who* compose this senate of the few
That should redeem the many? *Who* renew
This consecrated name, till now assign'd
To councils held to benefit mankind?
Who now assemble at the holy call?
The blest alliance, which says three are all!
An earthly trinity! which wears the shape
Of heaven's, as man is mimick'd by the ape.
A pious unity! in purpose one—
To melt three fools to a Napoleon.
Why, Egypt's gods were rational to these;
Their dogs and oxen knew their own degrees,
And, quiet in their kennel or their shed,
Cared little, so that they were duly fed;
But these, more hungry, must have something more,
The power to bark and bite, to toss and gore.
Ah, how much happier were good Æsop's frogs
Than we! for ours are animated logs,
With ponderous malice swaying to and fro,
And crushing nations with a stupid blow,

* One of the most extraordinary men, and, perhaps, one of the least known in Europe, who flourished in America, during her revolutionary struggle, was this celebrated patriot. He was a phenomenon even in a revolution. (Note of the Editor.)

All dully anxious to leave little work
Unto the revolutionary stork.

IX.

Thrice blest Verona! since the holy three
With their imperial presence shine on thee;
Honour'd by them, thy treacherous site forgets
The vaunted tomb of « all the Capulets;»
Thy Scaligers—for what was « Dog the Great,»
« Can Grande » (which I venture to translate),
To these sublimer pugs? Thy poet too,
Catullus, whose old laurels yield to new;
Thine amphitheatre, where Romans sate;
And Dante's exile, shelter'd by thy gate;
Thy good old man,⁵ whose world was all within
Thy wall, nor knew the country held him in:
Would that the royal guests it girds about
Were so far like, as never to get out!
Ay, shout! inscribe! rear monuments of shame,
To tell oppression that the world is tame!
Crowd to the theatre with loyal rage,
The comedy is not upon the stage;
The show is rich in ribbonry and stars,
Then gaze upon it through thy dungeon bars;
Clap thy permitted palms, kind Italy,
For thus much still thy fetter'd hands are free!

X.

Resplendent sight! behold the coxcomb czar,
The autocrat of waltzes and of war!
As eager for a plaudit as a realm,
And just as fit for flirting as the helm;

A calmuck beauty with a cossack wit,
And generous spirit, when 't is not frost-bit;
Now half dissolving to a liberal thaw,
But harden'd back whene'er the morning's raw;
With no objection to true liberty,
Except that it would make the nations free.
How well the imperial dandy prates of peace,
How fain, if Greeks would be his slaves, free Greece!
How nobly gave he back the Poles their diet,
Then told pugnacious Poland to be quiet!
How kindly would he send the mild Ukraine,
With all her pleasant pulks, to lecture Spain;
How royally shew off in proud Madrid
His goodly person, from the South long hid;
A blessing cheaply purchased, the world knows,
By having Muscovites for friends or foes.
Proceed, thou namesake of great Philip's son!
La Harpe, thine Aristotle, beckons on;
And that which Scythia was to him of yore,
Find with thy Scythians on Iberia's shore.
Yet think upon, thou somewhat aged youth,
Thy predecessor on the banks of Pruth;
Thou hast to aid thee, should his lot be thine,
Many an old woman, but no Catherine,⁶
Spain too hath rocks, and rivers, and defiles—
The bear may rush into the lion's toils.
Fatal to Goths are Xeres' sunny fields;
Think'st thou to thee Napoleon's victor yields?
Better reclaim thy deserts, turn thy swords
To ploughshares, shave and wash thy Bashkir hordes,
Redeem thy realms from slavery and the knout,
Than follow headlong in the fatal route,

To infest the *clime* whose skies and laws are pure
With thy foul legions. Spain wants no manure;
Her soil is fertile, but she feeds no foe;
Her vultures, too, were gorged not long ago;
And wouldst thou furnish them with fresher prey?
Alas! thou wilt not conquer, but purvey.
I am Diogenes, though Russ and Hun
Stand between mine and many a myriad's sun;
But were I not Diogenes, I'd wander
Rather a worm than *such* an Alexander!
Be slaves who will, the cynic shall be free;
His tub hath tougher walls than Sinopè:
Still will he hold his lanthorn up to scan
The face of monarchs for an « honest man. »

XI.

And what doth Gaul, the all-prolific land
Of *ne plus ultra* Ultras and their band
Of mercenaries? and her noisy chambers
And tribune, which each orator first clambers
Before he finds a voice, and when 't is found,
Hears « the lie » *echo* for his answer round!
Our British Commons sometimes deign to hear;
A Gallic Senate hath more tongue than ear;
Even *Constant*, their sole master of debate,
Must fight next day his speech to vindicate.
But this costs little to true Franks, who had rather
Combat than listen, were it to their father.
What is the simple standing of a shot,
To listening long, and interrupting not?
Though this was not the method of old Rome,
When Tully fulminated o'er each vocal dome,

Demosthenes has sanction'd the transaction,
In saying eloquence meant « Action, action! »

XII.

But where 's the monarch? hath he dined? or yet
Groans beneath indigestion's heavy debt?
Have revolutionary *patès* risen,
And turn'd the royal entrails to a prison?
Have discontented movements stirr'd the troops;
Or have *no* movements follow'd trait'rous soups?
Have carbonaro cooks not carbonadoed
Each course enough? or doctors dire dissuaded
Repletion? Ah, in thy dejected looks
I read all France's treasons in her cooks!
Good classic L — ! is it, canst thou say,
Desirable to be the « *Désiré?* »
Why wouldst thou leave calm Hartwell's green abode,
Apician table and Horatian ode,
To rule a people who will not be ruled,
And love much rather to be scourged than school'd?
Ah! thine was not the temper or the taste
For thrones, the table sees thee better placed:
A mild epicurean, form'd, at best,
To be a kind host and as good a guest:
To talk of letters, and to know by heart
One *half* the poet's, *all* the gourmand's art;
A scholar always, now and then a wit,
And gentle when digestion may permit—
But not to govern lands enslaved or free;
The gout was martyrdom enough for thee!

XIII.

Shall noble Albion pass without a phrase
 From a bold Briton in her wonted praise?
 « Arts—arms—and George—and glory and the isles—
 And happy Britain—wealth and freedom's smiles—
 White cliffs, that held invasion far aloof—
 Contented subjects, all alike tax-proof—
 Proud Wellington, with eagle beak so curl'd,
 That nose, the hook where he suspends the world!
 And Waterloo—and trade—and——(hush! not yet
 A syllable of imposts or of debt)——
 And ne'er (enough) lamented Castlereagh,
 Whose pen-knife slit a goose-quill t'other day—
 And 'pilots who have weather'd every storm'—
 (But, no, not even for rhyme's sake, name reform).»
 These are the themes thus sung so oft before,
 Methinks we need not sing them any more;
 Found in so many volumes far and near,
 There's no occasion you should find them here.
 Yet something may remain perchance to chime
 With reason, and, what's stranger still, with rhyme;
 Even this thy genius, Canning!* may permit,
 Who, bred a statesman, still was born a wit,

* Were the lamented Bard still living, what would he now say of Canning and of England?—of that sacred and natural alliance which so happily subsists between a patriot, paternal, and enlightened government, and a free, grateful, and prosperous people? It may truly be said of Canning, that he has saved England by his firmness, and that the rest of Europe would be saved if other statesmen would follow his example. (*Note of the Editor.*)

And never, even in that dull house, couldst tame
To unleaven'd prose thine own poetic flame;
Our last, our best, our only orator,
Even I can praise thee—Tories do no more,
Nay, not so much;—they hate thee, man, because
Thy spirit less upholds them than it awes.
The hounds will gather to their huntsman's hollo,
And where he leads the duteous pack will follow;
But not for love mistake their yelling cry,
Their yelp for game is not an eulogy;
Less faithful far than the four-footed pack,
A dubious scent would lure the bipeds back.
Thy saddle-girths are not yet quite secure,
Nor royal stallion's feet extremely sure;
The unwieldy old White Horse is apt at last
To stumble, kick, and now and then stick fast,
With his great self and rider in the mud;
But what of that? the animal shews blood.

XIV.

Alas, the country! how shall tongue or pen
Bewail her now uncountr'y gentlemen?
The last to bid the cry of warfare cease,
The first to make a malady of peace.
For what were all these country patriots born?
To hunt, and vote, and raise the price of corn?
But corn, like every mortal thing, must fall,
Kings, conquerors, and markets most of all.
And must ye fall with every ear of grain?
Why would you trouble Buonaparte's reign?
He was your great Triptolemus; his vices
Destroy'd but realms, and still maintain'd your prices;

He amplified to every lord's content
 The grand agrarian alchymy hight *rent*.
 Why did the tyrant stumble on the Tartars,
 And lower wheat to such desponding quarters?
 Why did you chain him on yon isle so lone?
 The man was worth much more upon his throne.
 True, blood and treasure boundlessly were spilt,
 But what of that? the Gaul may bear the guilt;
 But bread was high, the farmer paid his way,
 And acres told upon the appointed day.
 But where is now the goodly audit ale?
 The purse-prond tenant never known to fail?
 The farm which never yet was left on hand?
 The marsh reclaim'd to most improving land?
 The impatient hope of the expiring lease?
 The doubling rental? What an evil's peace!
 In vain the prize excites the ploughman's skill,
 In vain the commons pass their patriot bill;
 The *landed interest*—(you may understand
 The phrase much better leaving out the *land*)—
 The land *self-interest* groans from shore to shore,
 For fear that plenty should attain the poor.
 Up! up again! ye rents, exalt your notes,
 Or else the ministry will lose their votes,
 And patriotism, so delicately nice,
 Her loaves will lower to the market price;
 For ah! «the loaves and fishes,» once so high,
 Are gone—their oven closed, their ocean dry,
 And nought remains of all the millions spent,
 Excepting to grow moderate and content.
 They who are not so, *had* their turn—and turn
 About still flows from fortune's equal urn;

Now let their virtue be its own reward,
And share the blessings which themselves prepared.
See these inglorious Cincinnati swarm,
Farmers of war, dictators of the farm!
Their ploughshare was the sword in hireling hands,
Their fields manured by gore of other lands;
Safe in their barns, these Sabine tillers sent
Their brethren out to battle—why? for rent!
Year after year they voted cent per cent.
Blood, sweat, and tear-wrung millions—why? for rent!
They roar'd, they dined, they drank, they swore they meant
To die for England—why then live? for rent!
The peace has made one general malcontent
Of these high-market patriots; war was rent!
Their love of country, millions all mispent,
How reconcile? by reconciling rent.
And will they not repay the treasures lent?
No: down with every thing, and up with rent!
Their good, ill, health, wealth, joy, or discontent,
Being, end, aim, religion—rent, rent, rent!
Thou sold'st thy birthright, Esau! for a mess:
Thou shouldst have gotten more, or eaten less;
Now thou hast swill'd thy pottage, thy demands
Are idle; Israel says the bargain stands.
Such, landlords! was your appetite for war,
And, gorged with blood, you grumble at a scar!
What, would they spread their earthquake even o'er cash?
And when land crumbles, bid firm paper crash?
So rent may rise, bid bank and nation fall,
And found on change a *Fundling* Hospital?
Lo, Mother Church, while all religion writhes,
Like Niobe, weeps o'er her offspring, tithes;

The prelates go to—where the saints have gone,
And proud pluralities subside to one;
Church, state, and faction, wrestle in the dark,
Toss'd by the deluge in their common ark.
Shorn of her bishops, banks, and dividends,
Another Babel soars—but Britain ends.
And why? to pamper the self-seeking wants,
And prop the hill of these agrarian ants.
« Go to these ants, thou sluggard, and be wise;
Admire their patience through each sacrifice,
Till taught to feel the lesson of their pride,
The price of taxes and of homicide;
Admire their justice, which would fain deny
The debt of nations :—pray, *who made it high?*

XV.

Or turn to sail between those shifting rocks,
The new Symplegades—the crushing Stocks,
Where Midas might again his wish behold
In real paper or imagined gold,
That magic palace of Alcina shows
More wealth than Britain ever had to lose,
Were all her atoms of unleaven'd ore,
And all her pebbles from Pactolus' shore.
There fortune plays, while rumour holds the stake,
And the world trembles to bid brokers break.
How rich is Britain! not indeed in mines,
Or peace, or plenty, corn, or oil, or wines;
No land of Canaan, full of milk and honey,
Nor (save in paper shekels) ready money:
But let us not to own the truth refuse,
Was ever Christian land so rich in Jews?

Those parted with their teeth to good King John,
And now, ye kings! they kindly draw your own;
All states, all things, all sovereigns they control,
And waft a loan « from Indus to the Pole. »
The banker—broker—baron—brethren, speed
To aid these bankrupt tyrants in their need.
Nor these alone; Columbia feels no less
Fresh speculations follow each success;
And philanthropic Israel deigns to drain
Her mild per centage from exhausted Spain.
Not without Abraham's seed can Russia march,
'T is gold, not steel, that rears the conqueror's arch.
Two Jews, a chosen people, can command
In every realm their scripture-promised land :—
Two Jews keep down the Romans, and uphold
The accursed Hun, more brutal than of old :
Two Jews—but not Samaritans—direct
The world, with all the spirit of their sect.
What is the happiness of earth to them? .
A congress forms their « New Jerusalem. »
Where baronies and orders both invite—
Oh, holy Abraham! dost thou see the sight?
Thy followers mingling with these royal swine,
Who spit not « on their Jewish gaberdine, »
But honour them as portion of the show—
(Where now, oh, Pope! is thy forsaken toe?
Could it not favour Judah with some kicks?
Or has it ceased to « kick against the pricks? »)
On Shylock's shore behold them stand afresh,
To cut from nations' hearts their « pound of flesh. »

XVI.

Strange sight this congress! destined to unite
 All that's incongruous, all that's opposite.
 I speak not of the sovereigns—they're alike,
 A common coin as ever mint could strike:
 But those who sway the puppets, pull the strings,
 Have more of motley than their heavy kings,
 Jews, authors, generals, charlatans, combine,
 While Europe wonders at the vast design:
 There Metternich, power's foremost parasite,
 Cajoles; there Wellington forgets to fight;
 There Chateaubriand forms new books of martyrs;⁸
 And subtle Greeks intrigue for stupid Tartars;
 There Montmorency, the sworn foe to charters,
 Turns a diplomatist of great *eclat*,
 To furnish articles for the « Debats; »
 Of war so certain—yet not quite so sure
 As his dismissal in the « Moniteur. »
 Alas! how could his cabinet thus err?
 Can peace be worth an ultra-minister? .
 He falls indeed, perhaps to rise again
 « Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain. »

XVII.

Enough of this—a sight more mournful woos
 The averted eye of the reluctant muse.
 The imperial daughter, the imperial bride,
 The imperial victim—sacrifice to pride;
 The mother of the hero's hope, the boy,
 The young Astyanax of modern Troy;

The still pale shadow of the loftiest queen
That earth has yet to see, or e'er hath seen;
She flits amidst the phantoms of the hour,
The theme of pity, and the wreck of power,
Oh, cruel mockery! Could not Austria spare
A daughter? What did France's widow there?
Her fitter place was by St Helen's wave,
Her only throne is in Napoleon's grave.
But no,—she still must hold a petty reign,
Flank'd by her formidable chamberlain;
The martial Argus, whose not hundred eyes
Must watch her through these paltry pageantries.
What though she share no more and shared in vain
A sway surpassing that of Charlemagne,
Which swept from Moscow to the Southern seas,
Yet still she rules the pastoral realm of cheese,
Where Parma views the traveller resort
To note the trappings of her mimic court.
But she appears! Verona sees her shorn
Of all her beams—while nations gaze and mourn—
Ere yet her husband's ashes have had time
To chill in their inhospitable clime;
(If e'er those awful ashes can grow cold;—
But no,—their embers soon will burst the mould)
She comes!—the Andromache (but not Racine's,
Nor Homer's) Lo! on Pyrrhus' arm she leans!
Yes! the right arm, yet red from Waterloo,
Which cut her lord's half-shatter'd sceptre through,
Is offer'd and accepted! Could a slave
Do more? or less—and *he* in his new grave!
Her eye, her cheek, betray no inward strife,
And the *Ex*-empress grows as *Ex* a wife!

So much for human ties in royal breasts!
Why spare men's feelings when their own are jests?

XVIII.

But, tired of foreign follies, I turn home,
And sketch the groupe—the picture 's yet to come.
My muse 'gan weep, but, ere a tear was spilt,
She caught Sir William Curtis in a kilt!
While throng'd the chiefs of every highland clan
To hail their brother, Vich Ian Alderman!
Guildhall grows Gael, and echoes with Erse roar,
While all the common council cry, «Claymore!»
To see proud Albyn's Tartans as a belt
Gird the gross sirloin of a City Celt,
She burst into a laughter so extreme,
That I awoke—and lo! it was *no* dream!

Here, reader, will we pause:—if there 's no harm in
This first—you 'll have, perhaps, a second «Carmen.»

NOTES TO THE AGE OF BRONZE.

Note 1, page 51, line 26.

To form, like Guesclin's dust, her talisman.

Guesclin died during the siege of a city; it surrendered, and the keys were brought and laid upon his bier, so that the place might appear rendered to his ashes.

Note 2, page 54, line 31.

Hear! hear Prometheus from his rock appeal *etc.*

I refer the reader to the first address of Prometheus in *Æschylus*, when he is left alone by his attendants, and before the arrival of the chorus of sea-nymphs.

Note 3, page 59, line 8.

«Iago! and close Spain!»

The old Spanish war-cry.

Note 4, page 59, line 19.

The knife of Arragon, *etc.*

The Arragonians are peculiarly dextrous in the use of this weapon, and displayed it particularly in former French wars.

Note 5, page 61, line 11.

Thy good, old man, *etc.*

The famous old man of Verona.

Note 6, page 62, line 22.

Many an old woman, but no Catherine.

The dexterity of Catherine extricated Peter (called the Great by courtesy) when surrounded by the Mussulmans on the banks of the river Pruth.

Note 7, page 65, line 9.

That nose, the hook where he suspends the world!

« Naso suspendit adunco.—HORACE.

The Roman applies it to one who merely was imperious to his acquaintance.

Note 8, page 71, line 12.

There Chateaubriand forms new books of martyrs; *etc.*

Monsieur Chateaubriand, who has not forgotten the author in the minister, received a handsome compliment at Verona from a literary sovereign: « Ah! Monsieur C——, are you related to that Chateaubriand who—who—who has written *something!* » (*écrit quelque chose!*) It is said that the author of *Atala* repented him for a moment of his legitimacy.

THE

CURSE OF MINERVA.

—Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas
Immolat, et poenam scelerato ex sanguine sumit.

THE
CURSE OF MINERVA.

Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea's hills the setting sun;
Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light!
O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows :
On old Ægina's rock, and Idra's isle,
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile;
O'er his own regions ling'ring, loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine,
Descending fast the mountain shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulph, unconquer'd Salamis!
Their azure arches through the long expanse
More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course and own the hues of heaven;
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian rock he sinks to sleep.

On such an eve, his palest beam he cast,
When—Athens! here thy wisest look'd his last.
How watch'd thy better sons his farewell ray,
That closed their murder'd sage's latest day!
Not yet—not yet—Sol pauses on the hill—
The precious hour of parting lingers still;
But sad his light to agonizing eyes,
And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes;
Gloom o'er the lovely land he seem'd to pour,
The land where Phœbus never frown'd before,
But ere he sunk below Cithæron's head,
The cup of woe was quaff'd—the spirit fled;
The soul of him that scorn'd to fear or fly—
Who lived and died, as none can live or die;
But lo! from high Hymettus to the plain
The queen of night asserts her silent reign
No murky vapour, herald of the storm,
Hides her fair face, nor girds her glowing form;
With cornice glimmering as the moon-beams play,
There the white column greets her grateful ray,
And, bright around with quiv'ring beams beset,
Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret:
The groves of olive scatter'd far and wide
Where meek Cephissus sheds his scanty tide,
The cypress sadd'ning by the sacred mosque,
The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk,³
And sad and sombre 'mid the holy calm,
Near Theseus' fane yon solitary palm,
All tinged with varied hues arrest the eye—
And dull were his that pass'd them heedless by.
Again the Ægean, heard no more afar,
Lulls his chafed breast from elemental war;

Again his waves in milder tints unfold
Their long expanse of sapphire and of gold,
Mix'd with the shades of many a distant isle,
That frown—where gentler ocean loves to smile.
As thus within the walls of Pallas' fane
I mark'd the beauties of the lands and main,
Alone, and friendless on the magic shore,
Whose arts and arms but live in poet's lore;
Oft as the matchless dome I turn'd to scan,
Sacred to gods, but not secure from man,
The past return'd, the present seem'd to cease,
And glory knew no clime beyond her Greece.
Hours roll'd along, and Dian's orb on high
Had gain'd the centre of her softest sky,
And yet unwearied still my footsteps trod
O'er the vain shrine of many a vanish'd god;
But chiefly, Pallas! thine, when Hecate's glare
Check'd by thy columns, fell more sadly fair
O'er the chill marble where the startling tread
Thrills the lone heart like echoes from the dead;
Long had I mused, and measured every trace,
The wreck of Greece recorded of her race,
When, lo! a giant-form before me strode,
And Pallas hail'd me in her own abode.
Yes, 't was Minerva's self, but ah! how changed!
Since o'er the Dardan field in arms she ranged!
Not such, as erst by her divine command
Her form appear'd from Phidias' plastic hand;
Gone were the terrors of her awful brow,
Her idle Ægis bore no Gorgon now;
Her helm was deep indented, and her lance
Seem'd weak and shaftless, e'en to mortal glance,

The olive branch which still she deign'd to clasp,
 Shrunk from her touch and wither'd in her grasp :
 And ah ! though still the brightest of the sky,
 Celestial tears bedimm'd her large blue eye ;
 Round the rent casque her owlet circled slow
 And mourn'd his mistress with a shriek of woe.

« Mortal ! ('t was thus she spake) that blush of shame
 Proclaims thee Briton—once a noble name—
 First of the mighty, foremost of the free,
 Now honour'd *less* by all—and *least* by me :
 Chief of thy foes shall Pallas still be found,—
 Seek'st thou the cause ? O mortal,—look around !
 Lo here, despite of war and wasting fire,
 I saw successive tyrannies expire ;
 'Scaped from the ravage of the Turk and Goth,
 Thy country sends a spoiler worse than both !
 Survey this vacant violated fane ;
 Recount the relics torn that yet remain,
 These Cecrops placed,—*this* Pericles adorn'd 4—
 That Hadrian rear'd when drooping science mourn'd :
 What more I owe let gratitude attest,
 Know Alaric and Elgin did the rest.
 That all may learn from whence the plunder came,
 The insulted wall sustains his hated name.⁵
 For Elgin's fame thus grateful Pallas pleads,
 Below, his name—above, behold his deeds !
 Be ever hail'd with equal honour here,
 The Gothic monarch and the Pictish peer.
 Arms gave the first his right, the last had none,
 But basely stole what less barbarians won !

So when the lion quits his fell repast,
Next prowls the wolf—the filthy jackal last:
Flesh, limbs, and blood, the former make their own;
The last base brute securely gnaws the bone.
Yet still the gods are just, and crimes are crost,
See here what Elgin won, and what he lost!
Another name with his pollutes my shrine,
Behold where Dian's beams disdain to shine!
Some retribution still might Pallas claim,
When Venus half avenged Minerva's shame.*⁶

She ceased awhile, and thus I dared reply,
To soothe the vengeance kindling in her eye:—
« Daughter of Jove! in Britain's injured name,
A true-born Briton may the deed disclaim!
Frown not on England—England owns him not—
Athena, no! the plunderer was a Scot!⁷
Ask'st thou the difference? From fair Phyle's towers
Survey Bœotia, Caledonia's ours.
And well I know within that bastard land⁸
Hath wisdom's goddess never held command:
A barren soil, where nature's germs, confined
To stern sterility, can stint the mind,
Whose thistle well betrays the niggard earth,
Emblem of all to whom the land gives birth;
Each genial influence nurtured to resist,
A land of meanness, sophistry and mist:
Each breeze from foggy mount and marshy plain
Dilutes with drivel every drizzling brain,
Till burst at length each watery head o'erflows
Foul as their soil and frigid as their snows:

6.

Ten thousand schemes of petulance and pride.
Despatch her scheming children far and wide;
Some east, some west, some—every where but north!
In quest of lawless gain they issue forth;
And thus accursed be the day and year
She sent a Pict to play the felon here.
Yet Caledonia claims some native worth,
As dull *Boeotia* gave a *Pindar* birth—
So may her few, the letter'd and the brave,
Bound to no clime, and victors o'er the grave,
Shake off the sordid dust of such a land,
And shine like children of a happier strand.
As once of yore, in some obnoxious place
Ten names (if found) had saved a wretched race! »
« Mortal, » the blue eyed maid resumed, « once more,
Bear back my mandate to thy native shore;
Though fall'n, alas! this vengeance still is mine,
'To turn my counsels far from lands like thine.
Hear then in silence, *Pallas*' stern behest,
Hear and believe, for time shall tell the rest.
First on the head of him who did the deed,
My curse shall light,—on him and all his seed :
Without one spark of intellectual fire,
Be all the sons as senseless as the sire :
If one with wit the parent brood disgrace,
Believe him bastard of a brighter race;
Still with his hireling artists let him prate,
And folly's praise repay for wisdom's hate! »
Long of their patron's gusto let them tell,
Whose noblest *native* gusto—is to sell :
To sell, and make,—may shame record the day,
The state receiver of his pilfer'd prey!

Meantime the flattering feeble dotard West,
Europe's worst dauber, and poor Britain's best,
With palsied hand shall turn each model o'er,
And own himself an infant of fourscore :¹⁰
Be all the bruisers called from all St Giles,
That art and nature may compare their styles.
While brawny brutes in stupid wonder stare,
And marvel at his lordship's « stone shop » there.¹¹
Round the throng'd gate shall sauntering coxcombs creep,
To lounge, and lucubrate, to prate and peep :
While many a languid maid with longing sigh
On giant statues casts the curious eye,
The room with transient glance appears to skim,
Yet marks the mighty back and length of limb,
Mourns o'er the difference of *now* and *then*,
Exclaims 'these Greeks indeed were proper men :'
Draws slight comparisons of *these* with *those*,
And envies *Lais* all her Attic beaux :
When shall a modern maid have swains like these?
Alas! Sir Harry is no Hercules!
And last of all, amidst the gaping crew
Some calm spectator as he takes his view,¹²
In silent indignation mix'd with grief,
Admires the plunder, but abhors the thief.
Loathed throughout life—scarce pardon'd in the dust,
May hate pursue his sacrilegious lust!
Link'd with the fool who fired th' Ephesian dome,
Shall vengeance follow far beyond the tomb;
Erostratus and Elgin e'er shall shine
In many a branding page and burning line!
Alike condemn'd for aye to stand accursed,
Perchance the second viler than the first:

So let him stand through ages yet unborn,
Fix'd statue on the pedestal of scorn!
Though not for him alone revenge shall wait,
But fits thy country for her coming fate:
Hers were the deeds that taught her lawless son
To do what oft Britannia's self had done.
Look to the Baltic blazing from afar,
Your old ally yet mourns perfidious war:
Not to such deeds did Pallas lend her aid,
Or break the compact which herself had made;
Far from such councils, from the faithless field
She fled—but left behind her Gorgon shield;
A fatal gift that turn'd your friends to stone,
And left lost Albion hated and alone.
Look to the East, where Ganges' swarthy race
Shall shake your usurpation to its base;
Lo! there rebellion rears her ghastly head,
And glares the Nemesis of native dead,
Till Indus rolls a deep purpureal flood,
And claims his long arrear of northern blood.
So may ye perish! Pallas, when she gave
Your free-born rights, forbade ye to enslave.

« Look on your Spain, she clasps the hand she hates,
But coldly clasps and thrusts you from her gates
Bear witness bright Barossa, thou canst tell,
Whose were the sons that bravely fought and fell.
While Lusitania, kind and dear ally,
Can spare a few to fight and sometimes fly.
Oh glorious field! by famine fiercely won,
The Gaul retires for once, and all is done!

But when did Pallas teach that one retreat
Retrieved three long olympiads of defeat?

« Look last at home, ye love not to look there
On the grim smile of comfortless despair :
Your city saddens, loud though revel howls,
Here famine faints, and yonder rapine prowls :
See all alike of more or less bereft,
No misers tremble when there 's nothing left :
'Blest paper credit,'¹³ who shall dare to sing?
It clogs like lead corruption's weary wing :
Yet Pallas pluck'd each premier by the ear,
Who gods and men alike disdain'd to hear ;
But one, repentant o'er a bankrupt state,
On Pallas calls, but calls, alas ! too late :
Then raves for¹⁴ ; to that Mentor bends,
Though he and Pallas never yet were friends :
Him senates hear whom never yet they heard,
Contemptuous once, and now no less absurd.
So once of yore each reasonable frog,
Swore faith and fealty to his sovereign log ;
Thus hail'd your rulers their patrician clod,
As Egypt chose an onion for a god :
Now fare ye well, enjoy your little hour,
Go,—grasp the shadow of your vanish'd power ;
Gloss o'er the failure of each fondest scheme,
Your strength a name, your bloated wealth a dream.
Gone is that gold, the marvel of mankind,
And pirates barter all that 's left behind ;¹⁵
No more the hirelings purchased near and far
Crowd to the ranks of mercenary war ;

The idle merchant on the useless quay,
Droops o'er the bales no bark may bear away;
Or back returning sees rejected stores
Rot piecemeal on his own encumber'd shores :
The starv'd mechanic breaks his rusting loom,
And desperate mans him 'gainst the common doom.
Then in the senate of your sinking state,
Shew me the man whose counsels may have weight.
Vain is each voice whose tones could once command;
E'en factions cease to charm a factious land;
While jarring sects convulse a sister isle,
And light with maddening hands the mutual pile.

« 'T is done, 't is past, since Pallas warns in vain,
The Furies seize her abdicated reign :
Wide o'er the realm they wave their kindling brands,
And wring her vitals with their fiery hands.
But one convulsive struggle still remains,
And Gaul shall weep ere Albion wear her chains.
The banner'd pomp of war, the glittering files,
O'er whose gay trappings stern Bellona smiles;
The brazen trump, the spirit-stirring drum,
That bid the foe defiance ere they come;
The hero bounding at his country's call,
The glorious death that decorates his fall,
Swell the young heart with visionary charms,
And bid it antedate the joys of arms.
But know, a lesson you may yet be taught,
With death alone are laurels cheaply bought;
Not in the conflict havoc seeks delight,
His day of mercy is the day of fight;

But when the field is fought, the battle won,
Though drench'd with gore, his woes are but begun :—
His deeper deeds ye yet know but by name,—
The slaughter'd peasant and the ravish'd dame,
The rifled mansion and the foe-reap'd field,
Ill suit with souls at home untaught to yield.
Say with what eye along the distant down,
Would flying burghers mark the blazing town?
How view the column of ascending flames,
Shake his red shadow o'er the startled Thames?
Nay, frown not, Albion! for the torch was thine
That lit such pyres from Tagus to the Rhine :
Now should they burst on thy devoted coast,
Go, ask thy bosom, who deserves them most?
The law of Heav'n and earth is life for life,
And she who raised in vain regrets the strife.»

NOTES TO THE CURSE OF MINERVA.

Note 1, page 80, line 4.

That closed their murder'd sage's latest day!

Socrates drank the hemlock a short time before sun-set (the hour of execution), notwithstanding the entreaties of his disciples to wait till the sun went down.

Note 2, page 80, line 16.

The queen of night asserts her silent reign, etc.

The twilight in Greece is much shorter than in our country; the days in winter are longer, but in summer of less duration.

Note 3, page 80, line 16.

The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk, etc.

The kiosk is a Turkish summer-house; the palm is without the present walls of Athens, not far from the temple of Theseus, between which and the tree the wall intervenes. Cephissus' stream is indeed scanty, and Ilissus has no stream at all.

Note 4, page 82, line 19.

These Cecrops placed,—this Pericles adorned—

This is spoken of the city in general, and not of the Acropolis in particular: the temple of Jupiter Olympius, by some supposed the

92 NOTES TO THE CURSE OF MINERVA.

Pantheon, was finished by Hadrian : sixteen columns are standing of the most beautiful marble and style of architecture.

Note 5, page 82, line 24.

The insulted wall sustains his hated name.

It is related, by a late oriental traveller, that when the wholesale spoliator visited Athens, he caused his own name, with that of his wife, to be inscribed on a pillar of one of the principal temples. This inscription was executed in a very conspicuous manner, and deeply engraved in the marble, at a very considerable elevation. Notwithstanding which precautions, some person, (doubtless inspired by the patron-goddess) has been at the pains to get himself raised up to the requisite height, and has obliterated the name of the laird, but left that of the lady untouched. The traveller in question accompanied this story by a remark, that it must have cost some labour and contrivance to get at the place, and could only have been effected by much zeal and determination.

Note 6, page 83, line 10.

When Venus half avenged Minerva's shame. -

His lordship's name and that of one who no longer bears it, are carved conspicuously on the Parthenon above; in a part not far distant are the torn remnants of the basso-relievos, destroyed in a vain attempt to remove them.

Note 7, page 83, line 16.

Athena, no! the plunderer was a Scot!

The plaster wall on the west side of the temple of Minerva Polias bears the following inscription, cut in very deep characters :

Quod non fecerunt Goti
Hoc fecerunt Scoti.

HOBHOUSE'S *Travels in Greece, etc.* p. 345.

Note 8, page 83, line 19.

And well I know within that bastard land, etc.

Irish bastards according to Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan.

NOTES TO THE CURSE OF MINERVA. 93

Note 9, page 84, line 28.

And folly's praise repay for wisdom's hate!

Un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l'admire.

BOILEAU.

Note 10, page 85, line 4.

And own himself an infant of fourscore, etc.

Mr West, on seeing « the Elgin collection » (I suppose we shall hear of the Abershaws' and Jack Shephards' collection next), declared himself a mere Tyro in art.

Note 11, page 85, line 8.

And marvel at his lordship's « stone shop » there.

Poor Crib¹ was sadly puzzled when exhibited at Elgin house, he asked if it was not « a stone shop » : he was right, it is a shop.

Note 12, page 85, line 22.

Some calm spectator as he takes his view, etc.

Alas ! all the monuments of Roman magnificence, all the remains of Grecian taste, so dear to the artist, the historian, the antiquary, all depend on the will of an arbitrary sovereign; and that will is influenced too often by interest or vanity, by a nephew or a sycophant. Is a new palace to be erected (at Rome) for an upstart family,—the Coliseum is stripped to furnish materials. Does a foreign minister wish to adorn the bleak walls of a northern castle with antiques,—the temples of Theseus or Minerva must be dismantled, and the works of Phidias or Praxiteles be torn from the shattered frieze. That a decrepid uncle, wrapped up in the religious duties of his age and station, should listen to the suggestions of an interested nephew, is natural: and that an oriental despot should undervalue the master-pieces of Grecian art, is to be expected; though in both cases the conse-

¹ Abershaw, a notorious highwayman; Jack Shephard, a no less notorious housebreaker. They were both hanged, not for stealing *statues* abroad, but for breaking the *statutes* at home.—(Editor.)

² A celebrated pugilist, and *ci-devant* champion of the prize-ring.—(Editor.)

94 NOTES TO THE CURSE OF MINERVA.

quences of such weakness are much to be lamented—but that the minister of a nation, famed for its knowledge of the language, and its veneration for the monuments of ancient Greece, should have been the prompter and the instrument of these destructions, is almost incredible. Such rapacity is a crime against all ages and all generations; it deprives the past of the trophies of their genius and the title deeds of their fame; the present, of the strongest inducements to exertion, the noblest exhibitions that curiosity can contemplate; the future, of the master-pieces of art, the models of imitation. To guard against the repetition of such depredations is the wish of every man of genius, the duty of every man in power, and the common interest of every civilized nation. *Eustace's Classical Tour through Italy*, p. 269.

This attempt to transplant the temple of Vesta from Italy to England, may, perhaps, do honour to the late Lord Bristol's patriotism or to his magnificence; but it cannot be considered as an indication of either taste or judgment. *Ibid.* p. 419.

Note 13, page 87, line 9.

'Blest paper credit,' etc.

Blest paper credit, last and best supply,
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly.

POPE.

Note 14, page 87, line 15.

Then raves for ^{us}; etc.

The Deal and Dover traffickers in specie.

Note 15, page 87, line 28.

And pirates barter all that 's left behind; etc.

See the foregoing note.

HOURS OF IDLENESS;

SERIES OF POEMS,

ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED,

BY GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON,

A MINOR:

Μήτ' ἄρ' με μάλ' αἶνεε, μήτε τι νείκει.

HOMER. *Iliad.* 10.

He whistled as he went for want of thought.

DAYDEN.

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
FREDERICK, EARL OF CARLISLE,
KNIGHT OF THE GARTER, ETC. ETC.
THESE POEMS ARE INSCRIBED,
BY HIS OBLIGED WARD,
AND AFFECTIONATE KINSMAN,
THE AUTHOR.

VOL. VII.

7

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

POEMS.

ON LEAVING NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

Why dost thou build the hall? Son of the winged days! Thou
lookest from thy tower to-day; yet a few years, and the blast of the
desert comes; it howls in thy empty court.

OSSIAN.

THROUGH thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle;
Thou the hall of my fathers art gone to decay;
In thy once smiling garden, the hemlock and thistle
Have choked up the rose, which late bloom'd in the way.

Of the mail-cover'd barons, who proudly to battle
Led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain,
The escutcheon and shield, which with every blast rattle,
Are the only sad vestiges now that remain.

No more doth old Robert, with harp-stringing numbers,
 Raise a flame in the breast for the war-laurell'd wreath;
 Near Ascalon's towers John of Horistan¹ slumbers,
 Unnerved is the hand of his minstrel by death.

Paul and Hubert too sleep in the valley of Cressy;
 For the safety of Edward and England they fell;
 My fathers! the tears of your country redress you;
 How you fought! how you died! still her annals can tell.

On Marston² with Rupert³ 'gainst traitors contending,
 Four brothers enrich'd with their blood the bleak field;
 For the rights of a monarch, their country defending,
 Till death their attachment to royalty seal'd.

Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant, departing
 From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu!
 Abroad, or at home, your remembrance imparting
 New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.

Though a tear dim his eye at this sad separation,
 'T is nature, not fear, that excites his regret;
 Far distant he goes with the same emulation,
 The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.

¹ Horistan Castle, in Derbyshire, an ancient seat of the Byron family.

² The battle of Marston Moor, where the adherents of Charles I. were defeated.

³ Son of the Elector Palatine, and related to Charles I. He afterwards commanded the fleet in the reign of Charles II.



That fame, and that memory, still will be cherish,
 He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown;
 Like you will he live, or like you will he perish;
 When decay'd may he mingle his dust with your own.

1803.

 EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

Λοτῆρ πρὶν μὲν εὐαίματος ἐνὶ ζῶντων ἔτος;

LAERTIUS.

Oh! friend! for ever loved, for ever dear,
 What fruitless tears have bathed thy honour'd bier!
 What sighs re-echo'd to thy parting breath,
 Whilst thou wast struggling in the pangs of death!
 Could tears retard the tyrant in his course;
 Could sighs avert his dart's relentless force;
 Could youth and virtue claim a short delay,
 Or beauty charm the spectre from his prey;
 Thou still hadst lived to bless my aching sight,
 Thy comrade's honour, and thy friend's delight.
 If yet thy gentle spirit hover nigh
 The spot where now thy mouldering ashes lie,
 Here wilt thou read, recorded on my heart,
 A grief too deep to trust the sculptor's art.
 No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep,
 But living statues there are seen to weep;

Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy tomb,
Affliction's self deplores thy youthful doom.
What though thy sire lament his failing line,
A father's sorrows cannot equal mine!
Though none like thee his dying hour will cheer,
Yet other offspring soothe his anguish here :
But who with me shall hold thy former place?
Thine image, what new friendship can efface?
Ah! none! a father's tears will cease to flow,
Time will assuage an infant brother's woe;
To all, save one, is consolation known,
While solitary friendship sighs alone.

1803.

A FRAGMENT.

WHEN, to their airy hall, my father's voice
Shall call my spirit, joyful in their choice;
When poised upon the gale, my form shall ride,
Or, dark in mist, descend the mountain's side;
Oh! may my shade behold no sculptured urns,
To mark the spot where earth to earth returns :
No lengthen'd scroll, no praise-encumber'd stoue;
My epitaph shall be my name alone :
If *that* with honour fail to crown my clay,
Oh! may no other fame my deeds repay ;
That, only *that*, shall single out the spot,
By that remember'd, or with that forgot.

1803.

THE TEAR.

O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
Felix! in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit.

GRAY.

WHEN friendship or love
Our sympathies move,
When truth, in a glance, should appear;
The lips may beguile,
With a dimple or smile,
But the test of affection's a tear.

Too oft is a smile
But the hypocrite's wile,
To mask detestation or fear;
Give me the soft sigh,
Whilst the soul-telling eye
Is dimm'd, for a time, with a tear.

Mild charity's glow,
To us mortals below,
Shows the soul from barbarity clear;
Compassion will melt
Where this virtue is felt,
And its dew is diffused in a tear.

The man doom'd to sail
With the blast of the gale,
Through billows Atlantic to steer;
As he bends o'er the wave,
Which may soon be his grave,
The green sparkles bright with a tear.

The soldier braves death,
For a fanciful wreath,
In glory's romantic career;
But he raises the foe,
When in battle laid low,
And bathes every wound with a tear.

If with high-bounding pride,
He return to his bride,
Renouncing the gore-crimson'd spear;
All his toils are repaid,
When, embracing the maid,
From her eyelid he kisses the tear.

Sweet scene of my youth,
Seat of friendship and truth,
Where love chased each fast-fleeting year;
Loath to leave thee, I mourn'd,
For a last look I turn'd,
But thy spire was scarce seen through a tear.

Though my vows I can pour
To my Mary no more,
My Mary to love once so dear;

In the shade of her bower,
I remember the hour,
She rewarded those vows with a tear.

By another possess'd,
May she live ever bless'd,
Her name still my heart must revere;
With a sigh I resign
What I once thought was mine,
And forgive her deceit with a tear.

Ye friends of my heart,
Ere from you I depart,
This hope to my breast is most near;
If again we shall meet
In this rural retreat,
May we meet, as we part, with a tear.

When my soul wings her flight,
To the regions of night,
And my corse shall recline on its bier;
As ye pass by the tomb,
Where my ashes consume,
Oh! moisten their dust with a tear.

May no marble bestow
The splendour of wo,
Which the children of vanity rear;
No fiction of fame
Shall blazon my name,
All I ask, all I wish, is a tear.

1806.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

DELIVERED PREVIOUS TO THE PERFORMANCE OF "THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE,"
AT A PRIVATE THEATRE.

SINCE the refinement of this polish'd age,
Has swept immoral raillery from the stage;
Since taste has now expunged licentious wit,
Which stamp'd disgrace on all an author writ;
Since now to please with purer scenes we seek,
Nor dare to call the blush from beauty's cheek;
Oh! let the modest muse some pity claim,
And meet indulgence though she find not fame.
Still, not for her alone, we wish respect,
Others appear more conscious of defect;
To-night no veteran Roscii you behold,
In all the arts of scenic action old;
No Cooke, no Kemble, can salute you here,
No Siddons draw the sympathetic tear;
To-night you throng to witness the *debut*
Of embryo actors, to the drama new;
Here, then, our almost unfledged wings we try,
Clip not our pinions ere the birds can fly;
Failing in this our first attempt to soar,
Drooping, alas! we fall to rise no more.
Not one poor trembler only fear betrays,
Who hopes, yet almost dreads, to meet your praise,

But all our dramatis personæ wait,
In fond suspense, this crisis of their fate.
No venal views our progress can retard,
Your generous plaudits are our sole reward;
For these, each hero all his power displays,
Each timid heroine shrinks before your gaze;
Surely the last will some protection find,
None to the softer sex can prove unkind;
Whilst youth and beauty form the female shield,
The sternest censor to the fair must yield.
Yet, should our feeble efforts nought avail,
Should, after all, our best endeavours fail;
Still, let some mercy in your bosoms live,
And if you can't applaud, at least forgive.

ON THE DEATH OF MR FOX.

The following illiberal Impromptu appeared in a Morning Paper.

« OUR nation's foes lament on Fox's death,
But bless the hour when Pitt resign'd his breath;
These feelings wide let sense and truth unclue,
We give the palm where justice points it due.»

To which the Author of these Pieces sent the following Reply.

OH! factious viper! whose envenom'd tooth
Would mangle still the dead, perverting truth;

What, though our « nation's foes » lament the fate,
With generous feeling, of the good and great;
Shall dastard tongues essay to blast the name
Of him, whose meed exists in endless fame?
When Pitt expired in plenitude of power,
Though ill success obscured his dying hour,
Pity her dewy wings before him spread,
For noble spirits « war not with the dead, »
His friends, in tears, a last sad requiem gave,
As all his errors slumber'd in the grave;
He sunk, an Atlas, bending 'neath the weight
Of cares o'erwelming our conflicting state;
When, lo! a Hercules in Fox appear'd,
Who for a time the ruin'd fabric rear'd;
He, too, is fallen, who Britain's loss supplied,
With him our fast reviving hopes have died;
Not one great people, only, raise his urn,
All Europe's far-extended regions mourn.
« These feelings wide let sense and truth unclue,
To give the palm where justice points it due; »
Yet let not canker'd calumny assail,
Or round our statesman wind her gloomy veil.
Fox! o'er whose corse a mourning world must weep,
Whose dear remains in honour'd marble sleep,
For whom, at last, even hostile nations groan,
While friends and foes alike his talents own.
Fox shall in Britain's future annals shine,
Nor even to Pitt the patriot's palm resign;
Which envy, wearing candour's sacred mask,
For Pitt, and Pitt alone, has dared to ask.

STANZAS TO A LADY,

WITH THE POEMS OF CAMOENS.

THIS votive pledge of fond esteem,
Perhaps, dear girl! for me thou 'lt prize;
It sings of love's enchanting dream,
A theme we never can despise.

Who blames it but the envious fool,
The old and disappointed maid?
Or pupil of the prudish school,
In single sorrow doom'd to fade.

Then read, dear girl! with feeling read,
For thou wilt ne'er be one of those,
To thee, in vain, I shall not plead,
In pity for the poet's woes.

He was in sooth a genuine bard;
His was no faint, fictitious flame;
Like his, may love be thy reward,
But not thy hapless fate the same.

TO M****

Oh! did those eyes, instead of fire,
With bright, but mild affection shine;
Though they might kindle less desire,
Love, more than mortal, would be thine.

For thou art form'd so heavenly fair,
Howe'er those orbs may wildly beam,
We must admire, but still despair;
That fatal glance forbids esteem.

When nature stamp'd thy beauteous birth,
So much perfection in thee shone,
She fear'd that, too divine for earth,
The skies might claim thee for their own;

Therefore, to guard her dearest work,
Lest angels might dispute the prize;
She bade a secret lightning lurk
Within those once celestial eyes.

These might the boldest sylph appal,
When gleaming with meridian blaze;
Thy beauty must enrapture all,
But who can dare thine ardent gaze?

'T is said, that Berenice's hair
In stars adorns the vault of heaven;
But they would ne'er permit thee there,
Thou wouldst so far outshine the seven.

For did those eyes as planets roll,
Thy sister lights would scarce appear:
Even suns, which systems now control,
Would twinkle dimly through their sphere.

1806.

TO WOMAN.

WOMAN! experience might have told me,
That all must love thee who behold thee;
Surely experience might have taught,
Thy firmest promises are nought;
But placed in all thy charms before me,
All I forget but to adore thee.
Oh! memory! thou choicest blessing,
When join'd with hope, when still possessing,
But how much cursed by every lover,
When hope is fled, and passion's over.
Woman, that fair and fond deceiver,
How prompt are striplings to believe her;
How throbs the pulse, when first we view
The eye that rolls in glossy blue;
Or sparkles black, or mildly throws
A beam from under hazel brows;

How quick we credit every oath,
And hear her plight the willing troth;
Fondly we hope 't will last for aye,
When, lo! she changes in a day.
This record will for ever stand,
"Woman, thy vows are traced in sand."

TO M. S. G.

WHEN I dream that you love me, you 'll surely forgive,
Extend not your anger to sleep;
For in visions alone your affection can live,
I rise, and it leaves me to weep.

Then, Morpheus! envelope my faculties fast,
Shed o'er me your languor benign;
Should the dream of to-night but resemble the last,
What rapture celestial is mine!

They tell us, that slumber, the sister of death,
Mortality's emblem is given;
To fate how I long to resign my frail breath,
If this be a foretaste of heaven.

'The last line is almost a literal translation from a Spanish proverb.

Ah! frown not, sweet lady, unbend your soft brow,
Nor deem me too happy in this;¹
If I sin in my dream, I atone for it now,
Thus doom'd but to gaze upon bliss.

Though in visions, sweet lady, perhaps you may smile,
Oh! think not my penance deficient;
When dreams of your presence my slumbers beguile,
To awake will be torture sufficient.

SONG.

WHEN I roved, a young Highlander, o'er the dark heath,
And climb'd thy steep summit, oh! Morven of snow;¹
To gaze on the torrent that thunder'd beneath,
Or the mist of the tempest that gather'd below;²
Untutor'd by science, a stranger to fear,
And rude as the rocks where my infancy grew,
No feeling, save one, to my bosom was dear,
Need I say, my sweet Mary, 't was centred in you.

¹ Morven, a lofty mountain in Aberdeenshire: "Gormal of snow," is an expression frequently to be found in Ossian.

² This will not appear extraordinary to those who have been accustomed to the mountains; it is by no means uncommon on attaining the top of Ben-e-vis, Ben-y-bourd, etc., to perceive, between the summit and the valley, clouds pouring down rain, and occasionally accompanied by lightning, while the spectator literally looks down upon the storm, perfectly secure from its effects.

Yet, it could not be love, for I knew not the name,
 What passion can dwell in the heart of a child?
 But still I perceive an emotion the same
 As I felt, when a boy, on the crag-cover'd wild:
 One image, alone, on my bosom impress'd,
 I loved my bleak regions, nor panted for new,
 And few were my wants, for my wishes were bless'd,
 And pure were my thoughts, for my soul was with you.

I arose with the dawn, with my dog as my guide,
 From mountain to mountain I bounded along,
 I breasted¹ the billows of *Dee's*² rushing tide,
 And heard at a distance, the Highlander's song:
 At eve, on my heath-cover'd couch of repose,
 No dreams, save of Mary, were spread to my view,
 And warm to the skies my devotions arose,
 For the first of my prayers was a blessing on you.

I left my bleak home, and my visions are gone,
 The mountains are vanish'd, my youth is no more;
 As the last of my race I must wither alone,
 And delight but in days I have witness'd before;
 Ah! splendour has raised, but embitter'd my lot,
 More dear were the scenes which my infancy knew;
 Though my hopes may have fail'd, yet they are not forgot,
 Though cold is my heart, still it lingers with you.

¹ Breasting the lofty surge.—SHAKESPEARE.

² The *Dee* is a beautiful river, which rises near *Mar Lodge*, and falls into the sea at *New Aberdeen*.

When I see some dark hill point its crest to the sky,
I think of the rocks that o'ershadow Colbleen;¹
When I see the soft blue of a love-speaking eye,
I think of those eyes that endear'd the rude scene;
When, haply, some light-waving locks I behold,
That faintly resemble my Mary's in hue,
I think on the long-flowing ringlets of gold,
The locks that were sacred to beauty and you.

Yet the day may arrive, when the mountains once more
Shall rise to my sight, in their mantles of snow:
But while these soar above me, unchanged as before,
Will Mary be there to receive me? ah no!
Adieu! then, ye hills, where my childhood was bred,
Thou sweet-flowing Dee, to thy waters adieu!
No home in the forest shall shelter my head,
Ah! Mary, what home could be mine but with you?

TO ***

Oh! yes, I will own we were dear to each other,
The friendships of childhood, though fleeting, are true;
The love which you felt was the love of a brother,
Nor less the affection I cherish'd for you.

¹ Colbleen is a mountain near the verge of the Highlands, not far from the ruins of Dee Castle.

But friendship can vary her gentle dominion,
The attachment of years in a moment expires;
Like love too, she moves on a swift-waving pinion,
But glows not, like love, with unquenchable fires.

Full oft have we wander'd through Ida together,
And bless'd were the scenes of our youth, I allow;
In the spring of our life, how serene is the weather!
But winter's rude tempests are gathering now.

No more with affection shall memory blending,
The wonted delights of our childhood retrace;
When pride steals the bosom the heart is unbending,
And what would be justice appears a disgrace.

However, dear S—, for I still must esteem you,
The few whom I love I can never upbraid,
The chance which has lost may in future redeem you,
Repentance will cancel the vow you have made.

I will not complain, and though chill'd is affection,
With me no corroding resentment shall live:
My bosom is calm'd by the simple reflection,
That both may be wrong, and that both should forgive.

You knew that my soul, that my heart, my existence,
If danger demanded, were wholly your own;
You knew me unalter'd by years or by distance,
Devoted to love and to friendship alone.

You knew,—but away with the vain retrospection,
The bond of affection no longer endures;
Too late you may droop o'er the fond recollection,
And sigh for the friend who was formerly yours.

For the present, we part—I will hope not for ever,
For time and regret will restore you at last;
To forget our dissension we both should endeavour,
I ask no atonement, but days like the past.

TO MARY,

ON RECEIVING HER PICTURE.

THIS faint resemblance of thy charms,
Though strong as mortal art could give,
My constant heart of fear disarms,
Revives my hopes, and bids me live.

Here I can trace the locks of gold,
Which round thy snowy forehead wave;
The cheeks which sprung from beauty's mould,
The lips which made me beauty's slave.

Here I can trace—ah, no! that eye,
Whose azure floats in liquid fire,
Must all the painter's art defy,
And bid him from the task retire.

Here I behold its beauteous hue,
But where 's the beam so sweetly straying?
Which gave a lustre to its blue,
Like Luna o'er the ocean playing.

Sweet copy! far more dear to me,
Lifeless, unfeeling as thou art,
Than all the living forms could be,
Save her who placed thee next my heart.

She placed it, sad, with needless fear,
Lest time might shake my wavering soul,
Unconscious that her image there
Held every sense in fast control.

Through hours, through years, through time 't will cheer;
My hope, in gloomy moments, raise;
In life's last conflict 't will appear,
And meet my fond expiring gaze.

DAMÆTAS.

In law an infant,¹ and in years a boy,
In mind a slave to every vicious joy,

¹ In law, every person is an infant who has not attained the age of twenty-one.

From every sense of shame and virtue wean'd,
 In lies an adept, in deceit a fiend;
 Versed in hypocrisy, while yet a child;
 Fickle as wind, of inclinations wild;
 Woman his dupe, his heedless friend a tool,
 Old in the world, though scarcely broke from school;
 Damætas ran through all the maze of sin,
 And found the goal when others just begin;
 Even still conflicting passions shake his soul,
 And bid him drain the dregs of pleasure's bowl;
 But, pall'd with vice, he breaks his former chain,
 And what was once his bliss appears his banè.

TO MARION.

MARION! why that pensive brow?
 What disgust to life hast thou?
 Change that discontented air;
 Frowns become not one so fair.
 'T is not love disturbs thy rest,
 Love 's a stranger to thy breast;
 He in dimpling smiles appears,
 Or mourns in sweetly timid tears;
 Or bends the languid eyelid down,
 But shuns the cold forbidding frown;
 Then resume thy former fire,
 Some will love, and all admire;
 While that icy aspect chills us,
 Nought but cool indifference thrills us.

Wouldst thou wandering hearts beguile,
Smile at least, or seem to smile;
Eyes like thine were never meant
To hide their orbs in dark restraint;
Spite of all thou fain wouldst say,
Still in truant beams they play.
Thy lips,—but here my modest muse
Her impulse chaste must needs refuse,
She blushes, courtesies, frowns,—in short she
Dreads lest the subject should transport me;
And flying off in search of reason,
Brings prudence back in proper season.
All I shall therefore say (whate'er
I think, is neither here nor there),
Is that such lips, of looks endearing,
Were form'd for better things than sneering;
Of soothing compliments divested,
Advice at least's disinterested;
Such is my artless song to thee,
From all the flow of flattery free;
Counsel like mine is as a brother's,
My heart is given to some others;
That is to say, unskill'd to cozen,
It shares itself among a dozen.
Marion! adieu! oh! pr'ythee slight not
This warning, though it may delight not;
And, lest my precepts be displeasing
To those who think remonstrance teasing,
At once I'll tell thee our opinion,
Concerning woman's soft dominion:
Howe'er we gaze with admiration,
On eyes of blue, or lips carnation;

Howe'er the flowing locks attract us,
 Howe'er those beauties may distract us,
 Still fickle we are prone to rove,
 These cannot fix our souls to love ;
 It is not too severe a stricture,
 To say they form a pretty picture,
 But wouldst thou see the secret chain,
 Which binds us in your humble train,
 To hail you queens of all creation,
 Know in a word, 't is ANIMATION.

OSCAR OF ALVA.¹

A TALE.

How sweetly shines, through azure skies,
 The lamp of heaven on Lora's shore ;
 Where Alva's hoary turrets rise,
 And hear the din of arms no more.

But often has yon rolling moon
 On Alva's casques of silver play'd,
 And view'd, at midnight's silent noon,
 Her chiefs in gleaming mail array'd.

¹ The catastrophe of this tale was suggested by the story of « Jeronymo and Lorenzo, » in the first volume of the « Armenian, or Ghost-Seer : » it also bears some resemblance to a scene in the third Act of « Macbeth. »

And on the crimson'd rocks beneath,
Which scowl o'er ocean's sullen flow,
Pale in the scatter'd ranks of death,
She saw the gasping warrior low.

While many an eye, which ne'er again
Could mark the rising orb of day,
Turn'd feebly from the gory plain,
Beheld in death her fading ray.

Once to those eyes, the lamp of love,
They bless'd her dear, propitious light;
But now she glimmer'd from above,
A sad, funereal torch of night.

Faded is Alva's noble race,
And gray her towers are seen afar;
No more her heroes urge the chase,
Or roll the crimson tide of war.

But who was last of Alva's clan?
Why grows the moss on Alva's stone?
Her towers resound no steps of man,
They echo to the gale alone.

And when that gale is fierce and high,
A sound is heard in yonder hall,
It rises hoarsely through the sky,
And vibrates o'er the mouldering wall.

Yes, when the eddying tempest sighs,
It shakes the shield of Oscar brave;
But there no more his banners rise,
No more his plumes of sable wave.

Fair shone the sun on Oscar's birth,
When Angus hail'd his eldest birth;
The vassals round their chieftain's hearth,
Crowd to applaud the happy morn.

They feast upon the mountain deer,
The pibroch raised its piercing note,
To gladden more their highland cheer,
The strains in martial numbers float.

And they who heard the war-notes wild
Hoped that, one day, the pibroch's strain
Should play before the hero's child,
While he should lead the Tartan train.

Another year is quickly past,
And Angus hails another son,
His natal day is like the last,
Nor soon the jocund feast was done.

Taught by their sire to bend the bow,
On Alva's dusky hills of wind,
The boys in childhood chased the roe,
And left their hounds in speed behind.

But, ere their years of youth are o'er,
They mingle in the ranks of war;
They lightly wheel the bright claymore,
And send the whistling arrow far.

Dark was the flow of Oscar's hair,
Wildly it stream'd along the gale;
But Allan's locks were bright and fair,
And pensive seem'd his cheek, and pale.

But Oscar own'd a hero's soul,
His dark eye shone through beams of truth;
Allan had early learn'd control,
And smooth his words had been from youth.

Both, both were brave, the Saxon spear,
Was shiver'd oft beneath their steel;
And Oscar's bosom scorn'd to fear,
But Oscar's bosom knew to feel.

While Allan's soul belied his form,
Unworthy with such charms to dwell;
Keen as the lightning of the storm
On foes his deadly vengeance fell.

From high Southannon's distant tower
Arrived a young and noble dame;
With Kenneth's lands to form her dower,
Glenalvon's blue-eyed daughter came;

And Oscar claim'd the beauteous bride,
And Angus on his Oscar smiled,
It soothed the father's feudal pride,
Thus to obtain Glenalvon's child.

Hark! to the pibroch's pleasing note,
Hark! to the swelling nuptial song,
In joyous strains the voices float,
And still the choral peal prolong.

See how the heroes' blood-red plumes,
Assembled, wave in Alva's hall;
Each youth his varied plaid assumes,
Attending on their chieftain's call.

It is not war their air demands,
The pibroch plays the song of peace;
To Oscar's nuptials throng the bands,
Nor yet the sounds of pleasure cease.

But where is Oscar? sure 't is late:
Is this a bridegroom's ardent flame?
While thronging guests, and ladies wait,
Nor Oscar nor his brother came.

At length young Allan join'd the bride,
"Why comes not Oscar?" Angus said;
"Is he not here?" the youth replied,
"With me he roved not o'er the glade."

« Perchance, forgetful of the day,
'T is his to chase the bounding roe;
Or ocean's waves prolong his stay,
Yet Oscar's bark is seldom slow. »

« Oh, no! » the anguish'd sire rejoin'd,
« Nor chase nor wave my boy delay;
Would he to Mora seem unkind?
Would aught to her impede his way?

« Oh! search, ye chiefs! oh! search around!
Allan, with these, through Alva fly!
Till Oscar, till my son is found,
Haste, haste, nor dare attempt reply! »

All is confusion—through the vale
The name of Oscar hoarsely rings,
It rises on the murmuring gale,
Till night expands her dusky wings.

It breaks the stillness of the night,
But echoes through her shades in vain;
It sounds through morning's misty light,
But Oscar comes not o'er the plain,

Three days, three sleepless nights, the chief
For Oscar search'd each mountain cave;
Then hope is lost, in boundless grief,
His locks in gray torn ringlets wave.

« Oscar! my son!—thou God of heaven!
Restore the prop of sinking age;
Or, if that hope no more is given,
Yield his assassin to my rage.

« Yes, on some desert, rocky shore,
My Oscar's whiten'd bones must lie;
Then grant thou, God! I ask no more,
With him his frantic sire may die.

« Yet, he may live,—away despair,
Be calm, my soul! he yet may live;
To arraign my fate, my voice forbear,
O God! my impious prayer forgive.

« What, if he live for me no more,
I sink forgotten in the dust,
The hope of Alva's age is o'er,
Alas! can pangs like these be just?»

Thus did the hapless parent mourn,
Till time, who soothes severest woe,
Had bade serenity return,
And made the tear-drop cease to flow.

For still, some latent hope survived,
That Oscar might once more appear;
His hope now droop'd, and now revived,
Till time had told a tedious year.

Days roll'd along, the orb of light
Again had run his destined race;
No Oscar bless'd his father's sight,
And sorrow left a fainter trace.

For youthful Allan still remain'd,
And now his father's only joy:
And Mora's heart was quickly gain'd,
For beauty crown'd the fair-hair'd boy.

She thought that Oscar low was laid,
And Allan's face was wondrous fair;
If Oscar lived, some other maid
Had claim'd his faithless bosom's care.

And Angus said, if one year more
In fruitless hope was pass'd away;
His fondest scruples should be o'er,
And he would name their nuptial day.

Slow roll'd the moons, but bless'd at last,
Arrived the dearly destined morn;
The year of anxious trembling past,
What smiles the lover's cheeks adorn.

Hark! to the pibroch's pleasing note,
Hark! to the swelling nuptial song,
In joyous strains the voices float,
And still the choral peal prolong.

Again the clan in festive crowd,
Throng through the gate of Alva's hall;
The sounds of mirth re-echo loud,
And all their former joy recall.

But who is he, whose darken'd brow
Glooms in the midst of general mirth?
Before his eyes' far fiercer glow
The blue flames curdle o'er the hearth.

Dark is the robe which wraps his form,
And tall his plume of gory red;
His voice is like the rising storm,
But light and trackless is his tread.

'T is noon of night, the pledge goes round,
The bridegroom's health is deeply quaff'd;
With shouts the vaulted roofs resound,
And all combine to hail the draught.

Sudden the stranger chief arose,
And all the clamorous crowd are hush'd;
And Angus' cheek with wonder glows,
And Mora's tender bosom blush'd.

« Old man! » he cried, « this pledge is done,
Thou saw'st 't was truly drank by me,
It hail'd the nuptials of thy son,
Now will I claim a pledge from thee.

« While all around is mirth and joy,
To bless thy Allan's happy lot:
Say, hadst thou ne'er another boy?
Say, why should Oscar be forgot? »

« Alas! » the hapless sire replied,
The big tear starting as he spoke,
« When Oscar left my hall, or died,
This aged heart was almost broke.

« Thrice has the earth revolved her course,
Since Oscar's form has bless'd my sight;
And Allan is my last resource,
Since martial Oscar's death or flight. »

« 'T is well, » replied the stranger stern,
And fiercely flash'd his rolling eye,
« Thy Oscar's fate I fain would learn,
Perhaps the hero did not die.

« Perchance if those whom most he loved
Would call, thy Oscar might return,
Perchance the chief has only roved,
For him thy Beltane¹ yet may burn.

« Fill high the bowl, the table round,
We will not claim the pledge by stealth;
With wine let every cup be crown'd,
Pledge me departed Oscar's health. »

¹ Beltane Tree, a Highland festival on the 1st of May, held near fires lighted for the occasion.

« With all my soul, » old Angus said,
And fill'd his goblet to the brim:
« Here 's to my boy, alive or dead,
I ne'er shall find a son like him. »

« Bravely, old man, this health has sped,
But why does Allan trembling stand?
Come, drink remembrance of the dead,
And raise thy cup with firmer hand. »

The crimson glow of Allan's face
Was turn'd at once to ghastly hue;
The drops of death each other chase
Adown in agonizing dew.

Thrice did he raise the goblet high,
And thrice his lips refused to taste;
For thrice he caught the stranger's eye,
On his with deadly fury placed.

« And is it thus a brother hails
A brother's fond remembrance here?
If thus affection's strength prevails,
What might we not expect from fear? »

Roused by the sneer, he raised the bowl,
« Would Oscar now could share our mirth! »
Internal fear appall'd his soul,
He said, and dash'd the cup to earth.

“ ’T is he, I hear my murderer’s voice, ”
Loud shrieks a darkly gleaming form ;
“ A murderer’s voice ! ” the roof replies,
And deeply swells the bursting storm.

The tapers wink, the chieftains shrink,
The stranger’s gone,—amidst the crew
A form was seen in tartan green
And tall the shade terrific grew.

His waist was bound with a broad belt round,
His plume of sable stream’d on high ;
But his breast was bare, with red wounds there,
And fix’d was the glare of his glassy eye.

And thrice he smiled, with his eye so wild,
On Angus, bending low the knee ;
And thrice he frown’d on a chief on the ground,
Whom shivering crowds with horror see.

The bolts loud roll, from pole to pole,
The thunders through the welkin ring,
And the gleaming form, through the mist of the storm,
Was borne on high by the whirlwind’s wing.

Cold was the feast, the revel ceased :
Who lies upon the stony floor ?
Oblivion press’d old Angus’ breast,
At length his life-pulse throbs once more.

« Away, away, let the leech essay
To pour the light on Allan's eyes ; »
His sand is done,—his race is run,
Oh ! never more shall Allan rise !

But Oscar's breast is cold as clay,
His locks are lifted by the gale ;
And Allan's barbed arrow lay
With him in dark Glentanar's vale.

And whence the dreadful stranger came,
Or who, no mortal wight can tell ;
But no one doubts the form of flame,
For Alva's sons knew Oscar well.

Ambition nerved young Allan's hand,
Exulting demons wing'd his dart,
While envy waved her burning brand,
And pour'd her venom round his heart.

Swift is the shaft from Allan's bow,
Whose streaming life-blood stains his side ?
Dark Oscar's sable crest is low,
The dart has drunk his vital tide.

And Mora's eye could Allan move,
She bade his wounded pride rebel :
Alas ! that eyes which beam'd with love
Should urge the soul to deeds of hell.

Lo! seest thou not a lonely tomb,
Which rises o'er a warrior dead?
It glimmers through the twilight gloom;
Oh! that is Allan's nuptial bed.

Far, distant far, the noble grave
Which held his clan's great ashes stood;
And o'er his corse no banners wave,
For they were stain'd with kindred blood.

What minstrel gray, what hoary bard,
Shall Allan's deeds on harp-strings raise?
The song is glory's chief reward,
But who can strike a murderer's praise?

Unstrung, untouch'd, the harp must stand,
No minstrel dare the theme awake;
Guilt would benumb his palsied hand,
His harp in shuddering chords would break.

No lyre of fame, no hallow'd verse,
Shall sound his glories high in air,
A dying father's bitter curse,
A brother's death-groan echoes there.

TO THE DUKE OF D.

In looking over my papers, to select a few additional Poems for this second edition, I found the following lines, which I had totally forgotten, composed in the summer of 1805, a short time previous to my departure from H—. They were addressed to a young school-fellow, of high rank, who had been my frequent companion in some rambles, through the neighbouring country; however he never saw the lines, and most probably never will. As, on a re-perusal, I found them not worse than some other pieces in the collection, I have now published them, for the first time, after a slight revision.

D—R—T! whose early steps with mine have stray'd,
Exploring every path of Ida's glade,
Whom still affection taught me to defend,
And made me less a tyrant than a friend;
Though the harsh custom of our youthful band
Bade *thee* obey, and gave *me* to command;
Thee on whose head a few short years will shower
The gift of riches, and the pride of power;
Even now a name illustrious is thine own,
Renown'd in rank, not far beneath the throne.

' At every public school, the junior boys are completely subservient to the upper forms, till they attain a seat in the higher classes. From this state of probation, very properly, no rank is exempt; but, after a certain period, they command in turn those who succeed.

Yet D—r—t, let not this seduce thy soul,
To shun fair science, or evade control;
Though passive tutors, ' fearful to dispraise
The titled child, whose future breath may raise,
View ducal errors with indulgent eyes,
And wink at faults they tremble to chastise.

When youthful parasites, who bend the knee
To wealth, their golden idol, not to thee!
And, even in simple boyhood's opening dawn,
Some slaves are found to flatter and to fawn;
When these declare, «that pomp alone should wait
On one by birth predestined to be great;
That books were only meant for drudging fools,
That gallant spirits scorn the common rules;»
Believe them not,—they point the path to shame,
And seek to blast the honours of thy name:
Turn to the few in Ida's early throng,
Whose souls disdain not to condemn the wrong;
Or if, amidst the comrades of thy youth,
None dare to raise the sterner voice of truth,
Ask thine own heart! 't will bid thee, boy, forbear,
For *well* I know, that virtue lingers there.

Yes! I have mark'd thee many a passing day,
But now new scenes invite me far away;
Yes! I have mark'd within that generous mind,
A soul, if well matured, to bless mankind;

' Allow me to disclaim any personal allusions, even the most distant; I merely mention, generally, what is too often the weakness of preceptors.

Ah! though myself, by nature haughty, wild,
Whom indiscretion hail'd her favourite child;
Though every error stamps me for her own,
And dooms my fall, I fain would fall alone;
Though my proud heart no precept now can tame,
I love the virtues which I cannot claim.

'T is not enough, with other sons of power,
To gleam, the lambent meteor of an hour,
To swell some peerage page in feeble pride,
With long-drawn names, that grace no page beside;
Then share with titled crowds the common lot,
In life just gazed at, in the grave forgot,
While naught divides thee from the vulgar dead,
Except the dull cold stone that hides thy head,
The mouldering 'scutcheon, or the herald's roll,
That well-emblazon'd but neglected scroll,
Where lords, unhonour'd, in the tomb may find
One spot to leave a worthless name behind.—
There sleep, unnoticed as the gloomy vaults
That veil their dust, their follies, and their faults;
A race, with old armorial lists o'erspread,
In records destined never to be read.
Fain would I view thee with prophetic eyes,
Exalted more among the good and wise;
A glorious and a long career pursue,
As first in rank, the first in talent too;
Spurn every vice, each little meanness shun,
Not fortune's minion, but her noblest son.

Turn to the annals of a former day,
Bright are the deeds thine earlier sires display;

One, though a courtier, lived a man of worth,
 And call'd, proud boast! the British drama forth.¹
 Another view, not less renown'd for wit,
 Alike, for courts, and camps, or senates fit;
 Bold in the field, and favour'd by the Nine,
 In every splendid part ordain'd to shine;
 Far, far distinguish'd from the glittering throng,
 The pride of princes, and the boast of song.²
 Such were thy fathers; thus preserve their name,^{*}
 Not heir to titles only, but to fame.
 The hour draws nigh, a few brief days will close
 To me, this little scene of joys and woes;
 Each knell of time now warns me to resign
 Shades, where hope, peace, and friendship all were mine;
 Hope, that could vary like the rainbow's hue,
 And gild their pinions as the moments flew;
 Peace, that reflection never frown'd away,
 By dreams of ill, to cloud some future day;
 Friendship, whose truth let childhood only tell,
 Alas! they love not long, who love so well.
 TO these adieu! nor let me linger o'er
 Scenes hail'd, as exiles hail their native shore,

¹ * Thomas S—k—lle, Lord B—k—st, created Earl of D— by James the First, was one of the earliest and brightest ornaments to the poetry of his country, and the first who produced a regular drama. * ANDERSON'S BRITISH POETS.

² Charles S—k—lle, Earl of D—, esteemed the most accomplished man of his day, was alike distinguished in the voluptuous court of Charles II. and the gloomy one of William III. He behaved with great gallantry in the sea-fight with the Dutch, in 1665, on the day previous to which he composed his celebrated song. His character has been drawn in the highest colours by Dryden, Pope, Prior, and Congreve. Vide ANDERSON'S BRITISH POETS.

Receding, slowly, through the dark-blue deep,
Beheld by eyes that mourn, yet cannot weep.

D—t! farewell! I will not ask one part
Of sad remembrance in so young a heart;
The coming morrow from thy youthful mind
Will sweep my name, nor leave a trace behind.
And yet, perhaps, in some maturer year,
Since chance has thrown us in the self same sphere,
Since the same senate, nay the same debate,
May one day claim our suffrage for the state,
We hence may meet, and pass each other by
With faint regard, or cold and distant eye,
For me, in future, neither friend nor foe,
A stranger to thyself, thy weal or woe;
With thee no more again I hope to trace
The recollection of our early race;
No more, as once, in social hours, rejoice,
Or hear, unless in crowds, thy well-known voice.
Still, if the wishes of a heart untaught
To veil those feelings which, perchance, it ought,
If these—but let me cease the lengthen'd strain,
Oh! if these wishes are not breathed in vain,
The guardian seraph, who directs thy fate,
Will leave thee glorious, as he found thee great.

TRANSLATIONS

AND

IMITATIONS.

ADRIAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL,

WHEN DYING.

ANIMULA! vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque, corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos.

TRANSLATION.

Ah! gentle, fleeting, wavering sprite,
Friend and associate of this clay!
To what unknown region borne,
Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight?
No more, with wonted humour gay,
But pallid, cheerless and forlorn.

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

AD LESBIAM.

EQUAL to Jove that youth must be,
Greater than Jove, he seems to me,
Who, free from jealousy's alarms,
Securely views thy matchless charms;
That cheek which ever dimpling glows,
That mouth from whence such music flows,
To him alike are always known,
Reserved for him, and him alone.
Ah! Lesbia! though 't is death to me,
I cannot choose but look on thee;
But, at the sight, my senses fly,
I needs must gaze, but gazing die;
Whilst trembling with a thousand fears,
Parch'd to the throat my tongue adheres,
My pulse beats quick, my breath heaves short,
My limbs deny their slight support;
Cold dews my pallid face o'erspread,
With deadly languor droops my head,
My ears with tingling echoes ring,
And life itself is on the wing;

My eyes refuse the cheering light,
Their orbs are veil'd in starless night;
Such pangs my nature sinks beneath,
And feels a temporary death.

TRANSLATION

OF THE

EPITAPH ON VIRGIL AND TIBULLUS.

BY DOMITIUS MARSUS.

He who, sublime, in epic numbers roll'd,
And he who struck the softer lyre of love,
By Death's¹ unequal hand alike controll'd,
Fit comrades in Elysian regions move!

¹ The hand of Death is said to be unjust, or unequal, as Virgil was considerably older than Tibullus at his decease.

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

«Luctus de morte passeris.»

YE Cupids, droop each little head,
Nor let your wings with joy be spread,
My Lesbia's favourite bird is dead,
Whom dearer than her eyes she loved;
For he was gentle, and so true,
Obedient to her call he flew,
No fear, no wild alarm he knew,
But lightly o'er her bosom moved:

And softly fluttering here and there,
He never sought to cleave the air,
But chirrup'd oft, and free from care,
Tuned to her ear his grateful strain.
Now having pass'd the gloomy bourn,
From whence he never can return,
His death and Lesbia's grief I mourn,
Who sighs, alas! but sighs in vain.

Oh! cursed be thou, devouring grave!
Whose jaws eternal victims crave,
From whom no earthly power can save,
For thou hast ta'en the bird away:

From thee my Lesbia's eyes o'erflow,
Her swollen cheeks with weeping glow,
Thou art the cause of all her wo,
Receptacle of life's decay.

IMITATED FROM CATULLUS.

TO ELLEN.

Oh! might I kiss those eyes of fire,
A million scarce would quench desire;
Still would I steep my lips in bliss,
And dwell an age on every kiss,
Nor then my soul should sated be,
Still would I kiss and cling to thee:
Nought should my kiss from thine dis sever,
Still would we kiss, and kiss for ever;
Even though the numbers did exceed
The yellow harvest's countless seed;
To part would be a vain endeavour,
Could I desist?—ah! never—never.

TRANSLATION FROM ANACREON.

TO HIS LYRE.

I WISH to tune my quivering lyre,
To deeds of fame, and notes of fire;
To echo from its rising swell,
How heroes fought and nations fell :
When Atreus' sons advanced to war,
Or Tyrian Cadmus roved afar :
But still, to martial strains unknown,
My lyre recurs to love alone.
Fired with the hope of future fame,
I seek some nobler hero's name ;
The dying chords are strung anew,
To war, to war, my harp is due ;
With glowing strings, the epic strain,
To Jove's great son I raise again ; .
Alcides and his glorious deeds,
Beneath whose arm the hydra bleeds ;
All, all in vain, my wayward lyre,
Wakes silver notes of soft desire.
Adieu ! ye chiefs, renown'd in arms !
Adieu ! the clang of war's alarms ;
To other deeds my soul is strung,
And sweeter notes shall now be sung ;

My harp shall all its powers reveal,
To tell the tale my heart must feel,
Love, love alone, my lyre shall claim,
In songs of bliss, and sighs of flame.

ODE III:

'T WAS now the hour, when night had driven
Her car half round yon sable heaven;
Bootes, only, seem'd to roll
His arctic charge around the pole;
While mortals, lost in gentle sleep,
Forgot to smile, or ceased to weep.
At this lone hour, the Paphian boy,
Descending from the realms of joy,
Quick to my gate directs his course,
And knocks with all his little force;
My visions fled, alarm'd I rose,
« What stranger breaks my bless'd repose? »
« Alas! » replies the wily child,
In faltering accents sweetly mild;
« A hapless infant here I roam,
Far from my dear maternal home;
Oh! shield me from the wintry blast,
The nightly storm is pouring fast,
No prowling robber lingers here,
A wandering baby who can fear? »
I heard his seeming artless tale,
I heard his sighs upon the gale;
My breast was never pity's foe,
But felt for all the baby's wo;

I drew the bar, and by the light,
Young Love, the infant, met my sight;
His bow across his shoulders flung,
And thence his fatal quiver hung.
(Ah! little did I think the dart
Would rankle soon within my heart;)
With care I tend my weary guest,
His little fingers chill my breast,
His glossy curls, his azure wing,
Which droop with nightly showers, I wring:
His shivering limbs the embers warm,
And now reviving from the storm,
Scarce had he felt his wonted glow,
Than swift he seized his slender bow;
« I fain would know, my gentle host,»
He cried, « if this its strength has lost;
I fear, relax'd with midnight dews,
The strings their former aid refuse :»
With poison tipp'd, his arrow flies,
Deep in my tortured heart it lies;
Then loud the joyous urchin laugh'd,
« My bow can still impel the shaft;
'T is firmly fix'd, thy sighs reveal it,
Say, courteous host, canst thou not feel it?»

FRAGMENTS OF SCHOOL EXERCISES,

FROM THE

PROMETHEUS VINCTUS OF ÆSCHYLUS.

GREAT Jove, to whose almighty throne,
Both gods and mortals homage pay,
Ne'er may my soul thy power disown,
Thy dread behests ne'er disobey.
Oft shall the sacred victim fall,
In sea-girt ocean's mossy hall;
My voice shall raise no impious strain,
'Gainst him who rules the sky and azure main.

* * * * *

How different now thy joyless fate,
Since first Hesione thy bride,
When placed aloft in godlike state,
The blushing beauty by thy side,
Thou sat'st while reverend ocean smiled,
And mirthful strains the hours beguiled;
The nymphs and tritons danced around,
Nor yet thy doom was fix'd, nor Jove relentless frown'd.

Harrow, Dec. 1, 1804.

THE

EPISODE OF NISUS AND EURYALUS.

PARAPHRASE FROM THE ÆNEID.

Lib. 9.

Nisus, the guardian of the portal, stood
Eager to gild his arms with hostile blood;
Well skill'd in fight, the quivering lance to wield,
Or pour his arrows through th' embattled field;
From Ida torn, he left his sylvan cave,
And sought a foreign home, a distant grave.
To watch the movements of the Daunian host,
With him Euryalus sustains the post;
No lovelier mien adorn'd the ranks of Troy,
And beardless bloom yet graced the gallant boy;
Though few the seasons of his youthful life,
As yet a novice in the martial strife,
'T was his, with beauty, valour's gifts to share,
A soul heroic : as his form was fair
These burn with one pure flame of generous love,
In peace, in war, united, still they move;
Friendship and glory form their joint reward,
And now combined, they hold their nightly guard.

« What god! » exclaim'd the first, « instils this fire?
Or, in itself a god, what great desire?
My labouring soul, with anxious thought oppress'd,
Abhors this station of inglorious rest;
The love of fame with this can ill accord,
Be 't mine to seek for glory with my sword.
Seest thou yon camp, with torches twinkling dim,
Where drunken slumbers wrap each lazy limb?
Where confidence and ease the watch disdain,
And drowsy silence holds her sable reign?
Then hear my thought:—In deep and sullen grief,
Our troops and leaders mourn their absent chief:
Now could the gifts, and promised prize be thine,
(The deed, the danger, and the fame be mine,)
Were this decreed;—beneath yon rising mound,
Methinks, an easy path perchance were found,
Which past, I speed my way to Pallas' walls;
And lead Æneas from Evander's halls.»
With equal ardour fired; and warlike joy,
His glowing friend address'd the Dardan boy,
« These deeds, my Nisus, shalt thou dare alone,
Must all the fame, the peril be thine own?
Am I by thee despised, and left afar,
As one unfit to share the toils of war?
Not thus his son the great Opheltes taught,
Not thus my sire in Argive combats fought:
Not thus, when Ilion fell by heavenly hate,
I track'd Æneas through the walks of fate;
Though know'st my deeds, my breast devoid of fear,
And hostile life-drops dim my gory spear;
Here is a soul with hope immortal burns,
And *life*, ignoble *life*, for *glory* spurns:

Fame, fame is cheaply earn'd by fleeting breath,
The price of honour is the sleep of death."
Then Nisus,—“Calm thy bosom's fond alarms,
Thy heart beats fiercely to the din of arms;
More dear thy worth and valour than my own,
I swear by him who fills Olympus' throne!
So may I triumph, as I speak the truth,
And clasp again the comrade of my youth?
But should I fall (and he who dares advance,
Through hostile legions, must abide by chance);
If some Rutulian arm, with adverse blow,
Sould lay the friend who ever loved thee low:
Live thou, such beauties I would fain preserve,
Thy budding years a lengthen'd term deserve;
When humbled in the dust, let some one be,
Whose gentle eyes will shed one tear for me;
Whose manly arm may snatch me back by force,
Or wealth redeem from foes my captive corse;
Or, if my destiny these last deny,
If, in the spoiler's power my ashes lie;
Thy pious care may raise a simple tomb,
To mark thy love, and signalize my doom.
Why should thy doting wretched mother weep
Her only boy, reclined in endless sleep?
Who, for thy sake, the tempest's fury dared,
Who, for thy sake, war's deadly peril shared;
Who braved what woman never braved before,
And left her native for the Latian shore.”
“In vain you damp the ardour of my soul,”
Replied Euryalus, “it scorns control!
Hence, let us haste,”—their brother guards arose,
Roused by their call, nor court again repose;

The pair, buoy'd up on hope's exulting wing,
Their stations leave, and speed to seek the king.
Now o'er the earth a solemn stillness ran,
And lull'd alike the cares of brute and man;
Save where the Dardan leaders nightly hold
Alternate converse, and their plans unfold;
On one great point the council are agreed,
An instant message to their prince decreed;
Each lean'd upon the lance he well could wield,
And poised with easy arm, his ancient shield;
When Nisus and his friend their leave request,
To offer something to their high behest.
With anxious tremors, yet unawed by fear,
The faithful pair before the throne appear;
Iulus greets them; at his kind command,
The elder first address'd the hoary band.
« With patience, » (thus Hyrtacides began,)
« Attend, nor judge, from youth, our humble plan;
Where yonder beacon's half-expiring beam,
Our slumbering foes of future conquest dream,
Nor heed that we a secret path have traced,
Between the ocean and the portal placed :
Beneath the covert of the blackening smoke,
Whose shade, securely, our design will cloak !
If you, ye chiefs, and fortune will allow,
We 'll bend our course to yonder mountain's brow :
Where Pallas' walls at distance meet the sight,
Seen o'er the glade, when not obscured by night;
Then shall Æneas in his pride return,
While hostile matrons raise their offspring's urn ;
And Latian spoils, and purpled heaps of dead,
Shall mark the havoc of our hero's tread ;

Such is our purpose, not unknown the way,
 Where yonder torrent's devious waters stray;
 Oft have we seen, when hunting by the stream,
 The distant spires above the vallies gleam.*

Mature in years, for sober wisdom famed,
 Moved by the speech, Alethes here exclaim'd!
 « Ye parent gods! who rule the fate of Troy,
 Still dwells the Dardan spirit in the boy;
 When minds like these in striplings thus ye raise,
 Yours is the godlike act, be yours the praise;
 In gallant youth my fainting hopes revive,
 And Ilion's wonted glories still survive. »
 Then, in his warm embrace, the boys he press'd,
 And, quivering, strain'd them to his aged breast;
 With tears the burning cheek of each bedew'd,
 And, sobbing, thus his first discourse renew'd :
 « What gift, my countrymen, what martial prize
 Can we bestow, which you may not despise?
 Our deities the first best boon have given,
 Internal virtues are the gift of Heaven. .
 What poor rewards can bless your deeds on earth,
 Doubtless, await such young exalted worth;
 Æneas and Ascanius shall combine,
 To yield applause, far, far surpassing mine. »
 Iulus then : « By all the powers above!
 By those penates' who my country love!
 By hoary Vesta's sacred fane, I swear,
 My hopes are all in you, ye generous pair!
 Restore my father to my grateful sight,
 And all my sorrows yield to one delight.

* Household gods.

Nisus! two silver goblets are thine own,
Saved from Arisba's stately domes o'erthrown;
My sire secured them on that fatal day;
Nor left such bowls an Argive robber's prey,
Two massy tripods also shall be thine,
Two talents polished from the glittering mine;
An ancient cup, which Tyrian Dido gave,
While yet our vessels press'd the Punic wave;
But, when the hostile chiefs at length bow down,
When great Æneas wears Hesperia's crown,
The casque, the buckler, and the fiery steed,
Which Turnus guides with more than mortal speed,
Are thine; no envious lot shall then be cast,
I pledge my word, irrevocably past;
Nay more, twelve slaves, and twice six captive dames,
To soothe thy softer hours with amorous flames,
And all the realms, which now the Latins sway,
The labours of to-night shall well repay.
But thou, my generous youth, whose tender years
Are near my own, whose worth my heart reveres,
Henceforth affection, sweetly thus begun,
Shall join our bosoms and our souls in one;
Without thy aid, no glory shall be mine,
Without thy dear advice, no great design;
Alike through life esteem'd, thou godlike boy,
In war my bulwark, and in peace my joy."
To him Euryalus, "no day shall shame
The rising glories which from this I claim,
Fortune may favour, or the skies may frown,
But valour, spite of fate, obtains renown,
Yet, ere from hence our eager steps depart,
One boon I beg, the nearest to my heart:

My mother sprung from Priam's royal line,
Like thine ennobled, hardly less divine,
Nor Troy, nor King Acestes' realms, restrain
Her feeble age from dangers of the main ;
Alone she came, all selfish fears above,
A bright example of maternal love,
Unknown the secret enterprise I brave,
Lest grief should bend my parent to the grave ;
From this alone, no fond adieus I seek,
No fainting mother's lips have press'd my cheek ;
By gloomy night, and thy right hand I vow,
Her parting tears would shake my purpose now :
Do thou, my prince, her failing age sustain,
In thee her much-loved child may live again ;
Her dying hours with pious conduct bless,
Assist her wants, relieve her fond distress :
So dear a hope must all my soul inflame,
To rise in glory, or to fall in fame.*
Struck with a filial care, so deeply felt,
In tears at once the Trojan warriors melt ;
Faster than all Iulus' eyes o'erflow,
Such love was his, and such had been his wo.
« All thou hast ask'd, receive, » the prince replied,
Nor this alone, but many a gift beside ;
To cheer thy mother's years shall be my aim,
Creusa's¹ style but wanting to the dame ;
Fortune an adverse wayward course may run,
But bless'd thy mother in so dear a son.
Now, by my life, my sire's most sacred oath,
To thee I pledge my full, my firmest troth,

* The mother of Iulus, lost on the night when Troy was taken.

All the rewards which once to thee were vow'd,
If thou shouldst fall, on her shall be bestow'd."
Thus spoke the weeping prince, then forth to view,
A gleaming falchion from the sheath he drew;
Lycaon's utmost skill had graced the steel,
For friends to envy and for foes to feel;
A tawny hide, the Moorish lion's spoil,
Slain 'midst the forest, in the hunter's toil,
Mnestheus, to guard the elder youth bestows,
And old Alethes' casque defends his brows;
Arm'd, thence they go, while all th' assembled train,
To aid their cause, implore the gods in vain;
More than a boy, in wisdom and in grace,
Iulus holds amidst the chiefs his place,
His prayers he sends, but what can prayers avail!
Lost in the murmurs of the sighing gale!

The trench is past, and, favour'd by the night,
Through sleeping foes they wheel their wary flight!
When shall the sleep of many a foe be o'er?
Alas! some slumber who shall wake no more!
Chariots and bridles, mix'd with arms are seen,
And flowing flasks, and scatter'd troops between;
Bacchus and Mars to rule the camp combine,
A mingled chaos this of war and wine.
Now cries the first, "for deeds of blood prepare,
With me the conquest and the labour share;
Here lies our path, lest any hand arise,
Watch thou, while many a dreaming chieftain dies;
I'll carve our passage through the heedless foe,
And clear thy road with many a deadly blow."

His whispering accents then the youth repress'd,
And pierced proud Rhamnes through his panting breast:
Stretch'd at his ease, the incautious king reposed,
Debauch, and not fatigue, his eyes had closed;
To Turnus dear, a prophet and a prince,
His omens more than augur's skill evince:
But he, who thus foretold the fate of all,
Could not avert his own untimely fall.
Next Remus' armour-bearer hapless fell,
And three unhappy slaves the carnage swell;
The charioteer along his courser's sides
Expires, the steel his sever'd neck divides;
And, last, his lord is number'd with the dead,
Bounding convulsive, flies the gasping head;
From the swollen veins the blackening torrents pour,
Stain'd is the couch and earth with clotting gore.
Young Lamyus and Lamus next expire,
And gay Serranus, fill'd with youthful fire;
Half the long night in childish games were pass'd,
Lull'd by the potent grape, he slept at last;
Ah! happier far, had he the morn survey'd,
And till Aurora's dawn his skill display'd.

In slaughter'd folds, the keepers lost in sleep,
His hungry fangs a lion thus may steep;
Mid the sad flock, at dead of night, he prowls,
With murder glutted, and in carnage rolls;
Insatiate still, through teeming herds he roams,
In seas of gore the lordly tyrant foams.

Nor less the other's deadly vengeance came,
But falls on feeble crowds without a name.

His wound unconscious Fadius scarce can feel,
Yet wakeful Rhæsus sees the threatening steel;
His coward breast behind a jar he hides,
And vainly in the weak defence confides;
Full in his heart the falchion search'd his veins,
The reeking weapon bears alternate stains;
Through wine and blood, commingling as they flow,
The feeble spirit seeks the shades below.
Now, where Messapus dwelt, they bend their way,
Whose fires emit a faint and trembling ray;
There, unconfined, behold each grazing steed,
Unwatch'd, unheeded, on the herbage feed;
Brave Nisus here arrests his comrade's arm,
Too flush'd with carnage, and with conquest warm:
« Hence let us haste, the dangerous path is pass'd,
Full foes enough to night have breathed their last;
Soon will the day those eastern clouds adorn,
Now let us speed, nor tempt the rising morn.»

What silver arms, with various arts emboss'd;
What bowls and mantles, in confusion toss'd,
They leave regardless! yet, one glittering prize
Attracts the younger hero's wandering eyes;
The gilded harness Rhamnes' coursers felt,
The gems which stud the monarch's golden belt;
This from the pallid corse was quickly torn,
Once by a line of former chieftains worn.
Th' exulting boy the studded girdle wears,
Messapus' helm his head in triumph bears;
Then from the tents their cautious steps they bend,
To seek the vale where safer paths extend.

Just at this hour, a band of Latian horse
To Turnus' camp pursue their destined course;
While the slow foot their tardy march delay,
The knights, impatient, spur along the way:
Three hundred mail-clad men, by Volscens led,
To Turnus, with their master's promise sped;
Now they approach the trench, and view the walls,
When, on the left, a light reflection falls;
The plunder'd helmet, through the warning night,
Sheds forth a silver radiance, glancing bright;
Volscens, with questions loud, the pair alarms,
Stand, stragglers! stand; why early thus in arms?
« From whence? to whom?» he meets with no reply,
Trusting the covert of the night, they fly;
The thicket's depth, with hurried pace, they tread,
While round the wood the hostile squadron spread.

With brakes entangled, scarce a path between,
Dreary and dark appears the sylvan scene,
Euryalus his heavy spoils impede,
The boughs and winding turns his steps mislead;
But Nisus scours along the forest's maze,
To where Latinus' steeds in safety graze,
Then backward o'er the plain his eyes extend,
On every side they seek his absent friend.
« Oh God, my boy, » he cries, « of me bereft,
In what impending perils art thou left! »
Listening he runs—above the waving trees,
Tumultuous voices swell the passing breeze;
The war-cry rises, thundering hoofs around
Wake the dark echoes of the trembling ground.

Again he turns—of footsteps hears the noise,
The sound elates—the sight his hope destroys,
The hapless boy a ruffian train surround,
While lengthening shades his weary way confound;
Him, with loud shouts, the furious knights pursue,
Struggling in vain, a captive to the crew.
What can his friend 'gainst thronging numbers dare?
Ah! must he rush, his comrade's fate to share!
What force, what aid, what stratagem essay,
Back to redeem the Latian spoiler's prey?
His life a votive ransom nobly give,
Or die with him for whom he wish'd to live!
Poising with strength his lifted lance on high,
On Luna's orb he cast his frenzied eye:
« Goddess serene, transcending every star!
Queen of the sky, whose beams are seen afar;
By night, heaven owns thy sway, by day the grove;
When, as chaste Dian, here thou deign'st to rove;
If e'er myself or sire have sought to grace
Thine altars with the produce of the chase;
Speed, speed my dart, to pierce yon vaunting crowd,
To free my friend, and scatter far the proud.»
Thus having said, the hissing dart he flung;
Through parted shades the hurtling weapon sung;
The thirsty point in Sulmo's entrails lay,
Transfix'd his heart, and stretch'd him on the clay:
He sobs, he dies,—the troop in wild amaze,
Unconscious whence the death, with horror gaze;
While pale they stare, through Angus' temples riven,
A second shaft with equal force is driven;
Fierce Volscens rolls around his lowering eyes,
Veil'd by the night, secure the Trojan lies.

Burning with wrath, he view'd his soldiers fall,
"Thou youth accurst! thy life shall pay for all."
Quick from the sheath his flaming glaive he drew,
And, raging, on the boy defenceless flew,
Nisus no more the blackening shade conceals,
Forth, forth he starts, and all his love reveals;
Aghast, confused, his fears to madness rise,
And pour these accents, shrieking as he flies:
"Me, me, your vengeance hurl on me alone,
Here sheath the steel, my blood is all your own;
Ye starry spheres! thou conscious Heaven, attest!
He could not—durst not—lo! the guile confest!
All, all was mine,—his early fate suspend,
He only loved too well his hapless friend;
Spare, spare, ye chiefs! from him your rage remove,
His fault was friendship, all his crime was love."
He pray'd in vain, the dark assassin's sword
Pierced the fair side, the snowy bosom gored;
Lowly to earth inclines his plume-clad crest,
And sanguine torrents mantle o'er his breast;
As some young rose, whose blossom scents the air,
Languid in death, expires beneath the share;
Or crimson poppy, sinking with the shower,
Declining gently, falls a fading flower;
Thus, sweetly drooping, bends his lovely head,
And lingering beauty hovers round the dead.

But fiery Nisus stems the battle's tide,
Revenge his leader, and despair his guide;
Volscens he seeks amidst the gathering host,
Volscens must soon appease his comrade's ghost;

Steel, flashing, pours on steel, foe crowds on foe,
 Rage nerves his arm, fate gleams in every blow,
 In vain, beneath unnumber'd wounds he bleeds,
 Nor wounds nor death distracted Nisus heeds;
 In viewless circles wheel'd his falchion flies,
 Nor quits the hero's grasp till Volscens dies,
 Deep in his throat its end the weapon found,
 The tyrant's soul fled groaning through the wound.
 Thus Nisus all his fond affection proved;
 Dying, revenged the fate of him he loved;
 Then on his bosom sought his wonted place,
 And death was heavenly in his friend's embrace!

Celestial pair! if aught my verse can claim,
 Wafted on time's broad pinion, yours is fame!
 Ages on ages shall your fate admire,
 No future day shall see your names expire;
 While stands the capitol, immortal dome!
 And vanquish'd millions hail their empress, Rome!

TRANSLATION

FROM

THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES.

WHEN fierce conflicting passions urge
 The breast where love is wont to glow,
 What mind can stem the stormy surge
 Which rolls the tide of human wo?

The hope of praise, the dread of shame,
Can rouse the tortured breast no more;
The wild desire, the guilty flame,
Absorbs each wish it felt before.

But if affection gently thrills
The soul, by purer dreams possess'd,
The pleasing balm of mortal ills,
In love can soothe the aching breast;
If thus thou comest in disguise,
Fair Venus! from thy native heaven,
What heart unfeeling would despise
The sweetest boon the gods have given?

But never from thy golden bow,
May I beneath the shaft expire,
Whose creeping venom, sure and slow,
Awakes an all-consuming fire!
Ye racking doubts! ye jealous fears!
With others wage internal war,
Repentance! source of future tears,
From me be ever distant far.

May no distracting thoughts destroy
The holy calm of sacred love!
May all the hours be wing'd with joy,
Which hover faithful hearts above;
Fair Venus! on thy myrtle shrine,
May I with some fond lover sigh!
Whose heart may mingle pure with mine,
With me to live, with me to die.

My native soil! beloved before,
 Now dearer as my peaceful home,
 Ne'er may I quit thy rocky shore,
 A hapless, banish'd wretch to roam;
 This very day, this very hour,
 May I resign this fleeting breath,
 Nor quit my silent, humble bower—
 A doom to me far worse than death.

Have I not heard the exile's sigh?
 And seen the exile's silent tear?
 Through distant climes condemn'd to fly,
 A pensive, weary wanderer here;
 Ah! hapless dame! ¹ no sire bewails,
 No friend thy wretched fate deplores,
 No kindred voice with rapture hails
 Thy steps, within a stranger's doors.

Perish the fiend! whose iron heart,
 To fair affection's truth unknown,
 Bids her he fondly loved depart,
 Unpitied, helpless, and alone;
 Who ne'er unlocks with silver key ²
 The milder treasures of his soul,
 May such a friend be far from me,
 And ocean's storms between us roll!

¹ Medea, who accompanied Jason to Corinth, was deserted by him for the daughter of Creon, king of that city. The chorus from which this is taken here addresses Medea; though a considerable liberty is taken with the original, by expanding the idea, as also in some other parts of the translation.

² The original is « Καθαραν ανοιξαν: Κληίδα φρενών: » literally « disclosing the bright key of the mind. »

FUGITIVE PIECES.

THOUGHTS

SUGGESTED BY A COLLEGE EXAMINATION.

HIGH in the midst, surrounded by his peers,
MAGNUS' his ample front sublime uprears;
Placed on his chair of state, he seems a god,
While sophs and freshmen tremble at his nod:
As all around sit wrapt in speechless gloom,
His voice in thunder shakes the sounding dome;
Denouncing dire reproach to luckless fools,
Unskill'd to plod in mathematic rules.

No reflection is here intended against the person mentioned under the name of Magnus. He is merely represented as performing an unavoidable function of his office: indeed, such an attempt could only recoil upon myself: as that gentleman is now as much distinguished by his eloquence, and the dignified propriety with which he fills his situation, as he was in his younger days, for wit and conviviality.

Happy the youth in Euclid's axioms tried,
Though little versed in any art beside;
Who scarcely skill'd an English line to pen,
Scans attic metres with a critic's ken,
What! though he knows not how his fathers bled,
When civil discord piled the fields with dead;
When Edward bade his conquering bands advance,
Or Henry trampled on the crest of France;
Though marvelling at the name of Magna Charta,
Yet well he recollects the laws of Sparta;
Can tell what edicts sage Lycurgus made,
While Blackstone's on the shelf neglected laid;
Of Grecian dramas vaunts the deathless fame,
Of Avon's bard remembering scarce the name.

Such is the youth, whose scientific pate,
Class-honours, medals, fellowships, await;
Or even, perhaps, the declamation prize,
If to such glorious height he lifts his eyes.
But, lo! no common orator can hope
The envied silver cup within his scope;
Not that our heads much eloquence require,
Th' Athenian's glowing style, or Tully's fire.
A manner clear, or warm, is useless, since
We do not try by speaking, to convince;
Be other orators of pleasing proud,
We speak to please ourselves, not move the crowd:
Our gravity prefers the muttering tone,
A proper mixture of the squeak and groan;
No borrow'd grace of action must be seen,
The slightest motion would displease the dean;

Whilst every staring graduate would prate
Against what he could never imitate.

The man who hopes t' obtain the promised cup
Must in one posture stand, and ne'er look up;
Nor stop, but rattle over every word,
No matter what, so it can *not* be heard:
Thus let him hurry on, nor think to rest;
Who speaks the fastest's sure to speak the best;
Who utters most within the shortest space,
May safely hope to win the wordy race.

The sons of science these, who, thus repaid,
Linger in ease, in Granta's sluggish shade;
Where on Cam's sedgy bank, supine they lie,
Unknown, unhonour'd live,—unwept for die;
Dull as the pictures which adorn their halls,
They think all learning fix'd within their walls;
In manners rude, in foolish forms precise,
All modern arts affecting to despise;
Yet prizing Bentley's,¹ Brunck's,² or Porson's³ note,
More than the verse on which the critic wrote;
Vain as their honours, heavy as their ale,
Sad as their wit, and tedious as their tale;
To friendship dead, though not untaught to feel,
When self and church demand a bigot zeal.

¹—² Celebrated critics.

³ The present Greek professor at Trinity College, Cambridge; a man whose powers of mind and writings may perhaps justify their preference.

With eager haste they court the lord of power,
 Whether 't is Pitt or P—ty rules the hour :'
 To him with suppliant smiles they bend the head,
 While distant mitres to their eyes are spread.
 But should a storm o'erwhelm him with disgrace,
 They 'd fly to seek the next who fill'd his place.
 Such are the men who learning's treasures guard,
 Such is their practice, such is their reward ;
 This much, at least, we may presume to say,
 The premium can't exceed the price they pay.

1806.

 TO THE EARL OF ****

 Tu semper amoris

«Sis memor, et cari comitis ne abscedat imago. »

 VALERIUS FLACCUS.

FRIEND of my youth! when young we roved,
 Like striplings mutually beloved,
 With friendship's purest glow ;
 The bliss which wing'd those rosy hours,
 Was such as pleasure seldom showers
 On mortals here below.

' Since this was written Lord H. P—y * has lost his place, and subsequently, (I had almost said *consequently*,) the honour of representing the university; a fact so glaring requires no comment.

* Lord H. Petty—now Marquis of Lansdowne.—*Editor*.

The recollection seems alone,
Dearer than all the joys I 've known,
When distant far from you;
Though pain, 't is still a pleasing pain,
To trace those days and hours again,
And sigh again, adieu!

My pensive memory lingers o'er
Those scenes to be enjoy'd no more,
Those scenes regretted ever;
The measure of our youth is full,
Life's evening dream is dark and dull,
And we may meet—ah! never!

As when one parent spring supplies
Two streams which from one fountain rise,
Together join'd in vain;
How soon, diverging from their source,
Each, murmuring, seeks another course,
Till mingled in the main.

Our vital streams of weal or wo,
Though near, alas! distinctly flow,
Nor mingle as before:
Now swift or slow, now black or clear,
Till death's unfathom'd gulph appear,
And both shall quit the shore.

Our souls, my friend! which once supplied
One wish, nor breathed a thought beside,
Now flow in different channels;

Disdaining humbler rural sports,
'T is yours to mix in polish'd courts,
And shine in fashion's annals.

'T is mine to waste on love my time,
Or vent my reveries in rhyme,
Without the aid of reason;
'For sense and reason (critics know it),
Have quitted every amorous poet,
Nor left a thought to seize on.

Poor Little! sweet, melodious bard!
Of late esteem'd it monstrous hard,
That he who sang before all;
He who the lore of love expanded,
By dire reviewers should be branded,
As void of wit and moral.'

And yet, while beauty's praise is thine,
Harmonious favourite of the nine,
Repine not at thy lot;
Thy soothing lays may still be read,
When persecution's arm is dead,
And critics are forgot.

Still I must yield those worthies merit,
Who chasten, with unsparing spirit,
Bad rhymes, and those who write them;

' These stanzas were written soon after the appearance of a severe critique in a Northern Review, on a new publication of the British Anacreon, Thomas Moore.

And though myself may be the next,
By critic sarcasm to be vex'd,
I really will not fight them.¹

Perhaps they would do quite as well,
To break the rudely sounding shell,
Of such a young beginner;
He who offends at pert nineteen,
Ere thirty, may become, I ween,
A very hardened sinner.

Now —— I must return to you,
And sure apologies are due,
Accept then my concession;
In truth, dear ——, in fancy's flight,
I soar along from left to right,
My muse admires digression.

I think I said 't would be your fate
To add one star to royal state,
May regal smiles attend you;
And should a noble monarch reign,
You will not seek his smiles in vain,
If worth can recommend you.

Yet since in danger courts abound,
Where specious rivals glitter round,
From snares may saints preserve you;

¹ A Bard (*horresco referens*,) defied his reviewer to mortal combat: if this example becomes prevalent, our periodical censors must be dipped in the river Styx, for what else can secure them from the numerous host of their enraged assailants?

And grant your love or friendship ne'er
From any claim a kindred care,
But those who best deserve you.

Not for a moment may you stray
From truth's secure, unerring way,
May no delights decoy;
O'er roses may your footsteps move,
Your smiles be ever smiles of love,
Your tears be tears of joy.

Oh! if you wish that happiness
Your coming days and years may bless,
And virtues crown your brow;
Be still as you were wont to be,
Spotless as you've been known to me,
Be still as you are now.

And though some trifling share of praise,
To cheer my last declining days,
To me were doubly dear:
Whilst blessing your beloved name,
I'd *wave* at once a *poet's* fame,
To *prove* a *prophet* here.

GRANTA, A MEDLEY.

Αργυρεὺς λογχαῖσι μάχου καὶ πάντα κρατῆται.

OH! could Le Sage's ' demon's gift
 Be realized at my desire;
 This night my trembling form he'd lift,
 To place it on Saint Mary's spire.

Then would, unroof'd, old Granta's halls
 Pedantic inmates full display;
 Fellows who dream on lawn, or stalls,
 The price of venal votes to pay.

Then would I view each rival wight,
 P—tty and P—lm—s—n survey;
 Who canvass there, with all their might,
 Against the next elective day.

' The Diable Boiteux of Le Sage, where Asmodeus, the demon, places Don Cleofas on an elevated situation, and unroofs the houses for inspection.

Lo! candidates and voters lie
All lull'd in sleep, a goodly number!
A race renown'd for piety,
Whose conscience wont disturb their slumber.

Lord H——, indeed, may not demur,
Fellows are sage, reflecting men;
They know preferment can occur
But very seldom, now and then.

They know the chancellor has got
Some pretty livings in disposal;
Each hopes that one may be his lot,
And, therefore, smiles on his proposal.

Now, from the soporific scene
I'll turn mine eye, as night grows later,
To view, unheeded and unseen,
The studious sons of Alma Mater.

There, in apartments small and damp,
The candidate for college prizes
Sits poring by the midnight lamp,
Goes late to bed, yet early rises.

He surely well deserves to gain them,
With all the honours of his college,
Who, striving hardly to obtain them,
Thus seeks unprofitable knowledge.

Who sacrifices hours of rest
To scan, precisely, metres Attic,
Or agitates his anxious breast,
In solving problems mathematic;

Who reads false quantities in Sele,¹
Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle,
Deprived of many a wholesome meal,
In barbarous Latin² doom'd to wrangle;

Renouncing every pleasing page
From authors of historic use;
Preferring to the letter'd sage,
The square of the hypothenuse.³

Still harmless are these occupations,
That hurt none but the hapless student,
Compared with other recreations,
Which bring together the imprudent.

Whose daring revels shock the sight,
When vice and infamy combine;
When drunkenness and dice invite,
As every sense is steep'd in wine.

¹ Sele's publication on Greek metres displays considerable talent and ingenuity, but, as might be expected in so difficult a work, is not remarkable for accuracy.

² The Latin of the schools is of the *canine species*, and not very intelligible.

³ The discovery of Pythagoras, that the square of the hypothenuse is equal to the squares of the other two sides of a right angled triangle.

Not so the methodistic crew,
Who plans of reformation lay;
In humble attitude they sue,
And for the sins of others pray.

Forgetting that their pride of spirit,
Their exultation in their trial,
Detracts most largely from the merit
Of all their boasted self-denial.

'T is morn—from these I turn my sight:
What scene is this which meets the eye?
A numerous crowd, array'd in white,
Across the green in numbers fly.

Loud rings in air the chapel bell;
'T is hush'd:—what sounds are these I hear?
The organ's soft celestial swell,
Rolls deeply on the listening ear.

To this is join'd the sacred song,
The royal minstrel's hallow'd strain;
Though he who hears the music long
Will never wish to hear again.

Our choir would scarcely be excused,
Even as a band of raw beginners;
All mercy now must be refused
To such a set of croaking sinners.

' On a Saint's day, the students wear surplices in chapel.

If David, when his toils were ended,
Had heard these blockheads sing before him,
To us his psalms had ne'er descended,
In furious mood he would have tore 'em.

The luckless Israelites, when taken,
By some inhuman tyrant's order,
Were ask'd to sing, by joy forsaken,
On Babylonian river's border.

Oh! had they sung in notes like these,
Inspired by stratagem, or fear,
They might have set their hearts at ease,
The devil a soul had stay'd to hear.

But if I scribble longer now,
The deuce a soul will stay to read;
My pen is blunt, my ink is low,
'T is almost time to stop, indeed.

Therefore, farewell, old Granta's spires!
No more like Cleofas I fly;
No more thy theme my muse inspires,
The reader's tired, and so am I.

1806.

LACHIN Y GAIR.

LACHIN Y GAIR, or, as it is pronounced in the Gaelic, Loch na Garr, towers proudly pre-eminent in the Northern Highlands, near Invercauld. One of our modern tourists mentions it as the highest mountain, perhaps, in Great Britain; be this as it may, it is certainly one of the most sublime and picturesque amongst our «Caledonian Alps.» Its appearance is of a dusky hue, but the summit is the seat of eternal snows. Near Lachin y Gair, I spent some of the early part of my life, the recollection of which has given birth to the following stanzas.

AWAY, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses!
 In you let the minions of luxury rove;
 Restore me the rocks where the snow-flake reposes,
 Though still they are sacred to freedom and love:
 Yet, Caledonia, beloved are the mountains,
 Round their white summits though elements war;
 Though cataracts foam, 'stead of smooth flowing-fountains,
 I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd,
 My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
 On chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd,
 As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glade;

* This word is erroneously pronounced *plad*, the proper pronunciation (according to the Scotch) is known by the orthography.

I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star :
For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.

« Shades of the dead ! have I not heard your voices,
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale ? »
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind o'er his own Highland vale :
Round Loch na Garr, while the stormy mist gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car ;
Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers,
They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na Garr :

« Ill starr'd, ' though brave, did no visions foreboding
Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause ? »
Ah ! were you destined to die at Culloden, ²
Victory crown'd not your fall with applause !
Still were you happy in death's earthly slumber.
You rest with your clan, in the caves of Braemar : ³

¹ I allude here to my maternal ancestors, « the Gordons, » many of whom fought for the unfortunate Prince Charles, better known by the name of the Pretender. This branch was nearly allied by blood, as well as attachment, to the Stuarts. George, the second Earl of Huntley, married the Princess Annabella Stuart, daughter of James the First of Scotland ; by her he left four sons : the third, Sir William Gordon, I have the honour to claim as one of my progenitors.

² Whether any perished in the battle of Culloden I am not certain : but as many fell in the insurrection, I have used the name of the principal action, « pars pro toto. »

³ A tract of the Highlands so called ; there is also a Castle of Braemar.

The pibroch¹ resounds, to the piper's loud number,
Your deeds, on the echoes of dark Loch na Garr!

Years have roll'd on, Loch na Garr, since I left you,
Years must elapse ere I tread you again;
Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you,
Yet, still, are you dearer than Albion's plain :
England! thy beauties are tame and domestic,
To one who has roved on the mountains afar;
Oh! for the crags that are wild and majestic,
The steep frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr!

TO ROMANCE.

PARENT of golden dreams, romance!
Auspicious queen of childish joys!
Who lead'st along, in airy dance,
Thy votive train of girls and boys;
At length, in spells no longer bound,
I break the fetters of my youth :
No more I tread thy mystic round,
But leave thy realms for those of truth.

And yet, 't is hard to quit the dreams
Which haunt the unsuspecting soul,
Where every nymph a goddess seems,
Whose eyes through rays immortal roll ;

¹ The bagpipe.

While fancy holds her boundless reign,
And all assume a varied hue,
When virgins seem no longer vain,
And even woman's smiles are true.

And must we own thee but a name,
And from thy hall of clouds descend?
Nor find a sylph in every dame,
A Pylades¹ in every friend?
But leave, at once, thy realms of air,
To mingling bands of fairy elves;
Confess that woman's false as fair,
And friends have feeling for—themselves.

With shame, I own, I've felt thy sway,
Repentant, now thy reign is o'er,
No more thy precepts I obey,
No more on fancied pinions soar:
Fond fool! to love a sparkling eye,
And think that eye to truth was dear;
To trust a passing wanton's sigh,
And melt beneath a wanton's tear.

Romance! disgusted with deceit,
Far from thy motley court I fly,
Where affectation holds her seat,
And sickly sensibility;

¹ It is hardly necessary to add, that Pylades was the companion of Orestes, and a partner in one of those friendships which, with those of Achilles and Patroclus, Nisus and Euryalus, Damon and Pythias, have been handed down to posterity as remarkable instances of attachments which, in all probability, never existed beyond the imagination of the poet, the page of an historian, or modern novelist.

Whose silly tears can never flow,
For any pangs excepting thine;
Who turns aside from real wo,
To steep in dew thy gaudy shrine.

Now join with sable sympathy,
With cypress crown'd, array'd in weeds,
Who heaves with thee her simple sigh,
Whose breast for every bosom bleeds;
And call thy sylvan female quire,
To mourn a swain for ever gone,
Who once could glow with equal fire,
But bends not now before thy throne.

Ye genial nymphs, whose ready tears
On all occasions swiftly flow;
Whose bosoms heave with fancied fears,
With fancied flames and frenzy glow;
Say, will you mourn my absent name,
Apostate from your gentle train?
An infant bard at least may claim
From you a sympathetic strain.

Adieu! fond race, a long adieu!
The hour of fate is hovering nigh,
Even now the gulph appears in view,
Where unlamented you must lie:
Oblivion's blackening lake is seen,
Convulsed by gales you cannot weather,
Where you, and eke your gentle queen,
Alas! must perish altogether.

ELEGY ON NEWSTEAD ABBEY.¹

It is the voice of years that are gone! they roll before me with all
their deeds.

Ossian.

NEWSTEAD! fast falling, once resplendent dome!
Religion's shrine! repentant Henry's ² pride!
Of warriors, monks, and dames, the cloister'd tomb!
Whose pensive shades around thy ruins glide.

Hail to thy pile! more honour'd in thy fall,
Than modern mansions in their pillar'd state;
Proudly majestic frowns thy vaulted hall,
Scowling defiance on the blasts of fate.

No mail-clad serfs, ³ obedient to their lord,
In grim array, the crimson cross ⁴ demand;
Or gay assemble round the festive board,
Their chief's retainers, an immortal band.

¹ As one poem on this subject is printed in the beginning, the author had originally no intention of inserting the following: it is now added at the particular request of some friends.

² Henry II. founded Newstead, soon after the murder of Thomas à Becket.

³ This word is used by Walter Scott, in his poem « The Wild Huntsman, » synonymous with vassal.

⁴ The red cross was the badge of the crusaders.

Else might inspiring fancy's magic eye,
Retrace their progress, through the lapse of time,
Marking each ardent youth, ordain'd to die,
A votive pilgrim in Judea's clime.

But not from thee, dark pile! departs the chief,
His feudal realm in other regions lay;
In thee, the wounded conscience courts relief,
Retiring from the garish blaze of day.

Yes, in thy gloomy cells and shades profound,
The monk abjured a world he ne'er could view;
Or blood-stain'd guilt repenting solace found,
Or innocence from stern oppression flew.

A monarch bade thee from that wild arise,
Where Sherwood's outlaws once were wont to prowl,
And superstition's crimes, of various dyes,
Sought shelter in the priest's protecting cowl.

Where now the grass exhales a murky dew,
The humid pall of life-extinguish'd clay,
In sainted fame the sacred fathers grew,
Nor raised their pious voices, but to pray,

Where now the bats their wavering wings extend,
Soon as the gloaming¹ spreads her waning shade;

¹ As "gloaming," the Scottish word for twilight, is far more poetical, and has been recommended by many eminent literary men, particularly by Dr Moore, in his Letters to Burns, I have ventured to use it on account of its harmony.

The choir did oft their mingling vespers blend,
Or matin orisons to Mary¹ paid.

Years roll on years; to ages ages yield;
Abbots to abbots in a line succeed:
Religion's charter their protecting shield,
Till royal sacrilege their doom decreed.

One holy Henry² rear'd the gothic walls,
And bade the pious inmates rest in peace;
Another Henry the kind gift recalls,
And bids devotion's hallow'd echoes cease.

Vain is each threat, or supplicating prayer,
He drives them, exiles, from their bless'd abode;
To roam a dreary world, in deep despair,
No friend, no home, no refuge, but their God.

Hark! how the hall, resounding to the strain,
Shakes with the martial music's novel din!
The heralds of a warrior's haughty reign,
High-crested banners wave thy walls within.

Of changing sentinels the distant hum,
The mirth of feasts, the clang of burnish'd arms,
The braying trumpet, and the hoarser drum,
Unite in concert with increased alarms.

¹ The priory was dedicated to the Virgin.

² At the dissolution of the monasteries, Henry VIII. bestowed Newstead Abbey on Sir John Byron.

An abbey once, a regal fortress¹ now,
 Encircled by insulting rebel powers;
 War's dread machines o'erhang thy threatening brow;
 And dart destruction in sulphureous showers.

Ah! vain defence! the hostile traitor's siege,
 Though oft repulsed, by guile o'ercomes the brave;
 His thronging foes oppress the faithful liege,
 Rebellion's reeking standards o'er him wave.

Not unavenged the raging baron yields,
 The blood of traitors smears the purple plain;
 Unconquer'd still, his falchion there he wields,
 And days of glory yet for him remain.

Still, in that hour the warrior wish'd to strew
 Self-gather'd laurels on a self-sought grave;
 But Charles' protecting genius hither flew,
 The monarch's friend, the monarch's hope² to save.

Trembling, she snatch'd him³ from the unequal strife,
 In other fields the torrent to repel;
 For nobler combats, here, reserved his life,
 To lead the band where god-like Falkland³ fell.

¹ Newstead sustained a considerable siege in the war between Charles I. and his Parliament.

² Lord Byron, and his brother Sir William, held high commands in the Royal army; the former was General in Chief, in Ireland, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Governor to James Duke of York, afterwards the unhappy James II. The latter had a principal share in many actions. Vide Clarendon, Hume, etc.

³ Lucius Cary, Lord Viscount Falkland, the most accomplished

From thee, poor pile! to lawless plunder given,
While dying groans their painful requiem sound,
Far different incense now ascends to Heaven,
Such victims wallow on the gory ground.

There many a pale and ruthless robber's corse,
Noisome and ghast, defiles thy sacred sod;
O'er mingling man, and horse commix'd with horse,
Corruption's heap, the savage spoilers trod.

Graves, long with rank and sighing weeds o'erspread,
Ransack'd, resign, perforce, their mortal mould;
From ruffian fangs, escape not e'en the dead,
Raked from repose, in search of buried gold.

Hush'd is the harp, unstrung the warlike lyre,
The minstrel's palsied hand reclines in death;
No more he strikes the quivering chords with fire,
Or sings the glories of the martial wreath.

At length, the sated murderers, gorged with prey,
Retire—the clamour of the fight is o'er;
Silence again resumes her awful sway,
And sable horror guards the massy door.

Here desolation holds her dreary court;
What satellites declare her dismal reign!
Shrieking their dirge, ill-omen'd birds resort,
To flit their vigils in the holy fane.

man of his age, was killed at the battle of Newberry, charging in the
ranks of Lord Byron's regiment of cavalry.

Soon a new morn's restoring beams dispel
The clouds of anarchy from Britain's skies;
The fierce usurper seeks his native hell,
And nature triumphs, as the tyrant dies.

With storms she welcomes his expiring groans,
Whirlwinds, responsive, greet his labouring breath;
Earth shudders as her cave receives his bones,
Loathing¹ the offering of so dark a death.

The legal ruler² now resumes the helm,
He guides through gentle seas the prow of state;
Hope cheers, with wonted smiles, the peaceful realm,
And heals the bleeding wounds of wearied hate.

The gloomy tenants, Newstead! of thy cells,
Howling, resign their violated nest;
Again, the master on his tenure dwells,
Enjoy'd, from absence, with enraptured zest.

Vassals within thy hospitable pale,
Loudly carousing, bless their lord's return;
Culture again adorns the gladdening vale,
And matrons, once lamenting, cease to mourn.

¹ This is an historical fact; a violent tempest occurred immediately subsequent to the death or interment of Cromwell, which occasioned many disputes between his partizans and the cavaliers. Both interpreted the circumstance into divine interposition, but whether as approbation or condemnation, we leave to the casuists of that age to decide; I have made such use of the occurrence as suited the subject of my poem.

² Charles II.

A thousand songs on tuneful echo float,
Unwonted foliage mantles o'er the trees;
And hark! the horns proclaim a mellow note,
The hunter's cry hangs lengthening on the breeze.

Beneath their coursers' hoofs the vallies shake,
What fears! what anxious hopes, attend the chase!
The dying stag seeks refuge in the lake,
Exulting shouts announce the finish'd race.

Ah! happy days! too happy to endure!
Such simple sports our plain forefathers knew;
No splendid vices glitter'd to allure,
Their joys were many, as their cares were few.

From these descending, sons to sires succeed,
Time steals along, and death uprears his dart,
Another chief impels the foaming steed,
Another crowd pursue the panting hart.

Newstead! what saddening change of scene is thine!
Thy yawning arch betokens slow decay;
The last and youngest of a noble line
Now holds thy mouldering turrets in his sway.

Deserted now, he scans thy gray worn towers:
Thy vaults, where dead of feudal ages sleep;
Thy cloisters, pervious to the wintry showers;
These, these he views, and views them but to weep.

Yet are his tears no emblem of regret;
 Cherish'd affection only bids them flow;
 Pride, hope, and love, forbid him to forget,
 But warm his bosom with impassion'd glow.

Yet he prefers thee to the gilded domes,
 Or gewgaw grottos of the vainly great;
 Yet lingers 'mid thy damp and mossy tombs,
 Nor breathes a murmur 'gainst the will of fate.

Haply thy sun, emerging, yet may shine,
 Thee to irradiate, with meridian ray;
 Hours, splendid as the past, may still be thine,
 And bless thy future as thy former day.

TO E. N. L. ESQ.

Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.

HOR. E.

DEAR L——, in this sequester'd scene,
 While all around in slumber lie,
 The joyous days which ours have been
 Come rolling fresh on fancy's eye:
 Thus, if amidst the gathering storm,
 While clouds the darken'd noon deform,

Yon heaven assumes a varied glow,
I hail the sky's celestial bow,
Which spreads the sign of future peace,
And bids the war of tempests cease.
Ah! though the present brings but pain,
I think those days may come again;
Or if, in melancholy mood,
Some lurking envious fear intrude,
To check my bosom's fondest thought,
And interrupt the golden dream—
I crush the fiend with malice fraught,
And still indulge my wonted theme;
Although we ne'er again can trace,
In Granta's vale, the pedant's lore,
Nor through the groves of Ida chase
Our raptured visions as before;
Though youth has flown on rosy pinion,
And manhood claims his stern dominion,
Age will not every hope destroy,
But yield some hours of sober joy.

Yes, I will hope that time's broad wing
Will shed around some dews of spring;
But, if his scythe must sweep the flowers,
Which bloom among the fairy bowers,
Where smiling youth delights to dwell,
And hearts with early rapture swell;
If frowning age, with cold control,
Confines the current of the soul,
Congeals the tear of pity's eye,
Or checks the sympathetic sigh,

Or hears, unmoved, misfortune's groan,
 And bids me feel for self alone;
 Oh! may my bosom never learn

To soothe its wonted heedless flow,
 Still, still despise the censor stern,

But ne'er forget another's woe.

Yes, as you knew me in the days
 O'er which remembrance yet delays,
 Still may I rove, untutor'd, wild,
 And even in age, at heart a child.

Though now on airy visions borne,

To you my soul is still the same,
 Oft has it been my fate to mourn,

And all my former joys are tame.

But, hence! ye hours of sable hue,

Your frowns are gone, my sorrow 's o'er,
 By every bliss my childhood knew,

I'll think upon your shade no more!

Thus, when the whirlwind's rage is past,

And caves their sullen roar inclose,

We heed no more the wintry blast,

When hush'd by zephyr to repose.

Full often has my infant muse

Attuned to love her languid lyre,

But now, without a theme to chuse,

The strains in stolen sighs expire:

My youthful nymphs, alas! are flown,

E—— is a wife, and C—— a mother,

And Carolina sighs alone,

And Mary's given to another;

And Cora's eye which roll'd on me,

Can now no more my love recall,
In truth dear L——, 't was time to flee,
For Cora's eye will shine on all.
And though the sun, with genial rays,
His beams alike to all displays,
And every lady's eye 's a sun,
These last should be confined to one.
The soul's meridian don't become her,
Whose sun displays a general summer!
Thus faint is every former flame,
And passion's self is now a name;
As when the ebbing flames are low,
The aid which once improved their light,
And bade them burn with fiercer glow,
Now quenches all their sparks in night;
Thus has it been with passion's fires,
As many a boy and girl remembers,
While all the force of love expires,
Extinguish'd with the dying embers.
But now dear L——, 't is midnight's noon,
And clouds obscure the watery moon,
Whose beauties I shall not rehearse,
Described in every stripling's verse;
For why should I the path go o'er,
Which every bard has trod before?
Yet ere yon silver lamp of night
Has thrice perform'd her stated round,
Has thrice retraced her path of light,
And chased away the gloom profound,
I trust that we, my gentle friend,
Shall see her rolling orbit wend,

Above the dear loved peaceful seat
Which once contain'd our youth's retreat;
And then with those our childhood knew,
We'll mingle with the festive crew;
While many a tale of former day
Shall wing the laughing hours away;
And all the flow of souls shall pour
The sacred intellectual shower,
Nor cease till Luna's waning horn
Scarce glimmers through the mist of morn.

TO ***

Oh! had my fate been join'd with thine,
As once this pledge appear'd a token,
These follies had not then been mine,
For then my peace had not been broken.

To thee, these early faults I owe,
To thee, the wise and old reproving;
They know my sins, but do not know
'T was thine to break the bonds of loving.

For once my soul like thine was pure,
And all its rising fires could smother;
But now thy vows no more endure,
Bestow'd by thee upon another.

Perhaps his peace I could destroy,
And spoil the blisses that await him;
Yet let my rival smile in joy,
For thy dear sake I cannot hate him.

Al! since thy angel form is gone,
My heart no more can rest with any;
But what it sought in thee alone,
Attempts, alas! to find in many.

Then fare thee well, deceitful maid,
'T were vain and fruitless to regret thee;
Nor hope nor memory yield their aid,
But pride may teach me to forget thee.

Yet all this giddy waste of years,
This tiresome round of palling pleasures,
These varied loves, these matron's fears,
These thoughtless strains to passion's measures,

If thou wert mine, had all been hush'd:—
This cheek' now pale from early riot,
With passion's hectic ne'er had flush'd,
But bloom'd in calm domestic quiet.

Yes, once the rural scene was sweet,
For nature seem'd to smile before thee;
And once my breast abhorr'd deceit,
For then it beat but to adore thee.

But now I seek for other joys,
 To think, would drive my soul to madness;
 In thoughtless throngs, and empty noise,
 I conquer half my bosom's sadness.

Yet even in these a thought will steal,
 In spite of every vain endeavour;
 And fiends might pity what I feel,
 To know that thou art lost for ever.

STANZAS.

I WOULD I were a careless child,
 Still dwelling in my Highland cave,
 Or roaming through the dusky wild,
 Or bounding o'er the dark blue wave;
 The cumbrous pomp of Saxon¹ pride,
 Accords not with the freeborn soul,
 Which loves the mountain's craggy side,
 And seeks the rocks where billows roll.

Fortune! take back these cultured lands,
 Take back this name of splendid sound!
 I hate the touch of servile hands,
 I hate the slaves that cringe around:

¹ Sassenagh, or Saxon, a Gaelic word, signifying either Lowland or English.

Place me along the rocks I love,
Which sound to ocean's wildest roar,
I ask but this—again to rove,
Through scenes my youth hath known before.

Few are my years, and yet I feel
The world was ne'er design'd for me—
Ah! why do darkening shades conceal
The hour when man must cease to be?
Once I beheld a splendid dream,
A visionary scene of bliss;
Truth!—wherefore did thy hated beam
Awake me to a world like this?

I loved—but those I loved are gone;
Had friends—my early friends are fled:
How cheerless feels the heart alone,
When all its former hopes are dead!
Though gay companions, o'er the bowl,
Dispel awhile the sense of ill,
Though pleasure stirs the maddening soul,
The heart—the heart is lonely still.

How dull! to hear the voice of those
Whom rank, or chance, whom wealth, or power,
Have made, though neither friends nor foes,
Associates of the festive hour.
Give me again a faithful few,
In years and feelings still the same,
And I will fly the midnight crew,
Where boisterous joy is but a name.

And woman! lovely woman! thou,
My hope, my comforter, my all!
How cold must be my bosom now,
When even thy smiles begin to pall!
Without a sigh would I resign
This busy scene of splendid wo,
To make that calm contentment mine
Which virtue knows, or seems to know.

Fain would I fly the haunts of men—
I seek to shun, not hate mankind;
My breast requires the sullen glen,
Whose gloom may suit a darken'd mind.
Oh! that to me the wings were given,
Which bear the turtle to her nest!
Then would I cleave the vault of heaven,
To flee away, and be at rest.¹

¹ Psalm lv. verse 6.—“ And I said, Oh! that I had wings like a dove,
then would I fly away and be at rest.” This verse also constitutes a
part of the most beautiful anthem in our language.



LINES,

WRITTEN BENEATH AN ELM, IN THE CHURCHYARD OF HARROW ON
THE HILL,

SEPTEMBER 2, 1807.

SPOT of my youth! whose hoary branches sigh,
Swept by the breeze that fans thy cloudless sky,
Where now alone I muse, who oft have trod,
With those I loved, thy soft and verdant sod;
With those who, scattered far, perchance deplore,
Like me, the happy scenes they knew before.
Oh! as I trace again thy winding hill,
Mine eyes admire, my heart adores thee still,
Thou drooping elm! beneath whose boughs I lay,
And frequent mused the twilight hours away;
Where, as they once were wont, my limbs recline,
But, ah! without the thoughts which then were mine;
How do thy branches, moaning to the blast,
Invite the bosom to recall the past;
And seem to whisper, as they gently swell,
• Take, while thou canst, a lingering last farewell! •

When fate shall chill, at length, this fever'd breast,
And calm its cares and passions into rest;
Oft have I thought 't would soothe my dying hour,
If aught may soothe when life resigns her power,

To know some humbler grave, some narrow cell,
Would hide my bosom where it loved to dwell.
With this fond dream methinks 't were sweet to die,
And here it linger'd, here my heart might lie,
Here might I sleep where all my hopes arose,
Scene of my youth, and couch of my repose :
For ever stretch'd beneath this mantling shade,
Press'd by the turf where once my childhood play'd;
Wrapt by the soil that veils the spot I loved,
Mix'd with the earth o'er which my footsteps moved;
Bless'd by the tongues that charm'd my youthful ear,
Mourn'd by the few my soul acknowledged here;
Deplored by those in early days allied,
And unremember'd by the world beside.

THE
DEATH OF CALMAR AND ORLA.

AN IMITATION OF
MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN.¹

DEAR are the days of youth! Age dwells on their remembrance through the mist of time. In the twilight he recalls the sunny hours of morn. He lifts his spear with trembling hand. «Not thus feebly did I raise the steel before my fathers!» Past is the race of heroes! but their fame rises on the harp; their souls ride on the wings of the wind! they hear the sound through the sighs of the storm: and rejoice in their hall of clouds! Such is Calmar. The gray stone marks his narrow house. He looks down from eddying tempests; he

¹ It may be necessary to observe that the story, though considerably varied in the catastrophe, is taken from 'Nisus and Euryalus,' of which Episode a translation is already given in the present volume.

rolls his form in the whirlwind, and hovers on the blast of the mountain.

In Morven dwelt the chief; a beam of war to Fingal. His steps in the field were marked in blood; Lochlin's sons had fled before his angry spear: but mild was the eye of Calmar; soft was the flow of his yellow locks; they streamed like the meteor of the night. No maid was the sigh of his soul; his thoughts were given to friendship, to dark-haired Orla, destroyer of heroes! Equal were their swords in battle; but fierce was the pride of Orla, gentle alone to Calmar. Together they dwelt in the cave of Oithona.

From Lochlin, Swaran bounded o'er the blue waves. Erin's sons fell beneath his might. Fingal roused his chiefs to combat. Their ships cover the ocean! Their hosts throng on the green hills. They come to the aid of Erin.

Night rose in clouds. Darkness veils the armies; but the blazing oaks gleam through the valley. The sons of Lochlin slept; their dreams were of blood. They lift the spear in thought, and Fingal flies. Not so the host of Morven. To watch was the post of Orla. Calmar stood by his side. Their spears were in their hands. Fingal called his chiefs: they stood around. The king was in the midst. Gray were his locks, but strong was the arm of the king. Age withered not his powers. "Sons of Morven," said the hero, "to-morrow we meet the foe; but where is Cuthullin, the shield of

Erin? He rests in the halls of Tura; he knows not of our coming. Who will speed through Lochlin to the hero, and call the chief to arms? The path is by the swords of foes, but many are my heroes. They are thunderbolts of war. Speak, ye chiefs! who will arise?"

"Son of Trenmor! mine be the deed," said dark-haired Orla, "and mine alone. What is death to me? I love the sleep of the mighty, but little is the danger. The sons of Lochlin dream. I will seek car-borne Cuthullin. If I fall, raise the song of bards, and lay me by the stream of Lubar."—"And shalt thou fall alone?" said fair-haired Calmar. "Wilt thou leave thy friend afar? Chief of Oithona! not feeble is my arm in fight. Could I see thee die, and not lift the spear? No, Orla! ours has been the chase of the roebuck, and the feast of shells; ours be the path of danger: ours has been the cave of Oithona; ours be the narrow dwelling on the banks of Lubar." "Calmar," said the chief of Oithona, "why should thy yellow locks be darkened in the dust of Erin? Let me fall alone. My father dwells in his hall of air; he will rejoice in his boy: but the blue-eyed Mora spreads the feast for her son in Morven. She listens to the steps of the hunter on the heath, and thinks it is the tread of Calmar. Let him not say 'Calmar has fallen by the steel of Lochlin; he died with gloomy Orla, the chief of the dark brow.' Why should tears dim the azure eye of Mora? Why should her voice curse Orla, the destroyer of Calmar? Live Calmar! live to raise my stone of moss; live to revenge me in the blood."

of Lochlin. Join the song of bards above my grave. Sweet will be the song of death to Orla, from the voice of Calmar. My ghost shall smile on the notes of praise."

"Orla," said the son of Mora, "could I raise the song of death to my friend? Could I give his fame to the winds? No, my heart would speak in sighs: faint and broken are the sounds of sorrow. Orla! our souls shall hear the song together. One cloud shall be ours on high; the bards will mingle the names of Orla and Calmar."

They quit the circle of the chiefs. Their steps are to the host of Lochlin. The dying blaze of oak dim twinkles through the night. The northern star points the path to Tura. Swaran, the king, rests on his lonely hill. Here the troops are mixed; they frown in sleep. Their shields beneath their heads. Their swords gleam at distance in heaps. The fires are faint; their embers fail in smoke. All is hushed; but the gale sighs on the rocks above. Lightly wheel the heroes through the slumbering band. Half the journey is past, when Mathon, resting on his shield, meets the eye of Orla. It rolls in flame, and glistens through the shade: his spear is raised on high. "Why dost thou bend thy brow, chief of Oithona?" said fair-haired Calmar, "we are in the midst of foes. Is this a time for delay?" "It is time for vengeance," said Orla, of the gloomy brow. "Mathon of Lochlin sleeps: seest thou his spear? Its point is dim with the gore of my father. The blood of Mathon shall reek on mine; but shall I slay him sleeping, son of Mora? No! he shall feel his wound; my fame shall not soar on the blood of slumber. Rise! Mathon!

rise ! the son of Connal calls, thy life is his ; rise to combat." Mathon starts from sleep, but did he rise alone? No: the gathering chiefs bound on the plain. " Fly ! Calmar ! fly ! " said dark-haired Orla, " Mathon is mine ; I shall die in joy : but Lochlin crowds around ; fly through the shade of night." Orla turns, the helm of Mathon is cleft ; his shield falls from his arm : he shudders in his blood. He rolls by the side of the blazing oak. Strumon sees him fall : his wrath rises : his weapon glitters on the head of Orla : but a spear pierced his eye. His brain gushes through the wound, and foams on the spear of Calmar. As roll the waves of the ocean on two mighty barks of the north, so pour the men of Lochlin on the chiefs. As breaking the surge in foam, proudly steer the barks of the north, so rise the chiefs of Morven on the scattered crests of Lochlin. The din of arms came to the ear of Fingal. He strikes his shield ; his sons throng around ; the people pour along the heath. Ryno bounds in joy. Ossian stalks in his arms. Oscar shakes the spear. The eagle wing of Fillan floats on the wind. Dreadful is the clang of death ! many are the widows of Lochlin. Morven prevails in its strength.

Morn glimmers on the hills : no living foe is seen? but the sleepers are many ; grim they lie on Erin. The breeze of ocean lifts their locks ; yet they do not awake. The hawks scream above their prey.

Whose yellow locks wave o'er the breast of a chief?
 bright as the gold of the stranger, they mingle with the

dark hair of his friend. 'Tis Calmar, he lies on the bosom of Orla. Theirs is one stream of blood. Fierce is the look of the gloomy Orla. He breathes not; but his eye is still a flame. It glares in death unclosed. His hand is grasped in Calmar's; but Calmar lives! he lives, though low. « Rise, » said the king, « rise, son of Mora, 't is mine to heal the wounds of heroes. Calmar may yet bound on the hills of Morven. »

« Never more shall Calmar chase the deer of Morven with Orla, » said the hero; « what were the chase to me alone? Who would share the spoils of battle with Calmar? Orla is at rest! Rough was thy soul, Orla! yet soft to me as the dew of morn. It glared on others in lightning; to me, a silver beam of light. Bear my sword to blue-eyed Mora; let it hang in my empty hall. It is not pure from blood: but it could not save Orla. Lay me with my friend: raise the song when I am dark! »

They are laid by the stream of Lubar. Four gray stones mark the dwelling of Orla and Calmar.

When Swaran was bound, our sails rose on the blue waves. The winds gave our barks to Morven. The bards raised the song.

« What form rises on the roar of clouds? Whose dark ghost gleams on the red streams of tempests? his voice rolls on the thunder: 'tis Orla: the brown chief of Oithona. He was unmatched in war. Peace to thy soul, Orla! Thy fame will not perish. Nor thine, Calmar! »

Lovely wast thou, son of blue-eyed Mora; but not harmless was thy sword. It hangs in thy cave. The ghosts of Lochlin shriek around its steel. Hear thy praise, Calmar! It dwells on the voice of the mighty. Thy name shakes on the echoes of Morven. Then raise thy fair locks, son of Mora. Spread them on the arch of the rainbow; and smile through the tears of the storm.'

I fear, Laing's late edition has completely overthrown every hope that Macpherson's Ossian might prove the translation of a series of poems, complete in themselves; but, while the imposture is discovered, the merit of the work remains undisputed, though not without faults, particularly, in some parts, turgid and bombastic diction.—The present humble imitation will be pardoned by the admirers of the original, as an attempt, however inferior, which evinces an attachment to their favourite author.

CRITIQUE

EXTRACTED FROM

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, N° 22.

FOR JANUARY, 1808.

HOURS OF IDLENESS; a Series of Poems, original and translated.

By GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON, a Minor. 8vo. 200 pp.
Newark, 1807.

THE poesy of this young lord belongs to the class which neither gods nor men are said to permit. Indeed, we do not recollect to have seen a quantity of verse with so few deviations in either direction from that exact standard. His effusions are spread over a dead flat, and can no more get above or below the level, than if they were so much stagnant water. As an extenuation of this offence, the noble author is peculiarly forward

14.

in pleading minority. We have it in the title-page, and on the very back of the volume; it follows his name like a favourite part of his *style*. Much stress is laid upon it in the preface, and the poems are connected with this general statement of his case, by particular dates, substantiating the age at which each was written. Now, the law upon the point of minority we hold to be perfectly clear. It is a plea available only to the defendant; no plaintiff can offer it as a supplementary ground of action. Thus, if any suit could be brought against Lord Byron, for the purpose of compelling him to put into court a certain quantity of poetry, and if judgment were given against him, it is highly probable that an exception would be taken were he to deliver for poetry the contents of this volume. To this he might plead *minority*; but, as he now makes voluntary tender of the article, he hath no right to sue, on that ground, for the price in good current praise, should the goods be unmarketable. This is our view of the law on the point, and, we dare to say, so will it be ruled. Perhaps, however, in reality, all that he tells us about his youth is rather with a view to increase our wonder, than to soften our censures. He possibly means to say, "See how a minor can write! This poem was actually composed by a young man of eighteen, and this by one of only sixteen!"—But, alas! we all remember the poetry of Cowley at ten, and Pope at twelve; and so far from hearing, with any degree of surprise, that very poor verses were written by a youth from his leaving school to his leaving college, inclusive, we really believe this to be the most common of all occurrences; that it hap-

pens in the life of nine men in ten who are educated in England; and that the tenth man writes better verse than Lord Byron.

His other plea of privilege, our author rather brings forward in order to wave it. He certainly, however, does allude frequently to his family and ancestors—sometimes in poetry, sometimes in notes; and while giving up his claim on the score of rank, he takes care to remember us of Dr Johnson's saying, that when a nobleman appears as an author, his merit should be handsomely acknowledged. In truth, it is this consideration only that induces us to give Lord Byron's poems a place in our review, beside our desire to counsel him, that he do forthwith abandon poetry, and turn his talents, which are considerable, and his opportunities, which are great, to better account.

With this view, we must beg leave seriously to assure him, that the mere rhyming of the final syllable, even when accompanied by the presence of a certain number of feet; nay, although (which does not always happen) those feet should scan regularly, and have been all counted accurately upon the fingers,—is not the whole art of poetry. We would entreat him to believe, that a certain portion of liveliness, somewhat of fancy, is necessary to constitute a poem, and that a poem in the present day, to be read, must contain at least one thought, either in a little degree different from the ideas of former writers, or differently expressed. We put it to his candour, whether there is any thing so deserving the name of poetry in verses like the following, written in 1806; and whether, if a youth of eighteen could say

any thing so uninteresting to his ancestors, a youth of nineteen should publish it.

« Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant, departing
From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu!
Abroad, or at home, your remembrance imparting
New courage, he 'll think upon glory and you.

« Though a tear dim his eye at this sad separation,
'T is nature, not fear, that excites his regret:
Far distant he goes, with the same emulation;
The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.

« That fame, and that memory, still will he cherish,
He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown;
Like you will he live, or like you will he perish;
When decay'd, may he mingle his dust with your own.»

Now we positively do assert, that there is nothing better than these stanzas in the whole compass of the noble minor's volume.

Lord Byron should also have a care of attempting what the greatest poets have done before him, for comparisons (as he must have had occasion to see at his writing-master's) are odious.—Gray's ode on Eton College should really have kept out the ten hobbling stanzas « On a distant view of the village and school of Harrow.»

« Where fancy yet joys to retrace the resemblance
Of comrades, in friendship and mischief allied;
How welcome to me your ne'er-fading remembrance,
Which rests in the bosom, though hope is denied.

In like manner, the exquisite lines of Mr Rogers «*On a Tear*,» might have warned the noble author off those

premises, and spared us a whole dozen such stanzas as the following :

• Mild charity's glow,
To us mortals below,
Shows the soul from barbarity clear ;
Compassion will melt
Where this virtue is felt,
And its dew is diffused in a tear.

• The man doom'd to sail,
With the blast of the gale,
Through billows Atlantic to steer,
As he bends o'er the wave,
Which may soon be his grave,
The green sparkles bright with a tear. •

And so of instances in which former poets had failed. Thus, we do not think Lord Byron was made for translating, during his non-age, Adrian's Address to his Soul, when Pope succeeded so indifferently in the attempt. If our readers, however, are of another opinion, they may look at it.

• Ah! gentle, fleeting, wavering sprite,
Friend and associate of this clay!
To what unknown region borne,
Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight?
No more with wonted humour gay,
But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn. •

However, be this as it may, we fear his translations and imitations are great favourites with Lord Byron. We have them of all kinds, from Anacreon to Ossian; and, viewing them as school exercises, they may pass. Only, why print them after they have had their day

and served their turn? And why call the thing in p. 79,¹ a translation, where *two* words (*ἑλὼ λεγεῖν*) of the original are expanded into four lines, and the other thing in p. 81,² where *μεσονυκτιος ποθ' ὁ ραῖς*, is rendered by means of six hobbling verses? As to his Ossianic poesy we are not very good judges, being, in truth, so moderately skilled in that species of composition, that we should, in all probability, be criticising some bit of the genuine Macpherson itself, were we to express our opinion of Lord Byron's rhapsodies. If, then, the following beginning of a "Song of Bards" is by his Lordship, we venture to object to it, as far as we can comprehend it. "What form rises on the roar of clouds, whose dark ghost gleams on the red stream of tempests? His voice rolls on the thunder; 't is "Orla, the brown chief of Oithona. He was," etc. After detaining this "brown chief" some time, the bards conclude by giving him their advice to "raise his fair locks;" then to "spread them on the arch of the rainbow," and "to smile through the tears of the storm." Of this kind of thing there are no less than *nine* pages; and we can so far venture an opinion in their favour, that they look very like Macpherson; and we are positive they are pretty nearly as stupid and tiresome.

It is a sort of privilege of poets to be egotists; but they should "use it as not abusing it;" and particularly one who piques himself (though indeed at the ripe age of nineteen) of being "an infant bard,"—("The artless

¹ See page 146.

² Page 147.

Helicon I boast is youth ; »)—should either not know, or should seem not to know, so much about his own ancestry. Besides a poem above cited, on the family seat of the Byrons, we have another of eleven pages, on the self-same subject, introduced with an apology, « he certainly had no intention of inserting it, » but really « the particular request of some friends, » etc. etc. It concludes with five stanzas on himself, « the last and youngest of a noble line. » There is a good deal also about his maternal ancestors, in a poem of Lachin y Gair, a mountain where he spent part of his youth, and might have learnt that pibroch is not a bagpipe, any more than duet means a fiddle.

As the author has dedicated so large a part of his volume to immortalize his employments at school and college, we cannot possibly dismiss it without presenting the reader with a specimen of these ingenious effusions. In an ode with a Greek motto, called *Granta*, we have the following magnificent stanzas :

« There, in apartments small and damp,
The candidate for college prizes
Sits poring by the midnight lamp,
Goes late to bed, yet early rises.

« Who reads false quantities in Sele,
Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle,
Deprived of many a wholesome meal,
In barbarous latin doom'd to wrangle :

« Renouncing every pleasing page
From authors of historic use,
Preferring to the letter'd sage
The square of the hypotheruse.

« Still harmless are these occupations,
That hurt none but the hapless student,
Compared with other recreations,
Which bring together the imprudent. »

We are sorry to hear so bad an account of the college psalmody as is contained in the following Attic stanzas:

« Our choir would scarcely be excused,
Even as a band of raw beginners;
All mercy now must be refused
To such a set of croaking sinners.

« If David, when his toils were ended,
Had heard these blockheads sing before him,
To us his psalms had ne'er descended:
In furious mood he would have tore 'em ! »

But whatever judgment may be passed on the poems of this noble minor, it seems we must take them as we find them, and be content; for they are the last we shall ever have from him. He is, at best, he says, but an intruder into the groves of Parnassus; he never lived in a garret, like thorough-bred poets; and « though he once roved a careless mountaineer in the Highlands of Scotland, » he has not of late enjoyed this advantage. Moreover, he expects no profit from his publication; and, whether it succeeds or not, « it is highly improbable, from his situation and pursuits hereafter, » that he should again condescend to become an author. Therefore, let us take what we get, and be thankful. What right have we poor devils to be nice? We are well off to have got

so much from a man of this lord's station, who does not live in a garret, but « has the sway » of Newstead Abbey. Again, we say, let us be thankful; and, with honest Sancho, bid God bless the giver, nor look the gift horse in the mouth.

ENGLISH BARDS,
AND
SCOTCH REVIEWERS;
A SATIRE.

**I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew!
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.**

SHAKSPERE.

**Such shameless bards we have; and yet, 't is true,
There are as mad, abandon'd critics too.**

POPE.

PREFACE.

ALL my friends, learned and unlearned, have urged me not to publish this Satire with my name. If I were to be « turned from the career of my humour by quibbles quick, and paper bullets of the brain,» I should have complied with their counsel. But I am not to be terrified by abuse, or bullied by reviewers, with or without arms. I can safely say that I have attacked none *personally* who did not commence on the offensive. An author's works are public property: he who purchases may judge, and publish his opinion if he pleases; and the authors I have endeavoured to commemorate may do by me as I have done by them: I dare say they will succeed better in condemning my scribblings than in

. ' This preface was written for the second edition of this poem, and printed with it.

mending their own. But my object is not to prove that I can write well, but, *if possible*, to make others write better.

As the poem has met with far more success than I expected, I have endeavoured in this edition to make some additions and alterations, to render it more worthy of public perusal.

In the first edition of this satire, published anonymously, fourteen lines on the subject of Bowles's Pope were written and inserted at the request of an ingenious friend of mine, who has now in the press a volume of poetry. In the present edition they are erased, and some of my own substituted in their stead; my only reason for this being, that which I conceive would operate with any other person in the same manner, a determination not to publish with my name any production which was not entirely and exclusively my own composition.

With regard to the real talents of many of the poetical persons whose performances are mentioned or alluded to in the following pages, it is presumed by the author that there can be little difference of opinion in the public at large; though, like other sectaries, each has his separate tabernacle of proselytes, by whom his

abilities are overrated, his faults overlooked, and his metrical canons received without scruple and without consideration. But the unquestionable possession of considerable genius by several of the writers here censured, renders their mental prostitution more to be regretted. Imbecility may be pitied, or, at worst, laughed at and forgotten; perverted powers demand the most decided reprehension. No one can wish more than the author, that some known and able writer had undertaken their exposure; but Mr GIFFORD has devoted himself to Massinger, and, in the absence of the regular physician, a country practitioner may, in cases of absolute necessity, be allowed to prescribe his nostrum, to prevent the extension of so deplorable an epidemic, provided there be no quackery in his treatment of the malady. A caustic is here offered, as it is to be feared nothing short of actual cautery can recover the numerous patients afflicted with the present prevalent and distressing *rabies* for rhyming.—As to the *Edinburgh Reviewers*, it would, indeed, require a Hercules to crush the hydra; but if the author succeeds in merely « bruising one of the heads of the serpent, » though his own hand should suffer in the encounter, he will be amply satisfied.

ENGLISH BARDS,
AND
SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

STILL must I hear!—shall hoarse¹ FITZGERALD bawl
His creaking couplets in a tavern hall,
And I not sing, lest, haply, Scotch Reviews
Should dub me scribbler, and denounce my muse?
Prepare for rhyme—I 'll publish, right or wrong:
Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.

¹ IMITATION.

*« Semper ego auditor tantum? nunquamne reponam?
Vexatus toties ranci Theseide Codri?»*

JUVENAL, Satire I.

Mr FITZGERALD, facetiously termed by COBBETT the « Small Beer Poet, » inflicts his annual tribute of verse on the « Literary Fund ; » not content with writing, he spouts in person, after the company have inbibed a reasonable quantity of bad port, to enable them to sustain the operation.

Oh! nature's noblest gift—my grey goose-quill!
Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will,
Torn from thy parent bird to form a pen,
That mighty instrument of little men!
The pen! foredoomed to aid the mental throes
Of brains that labour, big with verse or prose,
Though nymphs forsake, and critics may deride,
The lover's solace, and the author's pride:
What wits, what poets dost thou daily raise!
How frequent is thy use, how small thy praise!
Condemn'd at length to be forgotten quite,
With all the pages which 't was thine to write.
But thou, at least, mine own especial pen!
Once laid aside but now assumed again,
Our task complete, like Hamet's¹ shall be free;
Though spurned by others, yet beloved by me:
Then let us soar to-day; no common theme,
No eastern vision, no distemper'd dream,
Inspires—our path, though full of thorns, is plain;
Smooth be the verse, and easy be the strain.

When vice triumphant holds her sov'reign sway,
And men through life her willing slaves obey;
When folly, frequent harbinger of crime,
Unfolds her motley store to suit the time;
When knaves and fools combined o'er all prevail,
When justice halts, and right begins to fail,
E'en then the boldest start from public sneers,
Afraid of shame, unknown to other fears,

¹ CID HAMET BENENGELI promises repose to his pen in the last chapter of DON QUIXOTE. Oh! that our voluminous gentry would follow the example of CID HAMET BENENGELI!

More darkly sin, by satire kept in awe,
And shrink from ridicule though not from law.

Such is the force of wit! but not belong
To me the arrows of satiric song;
The royal vices of our age demand
A keener weapon, and a mightier hand.
Still there are follies e'en for me to chace,
And yield at least amusement in the race:
Laugh when I laugh, I seek no other fame—
The cry is up, and scribblers are my game:
Speed, Pegasus!—ye strains of great and small,
Ode, epic, elegy, have at you all!
I, too, can scrawl, and once upon a time
I pour'd along the town a flood of rhyme,
A school-boy freak, unworthy praise or blame;
I printed—older children do the same.
'T is pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book 's a book, although there 's nothing in 't.
Not that a title's sounding charm can save
Or scrawl or scribbler from an equal grave:
This LAMBE must own, since his patrician name
Fail'd to preserve the spurious farce from shame.¹
No matter, GEORGE continues still to write,²
Though now the name is veil'd from public sight.
Moved by the great example, I pursue
The self-same road, but make my own review:
Not seek great JEFFREY's—yet, like him, will be
Self-constituted judge of poesy.

¹ This ingenious youth is mentioned more particularly, with his production, in another place.

² In the EDINBURGH REVIEW.

A man must serve his time to every trade,
 Save censure—critics all are ready made.
 Take hackney'd jokes from MILLER, got by rote,
 With just enough of learning to misquote;
 A mind well skill'd to find or forge a fault,
 A turn for punning, call it Attic salt;
 To JEFFREY go, be silent and discreet,
 His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet:
 Fear not to lie, 't will seem a lucky hit;
 Shrink not from blasphemy, 't will pass for wit;
 Care not for feeling—pass your proper jest,
 And stand a critic hated, yet caress'd.

And shall we own such judgment? no—as soon
 Seek roses in December, ice in June;
 Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff;
 Believe a woman, or an epitaph,
 Or any other thing that 's false, before
 You trust in critics who themselves are sore;
 Or yield one single thought to be misled
 By JEFFREY's heart, or LAMBE's Bœotian head.¹

To these young tyrants,² by themselves misplaced,
 Combined usurpers on the throne of taste;
 To these, when authors bend in humble awe,
 And hail their voice as truth, their word as law;

¹ Messrs JEFFREY and LAMBE are the Alpha and Omega, the first and last, of the Edinburgh Review; the others are mentioned hereafter.

² *Stulta est clementia, cum tot ubique
 ———occurras peritura parcere chartæ.*

JUVENAL, Satire I.

While these are censors, 't would be sin to spare;
 While such are critics, why should I forbear?
 But yet so near all modern worthies run,
 'T is doubtful whom to seek, or whom to shun:
 Nor know we when to spare, or where to strike,
 Our bards and censors are so much alike.

Then should you ask me, ' why I venture o'er
 The path which POPE and GIFFORD trod before:
 If not yet sicken'd, you can still proceed;
 Go on; my rhyme will tell you as you read.

Time was, ere yet in these degenerate days
 Ignoble themes obtain'd mistaken praise,
 When sense and wit with poesy allied,
 No fabled graces, flourish'd side by side,
 From the same fount their inspiration drew,
 And, reared by taste, bloom'd fairer as they grew.
 Then, in this happy isle, a POPE's pure strain
 Sought the rapt soul to charm, nor sought in vain;
 A polish'd nation's praise aspired to claim,
 And raised the people's, as the poet's fame.
 Like him great DRYDEN pour'd the tide of song,
 In stream less smooth, indeed, yet doubly strong.
 Then CONGREVE's scenes could cheer, or OTWAY's melt;—
 For nature then an English audience felt.

IMITATION.

• Cur tamen hoc potius libeat decurrere campo
 Per quem magnus equos Auruncæ flexit alumnus;
 Si vacat, et placidi rationem admittitis, edam. •

JUVENAL, Satire I.

But why these names, or greater still, retrace,
 When all to feeble bards resign their place?
 Yet to such times our lingering looks are cast,
 When taste and reason with those times are past.
 Now look around, and turn each trifling page,
 Survey the precious works that please the age;
 This truth at least let satire's self allow,
 No dearth of bards can be complain'd of now:
 The loaded press beneath her labour groans,
 And printers' devils shake their weary bones;
 While SOUTHEY's epics cram the creaking shelves,
 And LITTLE's lyrics shine in hot-press'd twelves.

Thus saith the preacher; ' « nought beneath the sun
 Is new, » yet still from change to change we run :
 What varied wonders tempt us as they pass!
 The cow-pox, tractors, galvanism, and gas,
 In turns appear to make the vulgar stare,
 Till the swoln bubble bursts—and all is air!
 Nor less new schools of poetry arise,
 Where dull pretenders grapple for the prize :
 O'er taste awhile these pseudo-bards prevail;
 Each country book-club bows the knee to Baal,
 And, hurling lawful genius from the throne,
 Erects a shrine and idol of its own ;
 Some leaden calf—but whom it matters not,
 From soaring SOUTHEY down to groveling STOTT.²

¹ Ecclesiastes, Cap. I.

² STOTT, better known in the « Morning Post » by the name of HAFIZ.
 This personage is at present the most profound explorer of the Bathos.

Behold! in various throngs the scribbling crew,
 For notice eager, pass in long review :
 Each spurs his jaded Pegasus apace,
 And rhyme and blank maintain an equal race ;
 Sonnets on sonnets crowd, and ode on ode ;
 And tales of terror jostle on the road ;
 Immeasurable measures move along,
 For simpering folly loves a varied song :
 To strange mysterious dullness still the friend,
 Admires the strain she cannot comprehend.
 Thus Lays of Minstrels'—may they be the last!
 On half-strung harps whine mournful to the blast ;

I remember, to the reigning family of Portugal, a special ode of Master STOTT's, beginning thus :

(Stott loquitur quoad Hibernia.)
 « Princely offspring of Braganza,
 Erin greets thee with a stanza, » etc. etc.

Also a sonnet to Rats, well worthy of the subject; and a most thundering ode, commencing as follows :

« Oh ! for a lay ! loud as the surge
 That lashes Lapland's sounding shore. »

Lord have mercy on us ! the « Lay of the last Minstrel » was nothing to this.

¹ See the « Lay of the Last Minstrel, » *passim*. Never was any plan so incongruous and absurd as the ground-work of this production. The entrance of thunder and lightning prologuising to Bayes' Tragedy, unfortunately takes away the merit of originality from the dialogue between Messieurs the Spirits of Flood and Fell in the first canto. Then we have the amiable William of Deloraine, « a stark moss-trooper, » videlicet, a happy compound of poacher, sheep-stealer, and highwayman. The propriety of his magical lady's injunction not to read can only be equalled by his candid acknowledgment of his independence of the trammels of spelling, although, to use his

While mountain spirits prate to river sprites,
 That dames may listen to their sound at nights;
 And goblin brats of Gilpin Horner's' brood
 Decoy young border-nobles through the wood,
 And skip at every step, Lord knows how high,
 And frighten foolish babes, the Lord knows why;
 While high-born ladies in their magic cell,
 Forbidding knights to read who cannot spell,
 Dispatch a courier to a wizard's grave,
 And fight with honest men to shield a knave.

Next view in state, proud prancing on his roan,
 The golden-crested haughty Marmion,
 Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight,
 Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight,
 The gibbet or the field prepared to grace;
 A mighty mixture of the great and base.

own elegant phrase, 't was his neck-verse at hairibee,* i. e. the gallows.

' The biography of Gilpin Horner, and the marvellous pedestrian page, who travelled twice as fast as his master's horse, without the aid of seven-leagued boots, are *chefs-d'œuvre* in the improvement of taste. For incident we have the invisible, but by no means sparing, box on the ear bestowed on the page, and the entrance of a knight and charger into the castle, under the very natural disguise of a wain of hay. Marmion, the hero of the latter romance, is exactly what William of Deloraine would have been, had he been able to read or write. The poem was manufactured for Messrs CONSTABLE, MURRAY, and MILLER, worshipful booksellers, in consideration of the receipt of a sum of money, and, truly, considering the inspiration, it is a very creditable production. If Mr SCOTT will write for hire, let him do his best for his paymasters, but not disgrace his genius, which is undoubtedly great, by a repetition of black-letter ballad imitations.

And think'st thou, SCOTT! by vain conceit perchance,
On public taste to foist thy stale romance,
Though MURRAY with his MILLER may combine
To yield thy muse just half-a-crown per line?
No! when the sons of song descend to trade,
Their bays are sear, their former laurels fade.
Let such forego the poet's sacred name,
Who rack their brains for lucre, not for fame:
Low may they sink to merited contempt,
And scorn remunerate the mean attempt!
Such be their meed, such still the just reward
Of prostituted muse and hireling bard!
For this we spurn Apollo's venal son,
And bid a long "good night to Marmion."¹

These are the themes that claim our plaudits now;
These are the bards to whom the muse must bow:
While MILTON, DRYDEN, POPE, alike forgot,
Resign their hallow'd bays to WALTER SCOTT.

The time has been, when yet the muse was young,
When HOMER swept the lyre, and MARO sung,
An epic scarce ten centuries could claim,
While awe-struck nations hail'd the magic name:
The work of each immortal bard appears
The single wonder of a thousand years.²

¹ "Good night to Marmion"—the pathetic and also prophetic exclamation of HENRY BLOUNT, Esquire, on the death of honest Marmion.

² As the *Odyssey* is so closely connected with the story of the *Iliad*, they may almost be classed as one grand historical poem. In allud-

Empires have moulder'd from the face of earth,
 Tongues have expired with those who gave them birth,
 Without the glory such a strain can give,
 As even in ruin bids the language live.
 Not so with us, though minor bards, content,
 On one great work a life of labour spent :
 With eagle pinion soaring to the skies,
 Behold the ballad-monger, SOUTHEY, rise !
 To him let CAMOENS, MILTON, TASSO, yield,
 Whose annual strains, like armies, take the field.
 First in the ranks see Joan of Arc advance,
 The scourge of England, and the boast of France !
 Though burnt by wicked BEDFORD for a witch, .
 Behold her statue placed in glory's niche ;
 Her fetters burst, and just released from prison,
 A virgin phoenix from her ashes risen.
 Next see tremendous Thalaba come on, '
 Arabia's monstrous, wild, and wond'rous son ;
 Domdaniel's dread destroyer, who o'erthrew
 More mad magicians than the world e'er knew.
 Immortal hero ! all thy foes o'ercome,
 For ever reign—the rival of Tom Thumb !

ing to MILTON and TASSO, we consider the « *Paradise Lost*, » and
 « *Gierusalemme Liberata*, » as their standard efforts, since neither the
 « *Jerusalem Conquered* » of the Italian, nor the « *Paradise Regained* »
 of the English Bard, obtained a proportionate celebrity to their
 former poems. Query : which of Mr SOUTHEY's will survive ?

' Thalaba, Mr SOUTHEY's second poem, is written in open defiance
 of precedent and poetry. Mr S. wished to produce something novel,
 and succeeded to a miracle. Joan of Arc was marvellous enough,
 but Thalaba was one of those poems « which, » (in the words of POR-
 TON,) « will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten, but—not till
 then. »

Since startled metre fled before thy face,
 Well wert thou doom'd the last of all thy race!
 Well might triumphant genii bear thee hence,
 Illustrious conqueror of common sense!
 Now, last and greatest, Madoc spreads his sails,
 Cacique in Mexico, and prince in Wales;
 Tells us strange tales, as other travellers do,
 More old than Mandeville's, and not so true.
 Oh! SOUTHEY, SOUTHEY!¹ cease thy varied song!
 A bard may chaunt too often and too long:
 As thou art strong in verse, in mercy spare!
 A fourth, alas! were more than we could bear.
 But if, in spite of all the world can say,
 Thou still wilt verseward plod thy weary way;
 If still in Berkley ballads most uncivil,
 Thou wilt devote old women to the devil,²
 The babe unborn thy dread intent may rue:
 "God help thee," SOUTHEY, and thy readers too.³

¹ We beg Mr SOUTHEY's pardon: "Madoc disdains the degraded title of Epic." See his preface. Why is epic degraded? and by whom? Certainly the late romaunts of Masters COTTLE, Laureate PYE, OGILVY, HOYLE, and gentle Mistress COWLEY, have not exalted the epic muse; but Mr SOUTHEY's poem "disdains the appellation," allow us to ask—has he substituted any thing better in its stead? or must he be content to rival Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE, in the quantity as well as quality of his verse.

² See The Old Woman of Berkley, a Ballad by Mr SOUTHEY, wherein an aged gentlewoman is carried away by Beelzebub, on a "high-trotting horse."

³ The last line, "God help thee," is an evident plagiarism from the Anti-jacobin to Mr SOUTHEY, on his Dactyls:

"God help thee, silly one."—Poetry of the Anti-jacobin, page 23.

Next comes the dull disciple of thy school,
 That mild apostate from poetic rule,
 The simple WORDSWORTH, framer of a lay
 As soft as evening in his favourite May;
 Who warns his friend « to shake off toil and trouble,
 And quit his books for fear of growing double; »¹
 Who, both by precept and example, shows
 That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose,
 Convincing all by demonstration plain,
 Poetic souls delight in prose insane;
 And Christmas stories, tortured into rhyme,
 Contain the essence of the true sublime :
 Thus when he tells the tale of Betty Foy,
 The idiot mother of « an idiot boy; »
 A moon-struck silly lad who lost his way,
 And, like his bard, confounded night with day,²
 So close on each pathetic part he dwells,
 And each adventure so sublimely tells,
 That all who view the « idiot in his glory, »
 Conceive the bard the hero of the story.

¹ Lyrical Ballads, page 4.—« The tables turned, » stanza I.

« Up, up, my friend, and clear your looks,
 Why all this toil and trouble?
 Up, up, my friend, and quit your books,
 Or surely you 'll grow double. »

² Mr W. in his preface, labours hard to prove that prose and verse are much the same, and certainly his precepts and practice are strictly conformable:

« And thus to Betty's questions he
 Made answer, like a traveller bold,
 The cock did crow to-whoo, to-whoo;
 And the sun did shine so cold : » etc, etc.

Lyrical Ballads, page 129.

Shall gentle COLERIDGE pass unnoticed here,
 To turgid ode and tumid stanza dear?
 Though themes of innocence amuse him best,
 Yet still obscurity 's a welcome guest.
 If inspiration should her aid refuse
 To him who takes a Pixy for a muse,¹
 Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass
 The bard who soars to elegize an ass.
 How well the subjects suits his noble mind!
 « A fellow feeling makes us wond'rous kind.»

Oh! wonder-working LEWIS! monk, or bard,
 Who fain wouldst make Parnassus a churchyard!
 Lo! wreaths of yew, not laurel, bind thy brow,
 Thy muse a sprite, Apollo's sexton thou!
 Whether on ancient tombs thou tak'st thy stand,
 By gibb'ring spectres hail'd, thy kindred band;
 Or tracest chaste descriptions on thy page,
 To please the females of our modest age,
 All hail, M. P.!² from whose infernal brain
 Thin sheeted phantoms glide, a grisly train;
 At whose command, «grim women» throng in crowds,
 And kings of fire, of water, and of clouds,
 With «small grey men,»—«wild yagers,» and what not,
 To crown with honour, thee, and WALTER SCOTT:
 Again, all hail! If tales like thine may please,
 Saint Luke alone can vanquish the disease;

¹ COLERIDGE'S Poems, page 11. Songs of the Pixies, i. e. Devonshire Fairies. Page 42, we have, «Lines to a young Lady,» and page 52, «Lines to a Young Ass.»

² «For every one knows little Matt's an M. P.»—See a Poem to Mr LEWIS, in THE STATESMAN, supposed to be written by Mr JERRELL.

Even Satan's self with thee might dread to dwell,
And in thy skull discern a deeper hell.

Who in soft guise, surrounded by a choir
Of virgins melting, not to Vesta's fire,
With sparkling eyes, and cheek by passion flush'd,
Strikes his wild lyre, whilst listening dames are hush'd?
'T is LITTLE! young Catullus of his day,
As sweet, but as immoral in his lay!
Grieved to condemn, the muse must still be just,
Nor spare melodious advocates of lust.
Pure is the flame which o'er her altar burns;
From grosser incense with disgust she turns:
Yet, kind to youth, this expiation o'er,
She bids thee, « mend thy line, and sin no more. »

For thee, translator of the tinsel song,
To whom such glittering ornaments belong,
Hibernian STRANGFORD! with thine eyes of blue,¹
And boasted locks of red, or auburn hue,
Whose plaintive strain each love-sick miss admires,
And o'er harmonious fustian half expires,
Learn, if thou can'st, to yield thine author's sense,
Nor vend thy sonnets on a false pretence.
Think'st thou to gain thy verse a higher place
By dressing Camoens in a suit of lace?

¹ The reader who may wish for an explanation of this, may refer to « STRANGFORD'S CAMOENS, » page 127, note to page 56, or to the last page of the Edinburgh Review of STRANGFORD'S CAMOENS. It is also to be remarked, that the things given to the public as Poems of Camoens, are no more to be found in the original Portuguese than in the Song of Solomon.

Mend STRANGFORD! mend thy morals and thy taste;
 Be warm, but pure; be amorous, but be chaste:
 Cease to deceive; thy pilfer'd harp restore,
 Nor teach the Lusian bard to copy MOORE.

In many marble-cover'd volumes view
 HAYLEY, in vain attempting something new:
 Whether he spin his comedies in rhyme,
 Or scrawl, as WOOD and BARCLAY walk, 'gainst time,
 His style in youth or age is still the same,
 For ever feeble, and for ever tame.
 Triumphant first, see «Temper's Triumphs» shine!
 At least I'm sure they triumph'd over mine.
 Of «Music's Triumphs,» all who read may swear
 That luckless music never triumph'd there.¹

Moravians, rise! bestow some meet reward
 On dull devotion—lo! the sabbath bard,
 Sepulchral GRAHAME, pours his notes sublime,
 In mangled prose, nor e'en aspires to rhyme,
 Breaks into blank the Gospel of Saint Luke,
 And boldly pilfers from the Pentateuch;
 And, undisturb'd by conscientious qualms,
 Perverts the prophets, and purloins the psalms.²

¹ HAYLEY's two most notorious verse productions, are «Triumphs of temper,» and «Triumphs of Music.» He has also written much comedy in rhyme, epistles, etc. etc. As he is rather an elegant writer of notes and biography, let us recommend POPE's Advice to WYCHERLEY to Mr H.'s consideration; viz. «to convert his poetry into prose,» which may be easily done by taking away the final syllable of each couplet.

² Mr GRAHAME has poured forth two volumes of cant, under the name of «Sabbath Walks,» and «Biblical Pictures.»

Hail sympathy! thy soft idea brings
 A thousand visions of a thousand things,
 And shows, dissolved in thine own melting tears,
 The maudlin prince of mournful sonnetteers.
 And art thou not their prince, harmonious BOWLES!
 Thou first, great oracle of tender souls?
 Whether in sighing winds thou seek'st relief,
 Or consolation in a yellow leaf;
 Whether thy muse most lamentably tells
 What merry sounds proceed from Oxford bells,¹
 Or, still in bells delighting, finds a friend
 In every chime that jingled from Ostend?
 Ah! how much juster were thy muse's hap,
 If to thy bells thou would'st but add a cap!
 Delightful BOWLES! still blessing, and still blest,
 All love thy strain, but children like it best.
 'T is thine with gentle LITTLE's moral song,
 To soothe the mania of the amorous throng!
 With thee our nursery damsels shed their tears,
 Ere miss, as yet, completes her infant years:
 But in her teens thy whining powers are vain,
 She quits poor BOWLES, for LITTLE's purer strain.
 Now to soft themes thou scornest to confine
 The lofty numbers of a harp like thine:
 «Awake a louder and a loftier strain,»²
 Such as none heard before, or will again;

¹ See BOWLES's *Sonnets*, etc.—«Sonnet to Oxford,» and «Stanzas on hearing the Bells of Ostend.»

² This is the first line in BOWLES's «*Spirit of Discovery*;» a very spirited and pretty dwarf epic. Among other exquisite lines we have the following—

«A kiss

Stole on the list'ning silence, never yet

Here heard; they trembled even as if the power,» etc. etc.—That

Where all discoveries jumbled from the flood,
 Since first the leaky ark reposed in mud,
 By more or less, are sung in every book,
 From Captain NOAH down to Captain COOK.
 Nor this alone, but pausing on the road,
 The bard sighs forth a gentle episode;¹
 And gravely tells—attend each beauteous miss!—
 When first Madeira trembled to a kiss.
 BOWLES! in thy memory, let this precept dwell,
 Stick to thy sonnets, man! at least they sell.
 But if some new-born whim, or larger bribe
 Prompt thy crude brain, and claim thee for a scribe;
 If chance some bard, though once by dunces fear'd,
 Now, prone in dust, can only be revered;
 If POPE, whose fame and genius from the first
 Have foil'd the best of critics, needs the worst,
 Do thou essay; each fault, each failing scan;
 The first of poets was, alas! but man!
 Rake from each ancient dunghill every pearl;
 Consult Lord Fanny, and confide in CURLL;²
 Let all the scandals of a former age
 Perch on thy pen and flutter o'er thy page;
 Affect a candour which thou canst not feel,
 Clothe envy in the garb of honest zeal;

is, the woods of Madeira trembled to a kiss, very much astonished, as well they might be at such a phenomenon.

¹The episode above alluded to, is the story of "Robert a Machin," and "Anna d'Arfet," a pair of constant lovers, who performed the kiss above-mentioned, that startled the woods of Madeira.

²CURLL is one of the heroes of the Dunciad, and was a bookseller. Lord Fanny is the poetical name of Lord HERVEY, author of "Lines to the Imitator of Horace."

Write as if Saint John's soul could still inspire,
 And do from hate what MALLETT¹ did for hire.
 Oh! had'st thou lived in that congenial time,
 To rave with DENNIS, and with RALPH to rhyme,²
 Throng'd with the rest around his living head,
 Not raised thy hoof against the lion dead,
 A meet reward had crown'd thy glorious gains,
 And link'd thee to the Dunciad for thy pains.³

Another epic! who inflicts again
 More books of blank upon the sons of men?
 Bæotian COTTLE, rich Bristowa's boast,
 Imports old stories from the Cambrian coast,
 And sends his goods to market—all alive!
 Lines forty-thousand, cantos twenty-five!
 Fresh fish from Helicon! who 'll buy? who 'll buy?
 The precious bargain 's cheap—in faith not I.
 Too much in turtle Bristol's sons delight,
 Too much o'er bowls of rack prolong the night:
 If commerce fills the purse, she clogs the brain,
 And AMOS COTTLE strikes the lyre in vain.

¹ Lord BOLINGBROKE hired MALLETT to traduce POPE after his decease, because the poet had retained some copies of a work by Lord BOLINGBROKE, (the Patriot King) which that splendid but malignant genius had ordered to be destroyed.

² DENNIS, the critic, and RALPH, the rhymester.

«Silence ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,

«Making night hideous, answer him ye owls!

Dunciad.

³ See BOWLES's late edition of POPE's works, for which he received 300 pounds: thus Mr B. has experienced how much easier it is to profit by the reputation of another, than to elevate his own.

In him an author's luckless lot behold!
 Condemn'd to make the books which once he sold.
 Oh! AMOS COTTLE! Phoebus!—what a name
 To fill the speaking trump of future fame!—
 Oh! AMOS COTTLE! for a moment think
 What meagre profits spring from pen and ink!
 When thus devoted to poetic dreams,
 Who will peruse thy prostituted reams?
 Oh! pen perverted! paper misapplied!
 Had COTTLE¹ still adorn'd the counter's side,
 Bent o'er the desk, or, born to useful toils,
 Been taught to make the paper which he soils,
 Plough'd, delved, or plied the oar with lusty limb,
 He had not sung of Wales, nor I of him.

As Sisypheus against the infernal steep
 Rolls the huge rock, whose motions ne'er may sleep,
 So up thy hill, ambrosial Richmond! heaves
 Dull MAURICE² all his granite weight of leaves:
 Smooth, solid monuments of mental pain!
 The petrifications of a plodding brain,
 That ere they reach the top fall lumbering back again.

With broken lyre and cheek serenely pale,
 Lo! sad ALCÆUS wanders down the vale!

¹ Mr COTTLE, AMOS or JOSEPH, I don't know which, but one or both, once sellers of books they did not write, and now writers of books that do not sell, have published a pair of epics. «Alfred» (poor Alfred! Pye has been at him too!) and the «Fall of Cambria.»

² Mr MAURICE hath manufactured the component parts of a ponderous quarto, upon the beauties of «Richmond Hill,» and the like:—it also takes in a charming view of Turnham Green, Hammersmith, Brentford, Old and New, and the parts adjacent.

Though fair they rose, and might have bloomed at last,
 His hopes have perish'd by the northern blast :
 Nipp'd in the bud by Caledonian gales,
 His blossoms wither as the blast prevails!
 O'er his lost works let *classic* SHEFFIELD weep ;
 May no rude hand disturb their early sleep !¹

Yet, say ! why should the bard, at once, resign
 His claim to favour from the sacred nine?
 For ever startled by the mingled howl
 Of northern wolves that still in darkness prowl :
 A coward brood which mangle as they prey,
 By hellish instinct, all that cross their way :
 Aged or young, the living or the dead,
 No mercy find,—these harpies must be fed.
 Why do the injured unresisting yield
 The calm possession of their native field?
 Why tamely thus before their fangs retreat,
 Nor hunt the bloodhounds back to ARTHUR's seat?²

Health to immortal JEFFREY ! once, in name,
 England could boast a judge almost the same :
 In soul so like, so merciful, yet just,
 Some think that Satan has resign'd his trust,
 And given the spirit to the world again,
 To sentence letters, as he sentenced men ;

¹ Poor MONTGOMERY ! though praised by every English Review, has been bitterly reviled by the EDINBURGH. After all, the Bard of Sheffield is a man of considerable genius : his «Wanderer of Switzerland» is worth a thousand «Lyrical Ballads,» and at least fifty «Degraded Epics,»

² ARTHUR's seat ; the hill which overhangs Edinburgh.

With hand less mighty, but with heart as black,
 With voice as willing to decree the rack;
 Bred in the courts betimes, though all that law
 As yet hath taught him is to find a flaw.
 Since well instructed in the patriot school,
 To rail at party, though a party too;
 Who knows? if chance his patrons should restore
 Back to the sway they forfeited before,
 His scribbling toils some recompence may meet,
 And raise this Daniel to the judgment seat.
 Let JEFFRIES' shade indulge the pious hope,
 And greeting thus, present him with a rope :
 " Heir to my virtues! man of equal mind!
 Skill'd to condemn as to traduce mankind,
 This cord receive! for thee reserved with care,
 To yield in judgment, and at length to wear."

Health to great JEFFREY! Heaven preserve his life,
 To flourish on the fertile shores of Fife,
 And guard it sacred in his future wars,
 Since authors sometimes seek the field of Ma's!
 Can none remember that eventful day,
 That ever glorious, almost fatal fray,
 When LITTLE's leadless pistol met his eye,
 And Bow-street myrmidons stood laughing by?
 Oh! day disastrous! on her firm set rock,
 Dunedin's castle felt a secret shock;

'In 1806, Messrs JEFFREY and MOORE met at Chalk-Farm. The duel was prevented by the interference of the magistracy; and on examination, the balls of the pistols, like the courage of the combatants, were found to have evaporated. This incident gave occasion to much wagery in the daily prints.

Dark roll'd the sympathetic waves of Forth,
Low groan'd the startled whirlwinds of the north;
TWEED ruffled half his wave to form a tear,
The other half pursued its calm career;¹
ARTHUR's steep summit nodded to its base,
The surly Tolbooth scarcely kept her place;
The Tolbooth felt—for marble sometimes can,
On such occasions, feel as much as man—
The Tolbooth felt defrauded of his charms
If JEFFREY died, except within her arms:²
Nay, last not least, on that portentous morn,
The sixteenth story where himself was born,
His patrimonial garret fell to ground,
And pale Edina shudder'd at the sound:
Strew'd were the streets around with milk-white reams,
Flow'd all the Canongate with inky streams;
This of his candour seem'd the sable dew,
That of his valour shew'd the bloodless hue,
And all with justice deem'd the two combined
The mingled emblems of his mighty mind.
But Caledonia's goddess hover'd o'er
The field, and saved him from the wrath of MOORE;

¹ The Tweed here behaved with proper decorum, it would have been highly reprehensible in the English half of the river to have shown the smallest symptom of apprehension.

² This display of sympathy on the part of the Tolbooth (the principal prison in Edinburgh), which truly seems to have been most affected on this occasion, is much to be commended. It was to be apprehended, that the many unhappy criminals executed in the front, might have rendered the edifice more callous. She is said to be of the softer sex, because her delicacy of feeling on this day was truly feminine, though, like most feminine impulses, perhaps a little selfish.

From either pistol snatch'd the vengeful lead,
 And strait restored it to her favourite's head.
 That head, with greater than magnetic power,
 Caught it, as Danaë the golden shower,
 And, though the thickening dross will scarce refine,
 Augments its ore, and is itself a mine.

« My son, » she cried, « ne'er thirst for gore again,
 Resign the pistol, and resume the pen;
 O'er politics and poesy preside,
 Boast of thy country and Britannia's guide!
 For long as Albion's heedless sons submit,
 Or Scottish taste decides on English wit,
 So long shall last thine unmolested reign,
 Nor any dare to take thy name in vain.
 Behold a chosen band shall aid thy plan,
 And own thee chieftain of the critic clan.

First in the ranks illustrious shall be seen
 The travelled Thane! Athenian Aberdeen.¹
 HERBERT shall wield THOR's hammer,² and sometimes
 In gratitude thou 'lt praise his rugged rhymes.
 Smug SYDNEY³ too thy bitter page shall seek,
 And classic HALLAM,⁴ much renown'd for greek.

¹ His Lordship has been much abroad, is a Member of the Athenian Society, and Reviewer of «GELL's Topography of Troy.»

² Mr HERBERT is a translator of Icelandic and other poetry. One of the principal pieces is a «Song on the Recovery of Thor's Hammer:» the translation is a pleasant chaunt in the vulgar tongue, and ended thus:—

«Instead of money and rings, I wot,
 The hammers's bruises were her lot,
 Thus Odin's son his hammer got.»

³ The REV. SYDNEY SMITH, the reputed author of Peter Plymley's Letters, and sundry criticisms.

⁴ Mr HALLAM reviewed ~~DAVE~~ KNIGHT'S Taste, and was exceedingly

SCOTT may perchance his name and influence lend,
 And paltry PILLANS¹ shall traduce his friend;
 While gay Thalia's luckless votary, LAMBE,²
 As he himself was damn'd, shall try to damn.
 Known by the name! unbounded be thy sway!
 Thy HOLLAND's banquets shall each toil repay;
 While grateful Britain yields the praise she owes,
 To HOLLAND's hirelings, and to learning's foes.
 Yet mark one caution, ere thy next review
 Spread its light wings of saffron and of blue,
 Beware lest blundering BROUGHAM³ destroy the sale,
 Turn beef to bannocks, cauliflowers to kail."

severe on some Greek verses therein: it was not discovered that the lines were PINDAR's, till the press rendered it impossible to cancel the critique, which still stands an everlasting monument of HALLAM's ingenuity.

The said HALLAM is incensed, because he is falsely accused, seeing that he never dined at Holland House.—If this be true, I am sorry—not for having said so, but on his account, as I understand his Lordship's feasts are preferable to his compositions.—If he did not review Lord HOLLAND's performance, I am glad, because it must have been painful to read, and irksome to praise it. If Mr HALLAM will tell me who did review it, the real name shall find a place in the text, provided, nevertheless, the said name be of two orthodox musical syllables, and will come into the verse, till then, HALLAM must stand for want of a better.

¹ PILLANS is a tutor at Eton.

² The honourable G. LAMBE reviewed «BERESFORD's Miseries,» and is moreover author of a farce enacted with much applause at the Priory, Stanmore; and damned with great expedition at the late Theatre, Covent-Garden. It was entitled «Whistle for It.»

³ Mr BROUGHAM, in N. XXV. of the Edinburgh Review, throughout the article concerning Don Pedro de Cevallos, has displayed more politics than policy: many of the worthy burgesses of Edinburgh being

Thus having said, the kilted goddess kist
 Her son, and vanish'd in a Scottish mist.¹
 Illustrious HOLLAND!—hard would be his lot,
 His hirelings mention'd, and himself forgot!
 HOLLAND, with HENRY PETTY at his back,
 The whipper-in and huntsman of the pack.
 Blest be the banquets spread at Holland-house,
 Where Scotchmen feed, and critics may carouse!
 Long, long beneath that hospitable roof,
 Shall Grub-street dine, while duns are kept aloof.
 See honest HALLAM lay aside his fork,
 Resume his pen, review his lordship's work,
 And, grateful to the founder of the feast,
 Declare his landlord can translate, at least!²
 Dunedin! view thy children with delight,
 They write for food, and feed because they write:

so incensed at the infamous principles it evinces, as to have withdrawn their subscriptions.

It seems that Mr BROUGHAM is not a Pict, as I supposed, but a Borderer, and his name is pronounced Broom, from Trent to Tay;—So be it.

¹ I ought to apologize to the worthy deities for introducing a new goddess with short petticoats to their notice: but, alas! what was to be done? I could not say Caledonia's genius, it being well known there is no genius to be found from Clackmanan to Caithness, yet without supernatural agency, how was Jeffrey to be saved? The national «Kelpies,» etc. are too unpoetical, and the «Brownies» and «gude neighbours,» (spirits of a good disposition) refused to extricate him. A goddess therefore has been called for the purpose, and great ought to be the gratitude of Jeffrey, seeing it is the only communication he ever held, or is likely to hold, with any thing heavenly.

² Lord H. has translated some specimens of Lope de Vega, inserted in his life of the author: both are bepraised by his *disinterested* guests.

And lest, when heated with th' unusual grape,
 Some glowing thoughts should to the press escape,
 And tinge with red the female reader's cheek,
 My lady skims the cream of each critique;
 Breathes o'er the page her purity of soul,
 Reforms each error, and refines the whole.¹

Now to the drama turn—oh! motley sight!
 What precious scenes the wondering eyes invite!
 Puns, and a prince within a barrel pent,²
 And Dibdin's nonsense yield complete content.
 Though now, thank Heaven! the Rosciomania's o'er,
 And full-grown actors are endured once more;
 Yet, what avails their vain attempts to please,
 While British critics suffer scenes like these?
 While REYNOLDS vents his «dammes, poohs,» and «zounds,»³
 And common place, and common sense confounds?
 While KENNY's World just suffer'd to proceed,
 Proclaims the audience very kind indeed?
 And BEAUMONT's pilfer'd Caratach affords
 A tragedy complete in all but words?⁴

¹ Certain it is, her ladyship is suspected of having displayed her matchless wit in the Edinburgh Review: however that may be, we know from good authority, that the manuscripts are submitted to her perusal—no doubt for correction.

² In the melo-drame of Tekeli, that heroic prince is clapt into a barrel on the stage, a new asylum for distressed heroes.

³ All these are favourite expressions of Mr R. and prominent in his comedies, living and defunct.

⁴ Mr T. Sheridan, the new Manager of Drury-Lane Theatre, stripped the Tragedy of Bonduca of the dialogue, and exhibited the scenes as the spectacles of Caractacus.—Was this worthy of his sire? or of himself?

Who but must mourn, while these are all the rage,
The degradation of our vaunted stage?
Heavens! is all sense of shame, and talent gone?
Have we no living bard of merit?—none?
Awake, GEORGE COLMAN, CUMBERLAND, awake!
Ring the alarum bell, let folly quake!
Oh! SHERIDAN! if aught can move thy pen,
Let Comedy resume her throne again,
Abjure the mummery of German schools,
Leave new Pizarros to translating fools;
Give as thy last memorial to the age,
One classic drama, and reform the stage.
Gods! o'er those boards shall Folly rear her head
Where GARRICK trod, and KEMBLE lives to tread?
On those shall farce display buffoonery's mask,
And Hook conceal his heroes in a cask?
Shall sapient managers new scenes produce
From CHERRY, SKEFFINGTON, and Mother Goose?
While SHAKSPEARE, OTWAY, MASSINGER, forgot,
On stalls must moulder, or in closets rot?
Lo! with what pomp the daily prints proclaim
The rival candidates for Attic fame!
In grim array though LEWIS' spectres rise,
Still SKEFFINGTON and Goose divide the prize.
And sure *great* SKEFFINGTON must claim our praise,
For skirtless coats, and skeletons of plays,
Renown'd alike; whose genius ne'er confines
Her flight to garnish GREENWOOD's gay designs;¹

¹ Mr GREENWOOD is we believe, scene-painter to Drury-Lane Theatre—
—as such Mr S. is much indebted to him.

Nor sleeps with « Sleeping Beauties, » but anon
 In five facetious acts comes thundering on,¹
 While poor John Bull, bewilder'd with the scene,
 Stares, wondering what the devil it can mean;
 But as some hands applaud, a venal few!
 Rather than sleep, why John applauds it too.

Such are we now, ah! wherefore should we turn
 To what our fathers were, unless to mourn?
 Degenerate Britons! are ye dead to shame,
 Or, kind to dullness, do you fear to blame?
 Well may the nobles of our present race
 Watch each distortion of a NALDI's face;
 Well may they smile on Italy's buffoons,
 And worship CATALANI's pantaloons,²
 Since their own drama yields no fairer trace
 Of wit than puns, of humour than grimace.

Then let AUSONIA, skilled in ev'ry art
 To soften manners, but corrupt the heart,
 Pour her exotic follies o'er the town,
 To sanction vice and hunt decorum down:
 Let wedded strumpets languish o'er DESHAYES,
 And bless the promise which his form displays;

¹ Mr S. is the illustrious author of the « Sleeping Beauty : » and some comedies, particularly « Maids and Bachelors, » *Baccalauræi baculo magis quam lauro digni.*

² NALDI and CATALANI require little notice,—for the visage of the one, and the salary of the other, will enable us long to recollect these amusing vagabonds; besides, we are still black and blue from the squeeze on the first night of the lady's appearance in trowsers.

While Gayton bounds before the enraptured looks
Of hoary marquises, and stripling dukes :
Let high-born lechers eye the lively Presle
Twirl her light limbs that spurn the needless veil ;
Let Angiolini bare her breast of snow,
Wave the white arm and point the pliant toe ;
Collini trill her love-inspiring song,
Strain her fair neck and charm the listening throng !
Raise not your scythe, Suppressors of our Vice !
Reforming saints ; too delicately nice !
By whose decrees, our sinful souls to save,
No Sunday tankards foam, no barbers shave,
And beer undrawn and beards unmown display
Your holy rev'rence for the sabbath-day.

Or, hail at once the patron and the pile
Of vice and folly, Greville and Argyle !
Where yon proud palace, fashion's hallowed fane,
Spreads wide her portals for the motley train,

' To prevent any blunder, such as mistaking a street for a man, I beg leave to state, that it is the institution, and not the duke of that name, which is here alluded to.

A gentleman, with whom I am slightly acquainted, lost in the Argyle Rooms several thousand pounds at backgammon; it is but justice to the manager in this instance to say, that some degree of disapprobation was manifested; but why are the implements of gaming allowed in a place devoted to the society of both sexes? A pleasant thing for the wives and daughters of those who are blest or cursed with such connexions, to hear the billiard-tables rattling in one room, and the dice in another! That this is the case I myself can testify, as a late unworthy member of an institution which materially affects the morals of the higher orders, while the lower may not even move to the sound of a tabor and fiddle without a chance of indictment for riotous behaviour.

Behold the new Petronius ' of the day,
The arbiter of pleasure and of play!
There the hired eunuch, the Hesperian choir,
The melting lute, the soft lascivious lyre,
The song from Italy, the step from France,
The midnight orgie, and the mazy dance,
The smile of beauty, and the flush of wine,
For fops, fools, gamesters, knaves, and lords, combine :
Each to his humour,—Comus all allows ;
Champaign, dice, music, or your neighbour's spouse.
Talk not to us, ye starving sons of trade !
Of piteous ruin, which ourselves have made :
In plenty's sunshine fortune's minions bask,
Nor think of poverty, except « en masque, »
When for the night some lately titled ass
Appears the beggar which his grandsire was.
The curtain dropp'd, the gay burletta o'er,
The audience take their turn upon the floor;
Now round the room the circling dow'gers sweep,
Now in loose waltz the thin-clad daughters leap :
The first in lengthen'd line majestic swim,
The last display the free, unfetter'd limb :
Those for Hibernia's lusty sons repair
With art the charms which nature could not spare ;
These after husbands wing their eager flight,
Nor leave much mystery for the nuptial night.

Oh ! blest retreats of infamy and ease !
Where, all forgotten but the power to please,

' Petronius, « Arbiter elegantiarum » to Nero, « and a very pretty fellow in his day, » as Mr CONGREVE'S Old Bachelor saith.

Each maid may give a loose to genial thought,
 Each swain may teach new systems, or be taught,
 There the blithe youngster, just return'd from Spain,
 Cuts the light pack, or calls the rattling main;
 The jovial caster 's set, and seven 's the nick,
 Or—done!—a thousand on the coming trick!
 If mad with loss, existence 'gins to tire,
 And all your hope or wish is to expire,
 Here 's POWELL's pistol ready for your life,
 And, kinder still, a PAGET for your wife,
 Fit consummation of an earthly race
 Begun in folly, ended in disgrace,
 While none but menials o'er the bed of death,
 Wash thy red wounds, or watch thy wavering breath;
 Traduced by liars, and forgot by all,
 The mangled victim of a drunken brawl,
 To live like CLODIUS,¹ and like FALKLAND² fall.
 Truth! rouse some genuine bard, and guide his hand,
 To drive this pestilence from out the land.
 Even I—least thinking of a thoughtless throng,
 Just skill'd to know the right and chuse the wrong,

¹ Mutato nomine de te
 Fabula narratur.

² I knew the late Lord FALKLAND well. On Sunday night I beheld him presiding at his own table, in all the honest pride of hospitality; on Wednesday morning at three o'clock, I saw, stretched before me, all that remained of courage, feeling, and a host of passions. He was a gallant and successful officer; his faults were the faults of a sailor, as such, Britons will forgive them. He died like a brave man in a better cause; for had he fallen in like manner on the deck of the frigate to which he was just appointed, his last moments would have been held up by his countrymen as an example to succeeding heroes.

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Freed at that age when reason's shield is lost,
 To fight my course through passion's countless host,
 Whom every path of pleasure's flowery way
 Has lured in turn, and all have led astray—
 E'en I must raise my voice, e'en I must feel
 Such scenes, such men destroy the public weal :
 Although some kind, censorious friend will say,
 " What art thou better, meddling fool, than they? "
 And every brother rake will smile to see
 That miracle, a moralist in me.
 No matter—when some bard in virtue strong,
 GIFFORD, perchance, shall raise the chastening song,
 Then sleep my pen for ever! and my voice
 Be only heard to hail him and rejoice ;
 Rejoice, and yield my feeble praise; though I
 May feel the lash that virtue must apply.

As for the smaller fry, who swarm in shoals,
 From silly HAFIZ¹ up to simple BOWLES,
 Why should we call them from their dark abode,
 In broad Saint Giles's, or in Tottenham road?
 Or (since some men of fashion nobly dare
 To scrawl in verse) from Bond-street, or the Square?
 If things of ton their harmless lays indite,
 Most wisely doom'd to shun the public sight,
 What harm? in spite of every critic elf,
 Sir T. may read his stanzas to himself;

¹ What would be the sentiments of the Persian Anacreon, HAFIZ, could he rise from his splendid sepulchre at Sheeraz, where he reposes with FERDOUSI and SADI, the Oriental HOMER and CATULLUS, and behold his name assumed by one STOTT of DROMORE, the most impudent and execrable of literary poachers for the daily prints?

MILES ANDREWS still his strength in couplets try,
 And live in prologues, though his dramas die.
 Lords too are bards : such things at times befall,
 And 't is some praise in peers to write at all.
 Yet, did of taste or reason sway the times,
 Ah! who would take their titles with their rhymes?
 ROSCOMMON! SHEFFIELD! with your spirits fled,
 No future laurels deck a noble head;
 No muse will cheer, with renovating smile,
 The paralytic puling of CARLISLE :
 The puny schoolboy and his early lay
 Men pardon, if his follies pass away;
 But who forgives the senior's ceaseless verse,
 Whose hairs grow hoary as his rhymes grow worse?
 What heterogeneous honours deck the peer!
 Lord, rhymester, *petit-mattre*, pamphleteer!¹
 So dull in youth, so drivelling in his age,
 His scenes alone had damn'd our sinking stage;
 But managers for once cried, "hold, enough!"
 Nor drugg'd their audience with the tragic stuff.
 Yet at their judgment let his lordship laugh,
 And case his volumes in congenial calf:
 Yes! doff that covering where Morocco shines,
 And hang a calf-skin² on those recreant lines.

¹The Earl of Carlisle has lately published an eighteenpenny pamphlet on the state of the stage, and offers his plan for building a new theatre: it is to be hoped his lordship will be permitted to bring forward any thing for the stage, except his own tragedies.

²"Doff that lion's hide:

And hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs."

SHAK. *King John*.

Lord C.'s works, most resplendently bound, form a conspicuous ornament to his book-shelves:

"The rest is all but leather and prunella."

With you, ye Druids! rich in native lead,
 Who daily scribble for your daily bread,
 With you I war not: GIFFORD's heavy hand
 Has crush'd, without remorse, your numerous band.
 On, «all the talents» vent your venal spleen,
 Want your defence, let pity be your screen.
 Let monodies on Fox regale your crew,
 And Melville's Mantle¹ prove a blanket too!
 One common Lethe waits each hapless bard,
 And peace be with you! 't is your best reward.
 Such damning fame as Dunciads only give
 Could bid your lines beyond a morning live;
 But now at once your fleeting labours close,
 With names of greater note in blest repose.
 Far be 't from me unkindly to upbraid
 The lovely Rosa's prose in masquerade,²
 Whose strains, the faithful echoes of her mind,
 Leave wondering comprehension far behind.
 Though CRUSCA's bards no more our journals fill,
 Some stragglers skirmish round their columns still;
 Last of the howling host which once was BELL's,
 MATILDA snivels yet, and HAFIZ yells;
 And MERRY's metaphors appear anew,
 Chain'd to the signature of O. P. Q.³

¹ MELVILLE's Mantle, a parody on «Elijah's Mantle,» a poem.

² This lovely little Jessica, the daughter of the noted Jew K—, seems to be a follower of the Della Crusca School, and has published two volumes of very respectable absurdities in rhyme, as times go; besides sundry novels in the style of the first edition of the Monk.

³ These are the signatures of various worthies who figure in the poetical departments of the newspapers.

When some brisk youth, the tenant of a stall,
 Employs a pen less pointed than his awl,
 Leaves his snug shop, forsakes his store of shoes,
 Saint Crispin quits, and cobbles for the muse,
 Heavens! how the vulgar stare! how crowds applaud!
 How ladies read, and literati laud!
 If chance some wicked wag should pass his jest,
 'T is sheer ill-nature; don't the world know best?
 Genius must guide when wits admire the rhyme,
 And CAPEL LOFFT¹ declares 't is quite sublime.
 Hear, then, ye happy sons of needless trade!
 Swains! quit the plough, resign the useless spade:
 Lo! BURNS and BLOOMFIELD,² nay, a greater far,
 GIFFORD was born beneath an adverse star,
 Forsook the labours of a servile state,
 Stem'd the rude storm, and triumph'd over fate:
 Then why no more? if Phœbus smiled on you,
 BLOOMFIELD! why not on brother Nathan too?
 Him too the mania, not the muse, has seized;
 Not inspiration, but a mind diseased:
 And now no boor can seek his last abode,
 No common be enclosed, without an ode.
 Oh! since increased refinement deigns to smile
 On Britain's sons, and bless our genial isle,
 Let poesy go forth, pervade the whole,
 Alike the rustic, and mechanic soul:

¹ CAPEL LOFFT, Esq. the Mæcenas of shoemakers, and preface-writer-general to distressed versemen; a kind of gratis accoucheur to those who wish to be delivered of rhyme, but do not know how to bring it forth.

² See NATHANIEL BLOOMFIELD's ode, elegy, or whatever he or any one else chooses to call it, on the enclosure of "Honington Green."

Ye tuneful cobblers! still your notes prolong,
 Compose at once a slipper and a song;
 So shall the fair your handiwork peruse;
 Your sonnets sure shall please—perhaps your shoes.
 May Moorland¹ weavers boast Pindaric skill,
 And tailors' lays be longer than their bill!
 While punctual beaux reward the grateful notes,
 And pay for poems—when they pay for coats.

To the famed throng now paid the tribute due,
 Neglected genius! let me turn to you.
 Come forth, oh CAMPBELL!² give thy talents scope;
 Who dares aspire if thou must cease to hope?
 And thou, melodious ROGERS! rise at last,
 Recall the pleasing memory of the past;
 Arise! let blest remembrance still inspire,
 And strike to wonted tones thy hallow'd lyre!
 Restore Apollo to his vacant throne,
 Assert thy country's honour and thine own.
 What! must deserted poesy still weep
 Where her last hopes with pious COWPER sleep?
 Unless, perchance, from his cold bier she turns,
 To deck the turf that wraps her minstrel, BURNS!
 No! though contempt hath mark'd the spurious brood,
 The race who rhyme from folly, or for food;

¹ Vide «Recollections of a Weaver in the Moorlands» of Staffordshire.

² It would be superfluous to recal to the mind of the reader the author of «The Pleasures of Memory» and «The Pleasures of Hope,» the most beautiful didactic poems in our language, if we except Pope's Essay on Man: but so many poetasters have started up, that even the names of CAMPBELL and ROGERS are become strange.

Yet still some genuine sons 't is her's to boast,
 Who, least affecting, still affect the most;
 Feel as they write, and write but as they feel—
 Bear witness GIFFORD, SOTHEBY, MACNEIL.¹

« Why slumbers GIFFORD? » once was asked in vain :
 Why slumbers GIFFORD? let us ask again.²
 Are there no follies for his pen to purge?
 Are there no fools whose backs demand the scourge?
 Are there no sins for satire's bard to greet?
 Stalks not gigantic vice in every street?
 Shall peers or princes tread pollution's path,
 And 'scape alike the law's and muse's wrath?
 Nor blaze with guilty glare through future time,
 Eternal beacons of consummate crime?
 Arouse thee, GIFFORD! be thy promise claim'd,
 Make bad men better, or at least ashamed.

Unhappy WHITE!³ while life was in its spring,
 And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,

¹ GIFFORD, author of the *Baviad* and *Mæviad*, the first satires of the day, and translator of JUVENAL.

SOTHEBY, translator of WIELAND's *Oberon* and Virgil's *Georgics*, and author of *Saul*, an epic poem.

MACNEIL, whose poems are deservedly popular: particularly «*Scotland's Scaith, or the Waes of War,*» of which ten thousand copies were sold in one month.

² Mr GIFFORD promised publicly that the *Baviad* and *Mæviad* should not be his last original works: let him remember, «*Mox in reluctantæ dracones.*»

³ HENRY KIRKE WHITE died at Cambridge in October 1806, in consequence of too much exertion in the pursuit of studies that would have

The spoiler came; and all thy promise fair
 Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there.
 Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
 When science' self destroy'd her favourite son!
 Yes! she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,
 She sow'd the seeds, but death has reap'd the fruit.
 'T was thine own genius gave the final blow,
 And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low :
 So the struck eagle stretch'd upon the plain,
 No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
 View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
 And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart :
 Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
 He nursed the pinion which impell'd the steel,
 While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest
 Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

There be, who say in these enlighten'd days
 That splendid lies are all the poet's praise;
 That strain'd invention, ever on the wing,
 Alone impels the modern bard to sing :
 'T is true, that all who rhyme, nay, all who write,
 Shrink from that fatal word to genius—trite;
 Yet truth sometimes will lend her noblest fires,
 And decorate the verse herself inspires :
 This fact in virtue's name let CRABBE attest,
 Though nature's sternest painter, yet the best.

matured a mind which disease and poverty could not impair, and which death itself destroyed rather than subdued. His poems abound in such beauties as must impress the reader with the liveliest regret that so short a period was allotted to talents, which would have dignified even the sacred functions he was destined to assume.

And here let SHEE¹ and genius find a place,
 Whose pen and pencil yield an equal grace;
 To guide whose hand the sister arts combine,
 And trace the poet's, or the painter's line;
 Whose magic touch can bid the canvass glow,
 Or pour the easy rhyme's harmonious flow,
 While honours doubly merited attend
 The poet's rival, but the painter's friend.

Blest is the man who dares approach the bower
 Where dwelt the muses at their natal hour;
 Whose steps have press'd, whose eye has mark'd afar
 The clime that nursed the sons of song and war;
 The scenes which glory still must hover o'er,
 Her place of birth, her own Achaian shore:
 But doubly blest is he, whose heart expands
 With hallow'd feelings for those classic lands;
 Who rends the veil of ages long gone by,
 And views their remnants with a poet's eye;
 WRIGHT!² 't was thy happy lot at once to view
 Those shores of glory, and to sing them too;
 And sure no common muse inspired thy pen
 To hail the land of gods and godlike men.

And you, associate bards!³ who snatch'd to light
 Those gems too long withheld from modern sight;

¹ Mr SHEE, author of «Rhymes on Art,» and Elements of Art.»

² Mr WRIGHT, late consul-general for the Seven Islands, is author of a very beautiful poem just published : it is entitled, «Horæ Ionicae,» and is descriptive of the Isles and the adjacent coast of Greece.

³ The translators of the anthology have since published separate poems, which evince genius that only requires opportunity to attain eminence.

Whose mingling taste combined to cull the wreath
 Where Attic flowers Aonian odours breathe,
 And all their renovated fragrance flung,
 To grace the beauties of your native tongue;
 Now let those minds that nobly could transfuse
 The glorious spirit of the Grecian Muse,
 Though soft the echo, scorn a borrow'd tone:
 Resign Achaia's lyre and strike your own.

Let these, or such as these, with just applause,
 Restore the muse's violated laws:
 But not in flimsy DARWIN's pompous chime,
 That mighty master of unmeaning rhyme;
 Whose gilded cymbals, more adorn'd than clear,
 The eye delighted but fatigued the ear,
 In show the simple lyre could once surpass,
 But now worn down, appear in native brass;
 While all his train of hovering sylphs around
 Evaporate in similies and sound:
 Him let them shun, with him let tinsel die;
 False glare attracts, but more offends the eye.¹

Yet let them not to vulgar WORDSWORTH stoop,
 The meanest object of the lowly group,
 Whose verse of all but childish prattle void,
 Seems blessed harmony to LAMBE and LLOYD:²
 Let them—but hold, my muse, nor dare to teach
 A strain, far, far beyond thy humble reach;

¹ The neglect of the «Botanic Garden» is some proof of returning taste; the scenery is its sole recommendation.

² The most ignoble followers of Southey and Co.

The native genius with their feeling given
Will point the path, and peal their notes to heaven.

And thou, too, SCOTT!¹ resign to minstrels rude
The wilder Slogan of a border feud:
Let others spin their meagre lines for hire;
Enough for genius if itself inspire!
Let SOUTHEY sing, although his teeming muse,
Prolific every spring, be too profuse;
Let simple WORDSWORTH chime his childish verse,
And brother COLERIDGE lull the babe at nurse;
Let spectre-mongering LEWIS aim, at most,
To rouse the galleries, or to raise a ghost;
Let MOORE be lewd; let STRANGFORD steal from MOORE,
And swear that CAMOENS sang such notes of yore;
Let HAYLEY hobble on; MONTGOMERY rave;
And godly GRAHAME chaunt a stupid stave;
Let sonnetteering BOWLES his strains refine,
And whine and whimper to the fourteenth line;
Let STOTT, CARLISLE,² MATILDA, and the rest

¹ By the by, I hope that in Mr SCOTT's next poem his hero or heroine will be less addicted to "Gramarye," and more to Grammar, than the Lady of the Lay, and her bravo, William of Deloraine.

² It may be asked why I have censured the Earl of CARLISLE, my guardian and relative, to whom I dedicated a volume of puerile poems a few years ago. The guardianship was nominal, at least as far as I have been able to discover: the relationship I cannot help, and am very sorry for it; but as his lordship seemed to forget it on a very essential occasion to me, I shall not burthen my memory with the recollection. I do not think that personal differences sanction the unjust condemnation of a brother scribbler: but I see no reason why they should act as a preventive, when the author, noble or ignoble, has for a series of years beguiled a "discerning public" (as the advertisements have it) with divers reams of most orthodox, imperial non-

Of Grub-street, and of Grosvenor-place the best,
 Scrawl on, till death release us from the strain,
 Or common sense assert her rights again :
 But thou, with powers that mock the aid of praise,
 Should'st leave to humbler bards ignoble lays :
 Thy country's voice, the voice of all the Nine,
 Demand a hallow'd harp—that harp is thine.
 Say! will not Caledonia's annals yield
 The glorious record of some nobler field,
 Than the vile foray of a plundering clan,
 Whose proudest deeds disgrace the name of man?
 Or Marmion's acts of darkness, fitter food
 For outlaw'd SHERWOOD's tales of ROBIN HOOD?
 Scotland! still proudly claim thy native bard,
 And be thy praise his first, his best reward!
 Yet not with thee alone his name should live,
 But own the vast renown a world can give;

sense. Besides, I do not step aside to vituperate the earl; no—his works come fairly in review with those of other patrician literati. If, before I escaped from my teens, I said any thing in favour of his lordship's paper books, it was in the way of dutiful dedication, and more from the advice of others than my own judgment, and I seize the first opportunity of pronouncing my sincere recantation. I have heard that some persons conceive me to be under obligations to Lord CARLISLE : if so, I shall be most particularly happy to learn what they are, and when conferred, that they may be duly appreciated, and publicly acknowledged. What I have humbly advanced as an opinion on his printed things, I am prepared to support, if necessary, by quotations from elegies, eulogies, odes, episodes, and certain facetious and dainty tragedies bearing his name and mark :

•What can ennoble knaves, or fools, or cowards?

Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards !•

so says POPE. Amen.

Be known, perchance, when Albion is no more,
 And tell the tale of what she was before;
 To future times her faded fame recall,
 And save her glory, though his country fall.

Yet what avails the sanguine poet's hope
 To conquer ages, and with time to cope?
 New eras spread their wings, new nations rise,
 And other victors ' fill the applauding skies :
 A few brief generations fleet along,
 Whose sons forget the poet and his song :
 E'en now what once-loved minstrels scarce may claim
 The transient mention of a dubious name!
 When fame's loud trump hath blown it's noblest blast,
 Though long the sound, the echo sleeps at last,
 And glory, like the phoenix midst her fires,
 Exhales her odours, blazes, and expires.

Shall hoary Granta call her sable sons
 Expert in science, more expert at puns?
 Shall these approach the muse? ah no! she flies,
 And even spurns the great Seatonian prize,
 Though printers condescend the press to soil
 With rhyme by HOARE, and epic blank by HOYLE :
 Not him whose page, if still upheld by whist,
 Requires no sacred theme to bid us list.²

¹ « Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora. »

VIRGIL.

² The « Games of Hoyle, » well known to the votaries of whist, chess, etc. are not to be superseded by the vagaries of his poetical namesake, whose poem comprised, as expressly stated in the advertisement, all the « Plagues of Egypt. »

Ye! who in Granta's honours would surpass,
 Must mount her Pegasus, a full-grown ass;
 A foal well worthy of her ancient dam,
 Whose Helicon is duller than her Cam.

There CLARKE¹ still striving piteously « to please, »
 Forgetting doggrel leads not to degrees,
 A would-be satirist, a hired buffoon,
 A monthly scribbler of some low lampoon,
 Condemn'd to drudge, the meanest of the mean,
 And furbish falsehoods for a magazine,
 Devotes to scandal his congenial mind,
 Himself a living libel on mankind.
 Oh dark asylum of a Vandal race!²
 At once the boast of learning and disgrace;
 So sunk in dullness, and so lost in shame,
 That SMYTHE and HODGSON³ scarce redeem thy fame!

¹ This person, who has lately betrayed the most rapid symptoms of confirmed authorship, is writer of a poem denominated the « Art of Pleasing, » as « Lucus a non lucendo, » containing little pleasantry, and less poetry. He also acts as monthly stipendiary and collector of calumnies for the satirist. If this unfortunate young man would exchange the magazines for the mathematics, and endeavour to take a decent degree in his university, it might eventually prove more serviceable than his present salary.

² « Into Cambridgeshire the Emperor Probus transported a considerable body of Vandals. »—Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, page 83, vol. 2. There is no reason to doubt the truth of this assertion; the breed is still in high perfection.

³ This gentleman's name requires no praise; the man who in translation displays unquestionable genius may well be expected to excel in original composition, of which it is to be hoped we shall soon see a splendid specimen.

But where fair Isis rolls her purer wave,
The partial muse delighted loves to lave ;
On her green banks a greener wreath is wove,
To crown the bards that haunt her classic grove ;
Where RICHARDS wakes a genuine poet's fires,
And modern Britons justly praise their sires.'

For me, who thus unask'd have dared to tell
My country what her sons should know too well,
Zeal for her honour bade me here engage
The host of idiots that infest her age.
No just applause her honour'd name shall lose,
As first in freedom, dearest to the muse.
Oh! would thy bards but emulate thy fame,
And rise, more worthy, Albion, of thy name!
What Athens was in science, Rome in power,
What Tyre appear'd in her meridian hour,
'T is thine at once, fair Albion, to have been,
Earth's chief dictatress, ocean's mighty queen :
But Rome decay'd, and Athens strew'd the plain,
And Tyre's proud piers lie shatter'd in the main.
Like these thy strength may sink, in ruin hurl'd,
And Britain fall, the bulwark of the world.
But, let me cease, and dread Cassandra's fate,
With warning ever scoff'd at, 'till too late ;
To themes less lofty still my lay confine,
And urge thy bards to gain a name like thine.

Then, hapless Britain! be thy rulers blest!
The senate's oracles, the people's jest!

'The « Aboriginal Britons, » an excellent poem by RICHARDS.

Still hear thy motley orators dispense
 The flowers of rhetoric, though not of sense;
 While CANNING's colleagues hate him for his wit,
 And old dame PORTLAND¹ fills the place of PITT.

Yet once again adieu! ere this the sail
 That wafts me hence is shivering in the gale:
 And Afric's coast and Calpe's² adverse height,
 And Stamboul's³ minarets must greet my sight:
 Thence shall I stray through beauty's⁴ native clime,
 Where Kaff⁵ is clad in rocks, and crown'd with snows sublime.
 But should I back return, no letter'd rage
 Shall drag my common-place book on the stage:
 Let vain VALENTIA⁶ rival luckless CARR,
 And equal him whose work he sought to mar;
 Let ABERDEEN and ELGIN⁷ still pursue
 The shade of fame through regions of vertu;

¹ A friend of mine being asked why his Grace of P. was likened to an old woman? replied, « he supposed it was because he was past bearing.»

² Calpe is the ancient name of Gibraltar.

³ Stamboul is the Turkish word for Constantinople.

⁴ Georgia, remarkable for the beauty of its inhabitants.

⁵ Mount Caucasus.

⁶ Lord VALENTIA (whose tremendous travels are forthcoming, with due decorations, graphical, topographical, and typographical) deposed, on Sir JOHN CARR's unlucky suit, that DUBOIS' satire prevented his purchase of the «Stranger in Ireland.»—Oh fie, my lord! has your lordship no more feeling for a fellow-tourist? but «two of a trade,» they say, etc.

⁷ Lord ELGIN would fain persuade us that all the figures, with and without noses, in his stone-shop, are the work of Phidias! «Credat Judæus!»

Waste useless thousands on their Phidian freaks,
 Mis-shapen monuments and maim'd antiques;
 And make their grand saloons a general mart
 For all the mutilated blocks of art:
 Of Dardan tours let dilettanti tell,
 I leave topography to classic GELL;¹
 And, quite content, no more shall interpose,
 To stun mankind with poesy, or prose.

Thus far I've held my undisturb'd career,
 Prepared for rancour, steel'd 'gainst selfish fear:
 This thing of rhyme I ne'er disdain'd to own—
 Though not obtrusive, yet not quite unknown,
 My voice was heard again, though not so loud,
 My page, though nameless, never disavow'd,
 And now at once I tear the veil away:
 Cheer on the pack! the quarry stands at bay,
 Unscared by all the din of MELBOURNE house,
 By LAMBE's resentment, or by HOLLAND's spouse,
 By JEFFREY's harmless pistol, HALLAM's rage,
 EDINA's brawny sons and brimstone page.
 Our men in buckram shall have blows enough,
 And feel, they too are «penetrable stuff:»
 And though I hope not hence unscathed to go,
 Who conquers me shall find a stubborn foe.
 The time hath been, when no harsh sound would fall
 From lips that now may seem imbued with gall,

¹ Mr GELL's Topography of Troy and Ithaca cannot fail to ensure the approbation of every man possessed of classical taste, as well for the information Mr G. conveys to the mind of the reader, as for the ability and research the respective works display.

Nor fools nor follies tempt me to despise
The meanest thing that crawl'd beneath my eyes;
But now, so callous grown, so changed since youth,
I've learn'd to think, and sternly speak the truth;
I learn'd to deride the critic's starch decree,
And break him on the wheel he meant for me;
To spurn the rod a scribbler bids me kiss,
Nor care if courts and crowds applaud or hiss:
Nay more, though all my rival rhymesters frown,
I too can hunt a poetaster down;
And, arm'd in proof, the gauntlet cast at once
To Scotch marauder, and to Southern dunce.
Thus much I've dared to do; how far my lay
Hath wrong'd these righteous times let others say;
This, let the world, which knows not how to spare,
Yet rarely blames unjustly, now declare.

POSTSCRIPT.¹

I HAVE been informed, since the present edition went to the press, that my trusty and well beloved-cousins, the Edinburgh reviewers, are preparing a most vehement critique on my poor gentle, *unresisting* muse, whom they have already so bedeviled with their ungodly ribaldry:

•Tântæne animis celestibus iræ!•

I suppose I must say of JEFFREY as SIR ANDREW AGUECHUK saith, «an I had known he was so cunning of fence, I had seen him damned ere I had fought him.» What a pity it is that I shall be beyond the Bosphorus before the next number has passed the Tweed. But I yet hope to light my pipe with it in Persia:

My Northern friends have accused me, with justice, of personality towards their great literary Anthropophagus, JEFFREY; but what else was to be done with him and his dirty pack, who feed «by lying and slandering,» and slake their thirst by «evil-speaking?» I have adduced facts already well known, and of Jeffrey's mind I have stated my free opinion, nor has he thence sustained any injury;—what scavenger was ever soiled by being pelted with mud? It may be said that I quit England because I have censured there, «persons of honour and wit about town,» but I am coming back again, and their vengeance will keep hot till my return. Those who know me can testify that my motives for leaving England are very different from fears, literary or personal; those who do not may one day be convinced. Since the

¹ Published to the second edition.

publication of this thing, my name has not been concealed; I have been mostly in London, ready to answer for my transgressions, and in daily expectation of sundry cartels; but alas! «The age of chivalry is over,» or, in the vulgar tongue, there is no spirit now-a-days.

There is a youth ycleped Hewson Clarke, (subaudi, Esq.) a sizer of Emanuel College, and I believe a denizen of Berwick upon Tweed, whom I have introduced in these pages to much better company than he has been accustomed to meet: he is, notwithstanding, a very sad dog, and for no reason that I can discover, except a personal quarrel with a bear, kept by me at Cambridge to sit for a fellowship, and whom the jealousy of his Trinity cotemporaries prevented from success, has been abusing me, and, what is worse, the defenceless innocent above mentioned, in the Satirist for one year and some months. I am utterly unconscious of having given him any provocation; indeed I am guiltless of having heard his name, till it was coupled with the Satirist. He has therefore no reason to complain, and I dare say that, like Sir Fretful Plagiary, he is rather *pleased* than otherwise. I have now mentioned all who have done me the honour to notice me and mine, that is, my bear and my book, except the editor of the Satirist, who, it seems, is a gentleman, God wot! I wish he could impart a little of his gentility to his subordinate scribblers. I hear that Mr JERNINGHAM is about to take up the cudgels for his Mæcenas, Lord Carlisle; I hope not: he was one of the few who, in the very short intercourse I had with him, treated me with kindness when a hoy, and whatever he may say or do, «pour on, I will endure.» I have nothing further to add, save a general note of thanksgiving to readers, purchasers, and publisher, and, in the words of SCOTT, I wish

«To all and each a fair good night,
And rosy dreams and slumbers light.»

HEBREW MELODIES.

HEBREW MELODIES.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that 's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

THE HARP THE MONARCH MINSTREL SWEPT.

THE Harp the monarch minstrel swept,
The king of men, the loved of Heaven,
Which music hallow'd while she wept
O'er tones her heart of hearts had given,
Redoubled be her tears, its chords are riven!
It soften'd men of iron mould,
It gave them virtues not their own;
No ear so dull, no soul so cold,
That felt not, fired not to the tone,
Till David's lyre grew mightier than his throne!

It told the triumphs of our king,
It wafted glory to our God;
It made our gladden'd valleys ring,
The cedars bow, the mountains nod;
Its sound aspired to heaven and there abode!
Since then, though heard on earth no more,
Devotion and her daughter love
Still bid the bursting spirit soar
'To sounds that seem as from above,
In dreams that day's broad light can not remove.

IF THAT HIGH WORLD.

If that high world, which lies beyond
 Our own, surviving love endears;
 If there the cherish'd heart be fond,
 The eye the same, except in tears—
 How welcome those untrodden spheres!
 How sweet this very hour to die!
 To soar from earth and find all fears
 Lost in thy light—eternity!

It must be so: 't is not for self
 That we so tremble on the brink;
 And striving to o'erleap the gulf,
 Yet cling to being's severing link.
 Oh! in that future let us think
 To hold each heart the heart that shares,
 With them the immortal waters drink,
 And soul in soul grow deathless theirs!

THE WILD GAZELLE.

THE wild gazelle on Judah's hills
 Exulting yet may bound,
 And drink from all the living rills
 That gush on holy ground;

Its airy step and glorious eye
May glance in tameless transport by :—

A step as fleet, an eye more bright,
Hath Judah witness'd there;
And o'er her scenes of lost delight
Inhabitants more fair.
The cedars wave on Lebanon,
But Judah's statelier maids are gone!

More blest each palm that shades those plains
Than Israel's scatter'd race;
For, taking root, it there remains
In solitary grace:
It cannot quit its place of birth,
It will not live in other earth.

But we must wander witheringly,
In other lands to die;
And where our fathers' ashes be,
Our own may never lie:
Our temple hath not left a stone,
And mockery sits on Salem's throne.

OH! WEEP FOR THOSE.

Oh! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream:
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell;
Mourn—where their God hath dwelt the godless dwell!

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet?
And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet?
And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leap'd before its heavenly voice?

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest!
The wild-dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country—Israel but the grave!

ON JORDAN'S BANKS.

On Jordan's banks the Arabs' camels stray,
On Sion's hill the false one's votaries pray,
The Baal-adorer bows on Sinai's steep—
Yet there—even there—Oh God! thy thunders sleep:

There—where thy finger scorch'd the tablet stone!
There—where thy shadow to thy people shone!
Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire:
Thyself—none living see and not expire!

Oh! in the lightning let thy glance appear!
Sweep from his shiver'd hand the oppressor's spear:
How long by tyrants shall thy land be trod!
How long thy temple worshipless, oh God!

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

SINCE our country, our God,—oh, my sire!
Demand that thy daughter expire;
Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow—
Strike the bosom that 's bared for thee now!

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,
And the mountains behold me no more:
If the hand that I love lay me low,
There cannot be pain in the blow!

And of this, oh, my father! be sure—
That the blood of thy child is as pure
As the blessing I beg ere it flow,
And the last thought that soothes me below.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,
Be the judge and the hero unbent!
I have won the great battle for thee,
And my father and country are free!

When this blood of thy giving hath gush'd,
When the voice that thou lovest is hush'd,
Let my memory still be thy pride,
And forget not I smiled as I died!

OH! SNATCH'D AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM.

Oh! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year;
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom :

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
Shall sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a dream,
And lingering pause and lightly tread;
Fond wretch! as if her step disturb'd the dead!

Away; we know that tears are vain,
That death nor heeds nor hears distress :
Will this unteach us to complain?
Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou—who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

MY SOUL IS DARK.

My soul is dark—Oh! quickly string
The harp I yet can brook to hear;
And let thy gentle fingers fling
Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear.

If in this heart a hope be dear,
That sound shall charm it forth again;
If in these eyes there lurk a tear,
'T will flow, and cease to burn my brain.

But bid the strain be wild and deep,
Nor let thy notes of joy be first :
I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep,
Or else this heavy heart will burst;
For it hath been by sorrow nurst,
And ached in sleepless silence long;
And now 't is doom'd to know the worst,
And break at once—or yield to song.

I SAW THEE WEEP.

I saw thee weep—the big bright tear
Came o'er that eye of blue;
And then methought it did appear
A violet dropping dew :
I saw thee smile—the sapphire's blaze
Beside thee ceased to shine;
It could not match the living rays
That fill'd that glance of thine.

As clouds from yonder sun receive
A deep and mellow die,
Which scarce the shade of coming eve
Can banish from the sky,

Those smiles unto the moodiest mind
 Their own pure joy impart;
 Their sunshine leaves a glow behind
 That lightens o'er the heart.

THY DAYS ARE DONE.

Thy days are done, thy fame begun;
 Thy country's strains record
 The triumphs of her chosen son,
 The slaughters of his sword!
 The deeds he did, the fields he won,
 The freedom he restored!

Though thou art fall'n, while we are free
 Thou shalt not taste of death!
 The generous blood that flow'd from thee
 Disdain'd to sink beneath:
 Within our veins its currents be,
 Thy spirit on our breath!

Thy name, our charging hosts along,
 Shall be the battle-word!
 Thy fall, the theme of choral song
 From virgin voices pour'd!
 To weep would do thy glory wrong;
 Thou shalt not be deplored.

SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE.

WARRIORS and chiefs! should the shaft or the sword
Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord,
Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path :
Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath!

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,
Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,
Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet!
Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet.

Farewell to others, but never we part,
Heir to my royalty, son of my heart!
Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day!

SAUL.

THOU whose spell can raise the dead,
Bid the prophet's form appear.
« Samuel, raise thy buried head!
King, behold the phantom seer! »
Earth yawn'd; he stood the centre of a cloud :
Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud.

Death stood all glassy in his fixed eye;
 His hand was wither'd, and his veins were dry;
 His foot, in bony whiteness, glitter'd there,
 Shrunken and sinewless, and ghastly bare:
 From lips that moved not and unbreathing frame,
 Like cavern'd winds, the hollow accents came.
 Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak,
 At once, and blasted by the thunder-stroke.

« Why is my sleep disquieted?
 Who is he that calls the dead?
 Is it thou, oh, king? Behold,
 Bloodless are these limbs, and cold :
 Such are mine; and such shall be
 Thine to-morrow, when with me :
 Ere the coming day is done,
 Such shalt thou be, such thy son.
 Fare thee well, but for a day;
 Then we mix our mouldering clay.
 Thou, thy race, lie pale and low,
 Pierced by shafts of many a bow;
 And the falchion by thy side
 To thy heart thy hand shall guide :
 Crownless, breathless, headless fall,
 Son and sire, the house of Saul! »

“ALL IS VANITY, SAITH THE PREACHER.”

FAME, wisdom, love, and power were mine,
And health and youth possess'd me;
My goblets blush'd from every vine,
And lovely forms caress'd me;
I sunn'd my heart in beauty's eyes,
And felt my soul grow tender;
All earth can give, or mortal prize,
Was mine of regal splendour.

I strive to number o'er what days
Remembrance can discover,
Which all that life or earth displays
Would lure me to live over.
There rose no day, there roll'd no hour,
Of pleasure unembitter'd;
And not a trapping deck'd my power
That gall'd not while it glitter'd.

The serpent of the field, by art
And spells, is won from harming;
But that which coils around the heart,
Oh! who hath power of charming?
It will not list to wisdom's lore,
Nor music's voice can lure it;
But there it stings for evermore
The soul that must endure it.

WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS SUFFERING
CLAY.

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering clay,
Ah, whither strays the immortal mind?
It cannot die, it cannot stay,
But leaves its darken'd dust behind.
Then, unembodied, doth it trace
By steps each planet's heavenly way?
Or fill at once the realms of space,
A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecay'd,
A thought unseen, but seeing all,
All, all in earth, or skies display'd,
Shall it survey, shall it recall:
Each fainter trace that memory holds
So darkly of departed years,
In one broad glance the soul beholds,
And all, that was, at once appears.

Before creation peopled earth,
Its eye shall roll through chaos back;
And where the furthest heaven had birth,
The spirit trace its rising track.
And where the future mars or makes,
Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
While sun is quench'd or system breaks,
Fix'd in its own eternity.

Above or love, hope, hate, or fear,
It lives all passionless and pure :
An age shall fleet like earthly year ;
Its years as moments shall endure.
Away, away, without a wing,
O'er all, through all, its thought shall fly ;
A nameless and eternal thing,
Forgetting what it was to die.

VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

THE king was on his throne,
The satraps throng'd the hall ;
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deem'd divine—
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless heathen's wine!

In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand :
The fingers of a man ;—
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,
 And bade no more rejoice;
 All bloodless wax'd his look,
 And tremulous his voice.
 « Let the men of lore appear,
 The wisest of the earth,
 And expound the words of fear,
 Which mar our royal mirth. »

Chaldea's seers are good,
 But here they have no skill;
 And the unknown letters stood
 Untold and awful still.
 And Babel's men of age
 Are wise and deep in lore;
 But now they were not sage,
 They saw—but knew no more.

A captive in the land,
 A stranger and a youth,
 He heard the king's command,
 He saw that writing's truth.
 The lamps around were bright,
 The prophecy in view;
 He read it on that night,—
 The morrow proved it true.

« Belshazzar's grave is made,
 His kingdom pass'd away,
 He, in the balance weigh'd,
 Is light and worthless clay.

The shroud, his robe of state,
His canopy the stone;
The Mede is at his gate!
The Persian on his throne!

SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS!

SUN of the sleepless! melancholy star!
Whose tearful beam glows tremulously far,
That show'st the darkness thou canst not dispel,
How like art thou to joy remember'd well!
So gleams the past, the light of other days,
Which shines, but warms not with its powerless rays;
A night-beam sorrow watcheth to behold,
Distinct, but distant—clear—but, oh how cold!

WERE MY BOSOM AS FALSE AS THOU DEEMST IT TO BE.

WERE my bosom as false as thou deem'st it to be,
I need not have wander'd from far Galilee;
It was but abjuring my creed to efface
The curse which, thou say'st, is the crime of my race.

If the bad never triumph, then God is with thee!
If the slave only sin, thou art spotless and free!
If the exile on earth is an outcast on high,
Live on in thy faith, but in mine I will die.

I have lost for that faith more than thou canst bestow,
As the God who permits thee to prosper doth know;
In his hand is my heart and my hope—and in thine
The land and the life which for him I resign.

HEROD'S LAMENT FOR MARIAMNE.

Oh, Mariamne! now for thee
The heart for which thou bled'st is bleeding;
Revenge is lost in agony,
And wild remorse to rage succeeding.
Oh, Mariamne! where art thou?
Thou canst not hear my bitter pleading:
Ah, couldst thou—thou wouldst pardon now,
Though Heaven were to my prayer unheeding.

And is she dead?—and did they dare
Obey my phrensy's jealous raving?
My wrath but doom'd my own despair:
The sword that smote her 's o'er me waving.—
But thou art cold, my murder'd love!
And this dark heart is vainly craving
For her who soars alone above,
And leaves my soul unworthy saving.

She's gone, who shared my diadem;
She sunk, with her my joys entombing;
I swept that flower from Judah's stem
Whose leaves for me alone were blooming;

And mine's the guilt, and mine the hell,
This bosom's desolation dooming;
And I have earn'd those tortures well,
Which unconsumed are still consuming!

ON THE DAY OF THE DESTRUCTION
OF JERUSALEM BY TITUS.

FROM the last hill that looks on thy once holy dome
I beheld thee, oh Sion! when render'd to Rome:
'T was thy last sun went down, and the flames of thy fall
Flash'd back on the last glance I gave to thy wall.

I look'd for thy temple, I look'd for my home,
And forgot for a moment my bondage to come;
I beheld but the death-fire that fed on thy fane,
And the fast-fetter'd hands that made vengeance in vain.

On many an eve, the high spot whence I gazed
Had reflected the last beam of day as it blazed;
While I stood on the height, and beheld the decline
Of the rays from the mountain that shone on thy shrine.

And now on that mountain I stood on that day,
But I mark'd not the twilight beam melting away;
Oh! would that the lightning had glared in its stead,
And the thunderbolt burst on the conqueror's head!

But the gods of the pagan shall never profane
The shrine where Jehovah disdain'd not to reign;
And scatter'd and scorn'd as thy people may be,
Our worship, oh father! is only for thee.

BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON WE SAT DOWN
AND WEPT.

We sate down and wept by the waters
Of Babel, and thought of the day
When our foe, in the hue of his slaughters,
Made Salem's high places his prey;
And ye, oh her desolate daughters!
Were scatter'd all weeping away.

While sadly we gazed on the river
Which roll'd on in freedom below,
They demanded the song; but, oh never
That triumph the stranger shall know!
May this right hand be wither'd for ever,
Ere it string our high harp for the foe!

On the willow that harp is suspended,
Oh Salem! its sound should be free!
And the hour when thy glories were ended
But left me that token of thee:
And ne'er shall its soft tones be blended
With the voice of the spoiler by me!

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen :
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride :
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

FROM JOB.

A SPIRIT pass'd before me : I beheld
The face of immortality unveil'd—
Deep sleep came down on every eye save mine—
And there it stood,—all formless—but divine :
Along my bones the creeping flesh did quake ; -
And as my damp hair stiffen'd, thus it spake :

« Is man more just than God? Is man more pure
Than he who deems even seraphs insecure?
Creatures of clay—vain dwellers in the dust!
The moth survives you, and are ye more just!
Things of a day! you wither ere the night,
Heedless and blind to wisdom's wasted light!»



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE DREAM.

OUR life is twofold; sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence: sleep bath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality,
And dreams in their developement have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils,
They do divide our being; they become
A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity;
They pass like spirits of the past,—they speak
Like sibyls of the future; they have power—
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;
They make us what we were not—what they will,
And shake us with the vision that's gone by,
The dread of vanish'd shadows—Are they so?

Is not the past all shadow? What are they?
Creations of the mind?—The mind can make
Substance, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.
I would recall a vision which I dream'd
Perchance in sleep—for in itself a thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
Green and of mild declivity, the last
As 't were the cape of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
But a most living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and cornfields, and the abodes of men
Scatter'd at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs;—the hill
Was crown'd with a peculiar diadem
Of trees, in circular array, so fix'd,
Not by the sport of nature, but of man :
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
Gazing—the one on all that was beneath
Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her;
And both were young, and one was beautiful :
And both were young—yet not alike in youth.
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge
The maid was on the eve of womanhood;
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,

And that was shining on him; he had look'd
Upon it till it could not pass away;
He had no breath, no being, but in hers;
She was his voice; he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words; she was his sight,
For his eye follow'd hers, and saw with hers,
Which colour'd all his objects:—he had ceased
To live within himself; she was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all: upon a tone,
A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,
And his cheek change tempestuously—his heart
Unknowing of its cause of agony.
But she in these fond feelings had no share:
Her sighs were not for him; to her he was
Even as a brother—but no more; 't was much;
For brotherless she was, save in the name
Her infant friendship had bestow'd on him;
Herself the solitary scion left
Of a time-honour'd race.—It was a name
Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not—and why?
Time taught him a deep answer—when she loved
Another; even *now* she loved another,
And on the summit of that hill she stood
Looking afar if yet her lover's steed
Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
There was an ancient mansion, and before
Its walls there was a steed caparison'd:
Within an antique oratory stood

The boy of whom I spake;—he was alone,
And pale, and pacing to and fro; anon
He sate him down, and seized a pen, and traced
Words which I could not guess of; then he lean'd
His bow'd head on his hands, and shook as 't were
With a convulsion—then arose again,
And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear
What he had written, but he shed no tears.
And he did calm himself, and fix his brow
Into a kind of quiet: as he paused,
The lady of his love re-enter'd there;
She was serene and smiling then, and yet
She knew she was by him beloved,—she knew,
For quickly comes such knowledge, that his heart
Was darken'd with her shadow, and she saw
That he was wretched, but she saw not all.
He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp
He took her hand; a moment o'er his face
A tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced, and then it faded, as it came;
He dropp'd the hand he held, and with slow steps
Retired, but not as bidding her adieu,
For they did part with mutual smiles; he pass'd
From out the massy gate of that old hall,
And mounting on his steed he went his way;
And ne'er repass'd that hoary threshold more.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The boy was sprung to manhood: in the wilds
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
And his soul drank their sunbeams; he was girt

With strange and dusky aspects; he was not
Himself like what he had been; on the sea
And on the shore he was a wanderer;
There was a mass of many images
Crowded like waves upon me, but he was
A part of all; and in the last he lay
Reposing from the noon-tide sultriness,
Couch'd among fallen columns, in the shade
Of ruin'd walls that had survived the names
Of those who rear'd them; by his sleeping side
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
Were fasten'd near a fountain; and a man
Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
While many of his tribe slumber'd around:
And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in heaven.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The lady of his love was wed with one
Who did not love her better:—in her home,
A thousand leagues from his,—her native home,
She dwelt, begirt with growing infancy,
Daughters and sons of beauty,—but behold!
Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.
What could her grief be?—she had all she loved,
And he who had so loved her was not there
To trouble with bad hopes, or evil wish,
Or ill-repress'd affliction, her pure thoughts.

What could her grief be?—she had loved him not,
Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved,
Nor could he be a part of that which prey'd
Upon her mind—a spectre of the past.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.—
The wanderer was return'd.—I saw him stand
Before an altar—with a gentle bride;
Her face was fair, but was not that which made
The starlight of his boyhood;—as he stood
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came
The selfsame aspect, and the quivering shock
That in the antique oratory shook
His bosom in its solitude; and then—
As in that hour—a moment o'er his face
The tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced,—and then it faded as it came,
And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke
The fitting vows, but heard not his own words,
And all things reel'd around him; he could see
Not that which was, nor that which should have been—
But the old mansion, and the accustom'd hall,
And the remember'd chambers, and the place,
The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade,
All things pertaining to that place and hour,
And her who was his destiny, came back
And thrust themselves between him and the light:
What business had they there at such a time?

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The lady of his love;—oh! she was changed

As by the sickness of the soul ; her mind
Had wander'd from its dwelling, and her eyes
They had not their own lustre, but the look
Which is not of the earth ; she was become
The queen of a fantastic realm ; her thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed things ;
And forms impalpable and unperceived
Of others' sight familiar were to hers.
And this the world calls phrensy ; but the wise
Have a far deeper madness, and the glance
Of melancholy is a fearful gift ;
What is it but the telescope of truth ?
Which strips the distance of its phantasies,
And brings life near in utter nakedness,
Making the cold reality too real !

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.—
The wanderer was alone as heretofore,
The beings which surrounded him were gone,
Or were at war with him ; he was a mark
For blight and desolation, compass'd round
With hatred and contention ; pain was mix'd
In all which was served up to him, until
Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,¹
He fed on poisons, and they had no power,
But were a kind of nutriment ; he lived
Through that which had been death to many men,
And made him friends of mountains : with the stars
And the quick spirit of the universe
He held his dialogues ; and they did teach

¹ Mithridates of Pontus.

To him the magic of their mysteries;
To him the book of night was open'd wide,
And voices from the deep abyss reveal'd
A marvel and a secret—Be it so.

My dream was past; it had no further change.
It was of a strange order, that the doom
Of these two creatures should be thus traced out
Almost like a reality—the one
To end in madness—both in misery.

DARKNESS.

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
Morn came and went—and came, and brought no day,
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light:
And they did live by watchfire—and the thrones,
The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,
And men were gather'd round their blazing homes
To look once more into each other's face;
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanos, and their mountain-torch:
A fearful hope was all the world contain'd;

Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour
They fell and faded—and the crackling trunks
Extinguish'd with a crash—and all was black.
The brows of men by the despairing light
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them; some lay down
And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and look'd up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world; and then again
With curses cast them down upon the dust,
And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd: the wild birds shriek'd,
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes
Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawl'd
And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food:
And war, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again;—a meal was bought
With blood, and each sate sullenly apart
Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left;
All earth was but one thought—and that was death,
Immediate and inglorious; and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails—men
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh;
The meagre by the meagre were devour'd,
Even dogs assail'd their masters, all save one,
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds and beasts and famish'd men at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead

Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out no food,
But with a piteous and perpetual moan,
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answer'd not with a caress—he died.
The crowd was famish'd by degrees; but two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies; they met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place
Where had been heap'd a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage; they raked up,
And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton hands
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame
Which was a mockery; then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects—saw, and shriek'd, and died—
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written fiend. The world was void,
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean, all stood still,
And nothing stirr'd within their silent depths;
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropp'd
They slept on the abyss without a surge—
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave,
The moon, their mistress, had expired before;
The winds were wither'd in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perish'd; darkness had no need
Of aid from them—she was the universe.

CHURCHILL'S GRAVE,

A FACT LITERALLY RENDERED.

I stood beside the grave of him who blazed
The comet of a season, and I saw
The humblest of all sepulchres, and gazed
With not the less of sorrow and of awe
On that neglected turf and quiet stone,
With name no clearer than the names unknown,
Which lay unread around it; and I ask'd
The gardener of that ground, why it might be
That for this plant strangers his memory task'd
Through the thick deaths of half a century;
And thus he answer'd—" Well, I do not know
Why frequent travellers turn to pilgrims so;
He died before my day of sextonship,
And I had not the digging of this grave."
And 'is this all? I thought,—and do we rip
The veil of immortality? and crave
I know not what of honour and of light
Through unborn ages, to endure this blight?
So soon and so successless? As I said,
The architect of all on which we tread,
For earth is but a tombstone, did essay
To extricate remembrance from the clay,

Whose minglings might confuse a Newton's thought,
Were it not that all life must end in one,
Of which we are but dreamers;—as he caught
As 't were the twilight of a former sun,
Thus spoke he,—« I believe the man of whom
You wot, who lies in this selected tomb,
Was a most famous writer in his day,
And therefore travellers step from out their way
To pay him honour,—and myself whate'er
Your honour pleases, »—then most pleased I shook
From out my pocket's avaricious nook
Some certain coins of silver, which as 't were
Perforce I gave this man, though I could spare
So much but inconveniently;—ye smile,
I see ye, ye profane ones! all the while,
Because my homely phrase the truth would tell.
You are the fools, not I—for I did dwell
With a deep thought, and with a soften'd eye,
On that old sexton's natural homily,
In which there was obscurity and fame,
The glory and the nothing of a name.

PROMETHEUS.

TITAN! to whose immortal eyes
The sufferings of mortality,
Seen in their sad reality,
Were not as things that gods despise;
What was thy pity's recompense?
A silent suffering, and intense;

The rock, the vulture, and the chain,
All that the proud can feel of pain,
The agony they do not show,
The suffocating sense of woe,
Which speaks but in its loneliness,
And then is jealous lest the sky
Should have a listener, nor will sigh
Until its voice is echoless.

Titan! to thee the strife was given
Between the suffering and the will,
Which torture where they cannot kill;
And the inexorable Heaven,
And the deaf tyranny of fate,
The ruling principle of hate,
Which for its pleasure doth create
The things it may annihilate,
Refused thee even the boon to die:
The wretched gift eternity
Was thine—and thou hast borne it well.
All that the Thunderer wrung from thee
Was but the menace which flung back
On him the torments of thy rack;
The fate thou didst so well foresee,
But would not to appease him tell;
And in thy silence was his sentence,
And in his soul a vain repentance,
And evil dread so ill dissembled
That in his hand the lightnings trembled.

Thy godlike crime was to be kind,
To render with thy precepts less

The sum of human wretchedness,
And strengthen man with his own mind;
But baffled as thou wert from high,
Still in thy patient energy,
In the endurance, and repulse
Of thine impenetrable spirit,
Which earth and heaven could not convulse,
A mighty lesson we inherit:
Thou art a symbol and a sign
To mortals of their fate and force;
Like thee, man is in part divine,
A troubled stream from a pure source;
And man in portions can foresee
His own funereal destiny;
His wretchedness, and his resistance,
And his sad unallied existence:
To which his spirit may oppose
Itself—an equal to all woes,
And a firm will, and a deep sense,
Which even in torture can descry
Its own concenter'd recompense,
Triumphant where it dares defy,
And making death a victory.

MONODY

ON THE

DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON. R. B. SHERIDAN.

SPOKEN AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

WHEN the last sunshine of expiring day
In summer's twilight weeps itself away,
Who hath not felt the softness of the hour
Sink on the heart, as dew along the flower?
With a pure feeling which absorbs and awes,
While nature makes that melancholy pause,
Her breathing moment on the bridge where time
Of light and darkness forms an arch sublime.
Who hath not shared that calm so still and deep,
The voiceless thought which would not speak but weep,
A holy concord—and a bright regret,
A glorious sympathy with suns that set?
'T is not harsh sorrow—but a tenderer woe,
Nameless, but dear to gentle hearts below,
Felt without bitterness—but full and clear,
A sweet dejection—a transparent tear,
Unmix'd with worldly grief or selfish stain,
Shed without shame—and secret without pain.

Even as the tenderness that hour instils
When summer's day declines along the hills,

So feels the fulness of our heart and eyes
When all of genius which can perish dies.
A mighty spirit is eclipsed—a power
Hath pass'd from day to darkness—to whose hour
Of light no likeness is bequeath'd—no name,
Focus at once of all the rays of fame!
The flash of wit—the bright intelligence,
The beam of song—the blaze of eloquence,
Set with their sun—but still have left behind
The enduring produce of immortal mind;
Fruits of a genial morn, and glorious noon,
A deathless part of him who died too soon.
But small that portion of the wondrous whole,
These sparkling segments of that circling soul,
Which all embraced—and lighten'd over all,
To cheer—to pierce—to please—or to appal.
From the charm'd council to the festive board,
Of human feelings the unbounded lord;
In whose acclaim the loftiest voices vied,
The praised—the proud—who made his praise their pride.
When the loud cry of trampled Hindostan '
Arose to Heaven in her appeal from man,
His was the thunder—his the avenging rod,
The wrath—the delegated voice of God!
Which shook the nations through his lips—and blazed
Till vanquish'd senates trembled as they praised.

' See Fox, Burke, and Pitt's eulogy on Mr Sheridan's speech on the charges exhibited against Mr Hastings in the House of Commons. Mr Pitt entreated the House to adjourn, to give time for a calmer consideration of the question than could then occur after the immediate effect of that oration.

And here, oh! here, where yet all young and warm
The gay creations of his spirit charm,
The matchless dialogue—the deathless wit,
Which knew not what it was to intermit;
The glowing portraits, fresh from life, that bring
Home to our hearts the truth from which they spring;
These wondrous beings of his fancy, wrought
To fulness by the fiat of his thought,
Here in their first abode you still may meet,
Bright with the hues of his Promethean heat;
A halo of the light of other days.
Which still the splendour of its orb betrays.

But should there be to whom the fatal blight
Of failing wisdom yields a base delight,
Men who exult when minds of heavenly tone
Jar in the music which was born their own,
Still let them pause—Ah! little do they know
That what to them seem'd vice might be but woe.
Hard is his fate on whom the public gaze
Is fix'd for ever to detract or praise;
Repose denies her requiem to his name,
And folly loves the martyrdom of fame.
The secret enemy whose sleepless eye
Stands sentinel—accuser—judge—and spy,
The foe—the fool—the jealous—and the vain,
The envious who but breathe in others' pain,
Behold the host! delighting to deprave,
Who track the steps of glory to the grave,
Watch every fault that daring genius owes
Half to the ardour which its birth bestows,

Distort the truth, accumulate the lie,
And pile the pyramid of calumny!
These are his portion—but if join'd to these
Gaunt poverty should league with deep disease,
If the high spirit must forget to soar,
And stoop to strive with misery at the door,
To soothe indignity—and face to face
Meet sordid rage—and wrestle with disgrace,
To find in hope but the renew'd caress,
The serpent-fold of further faithlessness,—
If such may be the ills which men assail,
What marvel if at last the mightiest fail?
Breasts to whom all the strength of feeling given
Bear hearts electric—charged with fire from heaven,
Black with the rude collision, inly torn,
By clouds surrounded, and on whirlwinds borne,
Driven o'er the lowering atmosphere that nurst
Thoughts which have turn'd to thunder—scorch—and burst.
But far from us and from our mimic scene
Such things should be—if such have ever been;
Ours be the gentler wish, the kinder task,
To give the tribute glory need not ask,
To mourn the vanish'd beam—and add our mite
Of praise in payment of a long delight.
Ye orators! whom yet our councils yield,
Mourn for the veteran hero of your field!
The worthy rival of the wondrous *Three*!¹
Whose words were sparks of immortality!
Ye bards! to whom the drama's muse is dear,
He was your master—emulate him *here*!

¹ Fox—Pitt—Burke.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Ye men of wit and social eloquence!
He was your brother—bear his ashes hence!
While powers of mind almost of boundless range,
Complete in kind—as various in their change,
While eloquence—wit—poesy—and mirth,
That humbler harmonist of care on earth,
Survive within our souls—while lives our sense
Of pride in merit's proud pre-eminence,
Long shall we seek his likeness—long in vain,
And turn to all of him which may remain,
Sighing that nature form'd but one such man,
And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan!

ADDRESS,

Spoken at the opening of Drury-lane Theatre, Saturday,
October 10, 1812.

In one dread night our city saw, and sigh'd,
Bow'd to the dust, the drama's tower of pride;
In one short hour beheld the blazing fane,
Apollo sink, and Shakspeare cease to reign.

Ye who beheld, (oh! sight admired and mourn'd,
Whose radiance mock'd the ruin it adorn'd!)
Through clouds of fire the massy fragments riven,
Like Israel's pillar, chase the night from heaven;
Saw the long column of revolving flames
Shake its red shadow o'er the startled Thames,
While thousands, throng'd around the burning dome,
Shrank back appall'd, and trembled for their home,
As glared the volumed blaze, and ghastly shone
The skies, with lightnings awful as their own,

The blackening ashes and the lonely wall
 Usurp'd the muse's realm, and mark'd her fall;
 Say—shall this new, nor less aspiring pile,
 Rear'd where once rose the mightiest in our isle,
 Know the same favour which the former knew,
 A shrine for Shakspeare—worthy him and *you*?

Yes—it shall be—the magic of that name
 Defies the scythe of time, the torch of flame;
 On the same spot still consecrates the scene,
 And bids the drama *be* where she hath *been*:
 This fabric's birth attests the potent spell—
 Indulge our honest pride, and say, *How well!*

As soars this fane to emulate the last,
 Oh! might we draw our omens from the past,
 Some hour propitious to our prayers may boast
 Names such as hallow still the dome we lost.
 On Drury first your Siddons' thrilling art
 O'erwhelm'd the gentlest, storm'd the sternest heart,
 On Drury, Garrick's latest laurels grew;
 Here your last tears retiring Roscius drew,
 Sigh'd his last thanks, and wept his last adieu:
 But still for living wit the wreaths may bloom
 That only waste their odours o'er the tomb.
 Such Drury claim'd and claims—nor you refuse
 One tribute to revive his slumbering muse;
 With garlands deck your own Menander's head!
 Nor hoard your honours idly for the dead!

Dear are the days which made our annals bright,
 Ere Garrick fled, or Brinsley ceased to write.

Heirs to their labours, like all high-born heirs,
Vain of *our* ancestry as they of *theirs*;
While thus remembrance borrows Banquo's glass
To claim the sceptred shadows as they pass,
And we the mirror hold, where imaged shine
Immortal names, emblazon'd on our line,
Pause—ere their feebler offspring you condemn,
Reflect how hard the task to rival them!

Friends of the stage! to whom both players and plays
Must sue alike for pardon, or for praise;
Whose judging voice and eye alone direct
The boundless power to cherish or reject;
If e'er frivolity has led to fame,
And made us blush that you forbore to blame;
If e'er the sinking stage could condescend
To soothe the sickly taste, it dare not mend,
All past reproach may present scenes refute,
And censure, wisely loud, be justly mute!
Oh! since your fiat stamps the drama's laws,
Forbear to mock us with misplaced applause;
So pride shall doubly nerve the actor's powers,
And reason's voice be echo'd back by ours!

This greeting o'er, the ancient rule obey'd,
The drama's homage by her herald paid,
Receive *our* welcome too, whose every tone
Springs from our hearts, and fain would win your own.
The curtain rises—may our stage unfold
Scenes not unworthy Drury's days of old!
Britons our judges, nature for our guide,
Still may we please—long, long may you preside!

ODE TO VENICE.

ON Venice! Venice! when thy marble walls
Are level with the waters, there shall be
A cry of nations o'er thy sunken halls,
A loud lament along the sweeping sea!
If I, a northern wanderer, weep for thee,
What should thy sons do?—any thing but weep:
And yet they only murmur in their sleep.
In contrast with their fathers—as the slime,
The dull green ooze of the receding deep,
Is with the dashing of the spring-tide foam,
That drives the sailor shipless to his home,
Are they to those that were; and thus they creep,
Crouching and crab-like, through their sapping streets.
Oh! agony—that centuries should reap
No mellow harvest! Thirteen hundred years
Of wealth and glory turn'd to dust and tears;
And every monument the stranger meets,
Church, palace, pillar, as a mourner greets;
And even the lion all subdued appears,
And the harsh sound of the barbarian drum,
With dull and daily dissonance, repeats
The echo of thy tyrant's voice along
The soft waves, once all musical to song,
That heaved beneath the moonlight with the throng
Of gondolas—and to the busy hum
Of cheerful creatures, whose most sinful deeds

Were but the overbeating of the heart,
And flow of too much happiness, which needs
The aid of age to turn its course apart
From the luxuriant and voluptuous flood
Of sweet sensations, battling with the blood.
But these are better than the gloomy errors,
The weeds of nations in their last decay,
When vice walks forth with her unsoften'd terrors,
And mirth is madness, and but smiles to slay;
And hope is nothing but a false delay,
The sick man's lightning half an hour ere death,
When faintness, the last mortal birth of pain,
And apathy of limb, the dull beginning
Of the cold staggering race which death is winning,
Steals vein by vein and pulse by pulse away;
Yet so relieving the o'er-tortured clay,
To him appears renewal of his breath,
And freedom the mere numbness of his chain;—
And then he talks of life, and how again
He feels his spirits soaring—albeit weak,
And of the fresher air, which he would seek;
And as he whispers knows not that he gasps,
That his thin finger feels not what it clasps,
And so the film comes o'er him—and the dizzy
Chamber swims round and round—and shadows busy,
At which he vainly catches, flit and gleam,
Till the last rattle chokes the strangled scream,
And all is ice and blackness,—and the earth
That which it was the moment ere our birth.

There is no hope for nations!—Search the page
Of many thousand years—the daily scene,

The flow and ebb of each recurring age,
The everlasting *to be* which *hath been*,
Hath taught us nought or little : still we lean
On things that rot beneath our weight, and wear
Our strength away in wrestling with the air ;
For 't is our nature strikes us down : the beasts
Slaughter'd in hourly hecatombs for feasts
Are of as high an order—they must go
Even where their driver goads them, though to slaughter.
Ye men, who pour your blood for kings as water,
What have they given your children in return ?
A heritage of servitude and woes,
A blindfold bondage, where your hire is blows.
What ! do not yet the red-hot ploughshares burn,
O'er which you stumble in a false ordeal,
And deem this proof of loyalty the *real* ;
Kissing the hand that guides you to your scars,
And glorying as you tread the glowing bars ?
All that your sires have left you, all that time
Bequeaths of free, and history of sublime,
Spring from a different theme !—Ye see and read,
Admire and sigh, and then succumb and bleed !
Save the few spirits, who, despite of all,
And worse than all, the sudden crimes engender'd
By the down-thundering of the prison-wall,
And thirst to swallow the sweet waters tender'd,
Gushing from freedom's fountains—when the crowd,
Madden'd with centuries of drought, are loud,
And trample on each other to obtain
The cup which brings oblivion of a chain
Heavy and sore,—in which long yoked they plough'd

The sand,—or if there sprung the yellow grain,
'T was not for them, their necks were too much bow'd,
And their dead palates chew'd the cud of pain :—
Yes! the few spirits—who, despite of deeds
Which they abhor, confound not with the cause
Those momentary starts from nature's laws,
Which, like the pestilence and earthquake, smite
But for a term, then pass, and leave the earth
With all her seasons to repair the blight
With a few summers, and again put forth
Cities and generations—fair, when free—
For, tyranny, there blooms no bud for thee!

Glory and empire! once upon these towers
With freedom—godlike triad! ~~how~~ ye sate!
The league of mightiest nations, in those hours
When Venice was an envy, might abate,
But did not quench, her spirit—in her fate
All were enwrapp'd : the feasted monarchs knew
And loved their hostess, nor could learn to hate,
Although they humbled—with the kingly few
The many felt, for from all days and climes
She was the voyager's worship;—even her crimes
Were of the softer order—born of love,
She drank no blood, nor fatten'd on the dead,
But gladden'd where her harmless conquests spread;
For these restored the cross, that from above
Hallow'd her sheltering banners, which incessant
Flew between earth and the unholy crescent,
Which, if it waned and dwindled, earth may thank
The city it has clothed in chains, which clank

Now, creaking in the ears of those who owe
The name of freedom to her glorious struggles;
Yet she but shares with them a common woe,
And call'd the « kingdom » of a conquering foe,—
But knows what all—and, most of all, *we* know—
With what set gilded terms a tyrant juggles!

The name of commonwealth is past and gone
O'er the three factions of the groaning globe;
Venice is crush'd, and Holland deigns to own
A sceptre, and endures the purple robe;
If the free Switzer yet bestrides alone
His chainless mountains, 't is but for a time,
For tyranny of late is cunning grown,
And in its own good season tramples down
The sparkles of our ashes. One great clime,
Whose vigorous offspring by dividing ocean
Are kept apart and nursed in the devotion
Of freedom, which their fathers fought for, and
Bequeath'd—a heritage of heart and hand,
And proud distinction from each other land,
Whose sons must bow them at a monarch's motion,
As if his senseless sceptre were a wand
Full of the magic of exploded science—
Still one great clime, in full and free defiance,
Yet rears her crest, unconquer'd and sublime,
Above the far Atlantic!—She has taught
Her Esau-brethren that the haughty flag,
The floating fence of Albion's feeblcr crag,
May strike to those whose red right hands have bought
Rights cheaply earn'd with blood. Still, still, for ever
Better, though each man's life-blood were a river,

That it should flow, and overflow, than creep
 Through thousand lazy channels in our veins,
 Damm'd like the dull canal with locks and chains,
 And moving, as a sick man in his sleep,
 Three paces, and then faltering :—better be
 Where the extinguish'd Spartans still are free,
 In their proud charnel of Thermopylæ,
 Than stagnate in our marsh,—or o'er the deep
 Fly, and one current to the ocean add,
 One spirit to the souls our fathers had,
 One freeman more, America, to thee!

ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.¹

« Expende Annibalem :—quot libras in duce summo

Invenies?—»

JUVENAL, Sat. X.

'T is done—but yesterday a king!
 And arm'd, with kings to strive—
 And now thou art a nameless thing
 So abject—yet alive!

¹ « The Emperor Nepos was acknowledged by the *Senate*, by the *Italians*, and by the *Provincials of Gaul*; his moral virtues, and military talents, were loudly celebrated; and those who derived any private benefit from his government announced in prophetic strains the restoration of public felicity.

By this shameful abdication, he protracted his life a few years, in a very ambiguous state, between an emperor and an exile, till——»

GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall*, vol. vi. p. 220.

Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strew'd our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscall'd the morning star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind
Who bow'd so low the knee?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
Thou taught'st the rest to see.
With might unquestion'd,—power to save—
Thine only gift hath been the grave
To those that worshipp'd thee;
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness!

Thanks for that lesson—it will teach
To after-warriors more
Than high philosophy can preach,
And vainly preach'd before.
That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks never to unite again,
That led them to adore
Those pagod things of sabre-sway,
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

The triumph and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife—
The earthquake voice of victory,
To thee the breath of life;

¹ *Certaminis gaudia*, the expression of Attila in his harangue to his army, previous to the battle of Chalons, given in Cassiodorus.

The sword, the sceptre, and that sway,
Which man seem'd made but to obey,

 Wherewith renown was rife—
All quell'd!—dark spirit! what must be
The madness of thy memory!

The desolator desolate!

 The victor overthrown!
The arbiter of others' fate
 A suppliant for his own!
Is it some yet imperial hope
That with such change can calmly cope?
 Or dread of death alone?
To die a prince—or live a slave—
Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

He' who of old would rend the oak,
 Dream'd not of the rebound;
Chain'd by the trunk he vainly broke—
 Alone—how look'd he round?
Thou in the sternness of thy strength
An equal deed hast done at length,
 And darker fate hast found:
He fell, the forest-prowlers' prey;
But thou must eat thy heart away!

The Roman,² when the burning heart
 Was slaked with blood of Rome,
Threw down the dagger—dared depart,
 In savage grandeur, home.—

¹ Milo.

² Sylla.

He dared depart in utter scorn
Of men that such a yoke had borne,
Yet left him such a doom!
His only glory was that hour
Of self-upheld abandon'd power.

The Spaniard,¹ when the lust of sway
Had lost its quickening spell,
Cast crowns for rosaries away,
An empire for a cell;
A strict accountant of his beads,
A subtle disputant on creeds,
His dotage trifled well:
Yet better had he neither known
A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

But thou—from thy reluctant hand
The thunderbolt is wrung—
Too late thou leav'st the high command
To which thy weakness clung;
All evil spirit as thou art,
It is enough to grieve the heart,
To see thine own unstrung;
To think that God's fair world hath been
The footstool of a thing so mean;

And earth hath spilt her blood for him,
Who thus can hoard his own!
And monarchs bow'd the trembling limb,
And thank'd him for a throne!

¹ Charles V.

Fair freedom! we may hold thee dear,
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
 In humblest guise have shown.
Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
A brighter name to lure mankind!

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
 Nor written thus in vain—
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
 Or deepen every stain—
If thou hadst died as honour dies,
Some new Napoleon might arise,
 To shame the world again—
But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night?

Weigh'd in the balance, hero dust
 Is vile as vulgar clay;
Thy scales, mortality! are just
 To all that pass away;
But yet methought the living great
Some higher sparks should animate,
 To dazzle and dismay;
Nor deem'd contempt could thus make mirth
Of these, the conquerors of the earth.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
 Thy still imperial bride;
How bears her breast the torturing hour?
 Still clings she to thy side?

Must she too bend, must she too share
Thy late repentance, long despair,
Thou throneless homicide?
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem,
'T is worth thy vanish'd diadem!

Then haste thee to thy sullen isle,
And gaze upon the sea;
That element may meet thy smile,
It ne'er was ruled by thee!
Or trace with thine all idle hand
In loitering mood upon the sand
That earth is now as free!
That Corinth's pedagogue hath now
Transferr'd his by-word to thy brow.

Thou Timour! in his captive's cage¹
What thoughts will there be thine,
While brooding in thy prison'd rage?
But one—"The world *was* mine!"
Unless, like he of Babylon,
All sense is with thy sceptre gone,
Life will not long confine
That spirit pour'd so widely forth—
So long obey'd—so little worth!

Or like the thief of fire from heaven,²
Wilt thou withstand the shock?
And share with him, the unforgiven,
His vulture and his rock!

¹ The cage of Bajazet, by order of Tamerlane.

² Prometheus.

Foredoom'd by God—by man accurst,
And that last act, though not thy worst,
The very fiend's arch mock ;
He in his fall preserved his pride,
And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

ODE.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

WE do not curse thee, Waterloo!
Though freedom's blood thy plain bedew ;
There 't was shed, but is not sunk—
Rising from each gory trunk,
Like the water-spout from ocean,
With a strong and growing motion—
It soars, and mingles in the air,
With that of lost LABEDOYÈRE—
With that of him whose honour'd grave
Contains the " bravest of the brave."
A crimson cloud it spreads and glows,
But shall return to whence it rose ;
When 't is full 't will burst asunder—
Never yet was heard such thunder
As then shall shake the world with wond'—
Never yet was seen such lightning,
As o'er heaven shall then be bright'ning!

' «The fiend's arch mock—
To lip a wanton, and suppose her chaste.—»

SHAKESPEARE.

Like the wormwood star foretold
 By the sainted seer of old,
 Show'ring down a fiery flood,
 Turning rivers into blood.¹

The chief has fallen, but not by you,
 Vanquishers of Waterloo!
 When the soldier citizen
 Sway'd not o'er his fellow men—
 Save in deeds that led them on
 Where glory smiled on freedom's son—
 Who, of all the despots banded,
 With that youthful chief competed?
 Who could boast o'er France defeated,
 Till lone tyranny commanded?
 Till, goaded by ambition's sting,
 The hero sunk into the king?
 Then he fell;—So perish all,
 Who would men by man enthrall!

And thou too of the snow-white plume!
 Whose realm refused thee ev'n a tomb;²

¹ See Rev. chap. vii. verse 7, etc. «The first angel sounded, and there followed hail and fire mingled with blood,» etc.

Verse 8. «And the second angel sounded, and as it were a great mountain burning with fire was cast into the sea; and the third part of the sea became blood,» etc.

Verse 10. «And the third angel sounded, and there fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp; and it fell upon the third of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters.»

Verse 11. «And the name of the star is called *Wormwood*: and the third part of the waters became *wormwood*; and many men died of the waters, because they were made bitter.»

² Murat's remains are said to have been torn from the grave and burnt.

Better hadst thou still been leading
 France o'er hosts of hirelings bleeding,
 Than sold thyself to death and shame,
 For a meanly royal name;
 Such as he of Naples wears,
 Who thy blood-bought title bears.
 Little didst thou deem, when dashing
 On thy war-horse through the ranks,
 Like a stream which burst its banks,
 While helmets cleft, and sabres clashing,
 Shone and shiver'd fast around thee—
 Of the fate at last which found thee;
 Was that haughty plume laid low
 By a slave's dishonest blow?
 Once—as the moon sways o'er the tide,
 It roll'd in air, the warrior's guide;
 Through the smoke-created night
 Of the black and sulphurous fight,
 The soldier raised his seeking eye
 To catch that crest's ascendancy,—
 And, as it onward rolling rose,
 So moved his heart upon our foes.
 There, where death's brief pang was quickest,
 And the battle's wreck lay thickest,
 Strew'd beneath the advancing banner
 Of the eagle's burning crest—
 (There with thunder-clouds to fan her,
 Who could then her wing arrest—
 Victory beaming from her breast?)
 While the broken line enlarging
 Fell, or fled along the plain,

There be sure was MURAT charging!
There he ne'er shall charge again!

O'er glories gone the invaders march,
Weeps Triumph o'er each levell'd arch—
But let Freedom rejoice,
With her heart in her voice;
But, her hand on her sword,
Doubly shall she be adored;
France hath twice too well been taught
The «moral lesson» dearly bought—
Her safety sits not on a throne,
With CAPET or NAPOLEON!
But in equal rights and laws,
Hearts and hands in one great cause—
Freedom, such as God hath given
Unto all beneath his heaven,
With their breath, and from their birth,
Though guilt would sweep it from the earth;
With a fierce and lavish hand
Scattering nations' wealth like sand;
Pouring nations' blood like water,
In imperial seas of slaughter!

But the heart and the mind,
And the voice of mankind,
Shall arise in communion—
And who shall resist that proud union?
The time is past when swords subdued—
Man may die—the soul's renew'd:
Even in this low world of care
Freedom ne'er shall want an heir;

Millions breathe but to inherit
Her for ever bounding spirit—
When once more her hosts assemble,
Tyrants shall believe and tremble—
Smile they at this idle threat?
Crimson tears will follow yet.

ODE TO THE ISLAND OF ST HELENA.

PEACE to thee, isle of the ocean!
Hail to thy breezes and billows!
Where, rolling its tides, in perpetual devotion,
The white wave its plummy surf pillows!
Rich shall the chaplet be history shall weave thee!
Whose undying verdure shall bloom on thy brow,
When nations that now in obscurity leave thee,
To the wand of oblivion alternately bow!
Unchanged in thy glory—unstain'd in thy fame—
The homage of ages shall hallow thy name.

Hail to the chief who reposes
On thee the rich weight of his glory!
When fill'd to its limit, life's chronicle closes,
His deeds shall be sacred in story!
His prowess shall rank with the first of all ages,
And monarchs hereafter shall bow to his worth—
The songs of the poets—the lessons of sages—
Shall hold him the wonder and grace of the earth.
The meteors of history before thee shall fall,
Eclipsed by thy splendour, thou meteor of Gaul.

Hygeian breezes shall fan thee,
Island of glory resplendent!
Pilgrims from nations far distant shall man thee,
Tribes, as thy waves, independent!
On thy far-gleaming strand the wanderer shall stay him,
To snatch a brief glance at a spot so renown'd—
Each turf and each stone, and each cliff shall delay him,
Where the step of thy exile hath hallow'd thy ground!
From him shalt thou borrow a lustre divine,
The wane of his sun was the rising of thine.

Whose were the hands that enslaved him?
Hands which had weakly withstood him—
Nations which, while they had oftentimes braved him,
Never till now had subdued him!
Monarchs, who oft to his clemency stooping,
Received back their crowns from the plunder of war—
The vanquisher vanquish'd, the eagle now drooping,
Would quench with their sternness the ray of his star!
But clothed in new splendour the glory appears,
And rules the ascendant, the planet of years.

Pure be the health of thy mountains!
Rich be the green of thy pastures!
Limpid and lasting the streams of thy fountains!
Thine annals unstain'd by disasters!
Supreme in the ocean a rich altar swelling
Whose shrine shall be hail'd by the prayers of mankind—
Thy rock-beach the rage of the tempest repelling—
The wide-wasting contest of wave and of wind—
Aloft on thy battlements long be unfurl'd
The eagle that decks thee, the pride of the world.

Fade shall the lily, now blooming,
Where is the hand which can nurse it?
Nations who rear'd it shall watch its consuming,
Untimely mildews shall curse it.
Then shall the violet that blooms in the vallies
Impart to the gale its reviving perfume,
Then, when the spirit of liberty rallies
To chant forth its anthems on tyranny's tomb,
Wide Europe shall fear lest thy star should break forth,
Eclipsing the pestilent orbs of the north.

TO NAPOLEON.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

« All wept, but particularly Savary, and a Polish officer who had been exalted from the ranks by Buonaparte. He clung to his master's knees; wrote a letter to Lord Keith, entreating permission to accompany him, even in the most menial capacity, which could not be admitted. »

MUST thou go, my glorious chief,
Sever'd from thy faithful few?
Who can tell thy warrior's grief,
Maddening o'er that long adieu?
Woman's love, and friendship's zeal,
Dear as both have been to me—
What are they to all I feel,
With a soldier's faith for thee?

Idol of the soldier's soul!
First in fight, but mightiest now:
Many could a world control;
Thee alone no doom can bow.

By thy side for years I dared
Death, and envied those who fell;
When their dying shout was heard,
Blessing him they served so well. *

Would that I were cold with those,
Since this hour I live to see;
When the doubts of coward foes
Scarce dare trust a man with thee,
Dreading each should set thee free.
Oh! although in dungeons pent,
All their chains were light to me,
Gazing on thy soul unbent.

Would the sycophants of him
Now so deaf to duty's prayer,
Were his borrow'd glories dim,
In his native darkness share?
Were that world this hour his own,
All thou calmly dost resign,
Could he purchase with that throne
Hearts like those which still are thine?

My chief, my king, my friend, adieu!
Never did I droop before;
Never to my sovereign sue,
As his foes I now implore :

* « At Waterloo, one man was seen, whose left arm was shattered by a cannon ball, to wrench it off with the other, and, throwing it up in the air, exclaimed to his comrades : 'Vive l'Empereur jusqu'à la mort!' There were many other instances of the like : this you may, however, depend on as true.»—*A private Letter from Brussels.*

All I ask is to divide
Every peril he must brave;
Sharing by the hero's side
His fall, his exile, and his grave.

ON THE STAR OF "THE LEGION OF HONOUR."

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

STAR of the brave!—whose beam hath shed
Such glory o'er the quick and dead—
Thou radiant and adored deceit!
Which millions rush'd in arms to greet,—
Wild meteor of immortal birth!
Why rise in heaven to set on earth?

Souls of slain heroes form'd thy rays;
Eternity flash'd through thy blaze;
The music of thy martial sphere
Was fame on high and honour here:
And thy light broke on human eyes,
Like a volcano of the skies.

Like lava roll'd thy stream of blood,
And swept down empires with its flood;
Earth rock'd beneath thee to her base,
As thou didst lighten through all space;
And the shorn sun grew dim in air,
And set while thou wert dwelling there.

Before thee rose, and with thee grew,
A rainbow of the loveliest hue,
Of three bright colours, ¹ each divine;
And fit for that celestial sign;
For freedom's hand had blended them,
Like tints in an immortal gem.

One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes;
One, the blue depth of seraph's eyes;
One, the pure spirit's veil of white
Had robed in radiance of its light:
The three so mingled did beseem
The texture of a heavenly dream.

Star of the brave! thy ray is pale,
And darkness must again prevail!
But, oh, thou rainbow of the free!
Our tears and blood must flow for thee.
When thy bright promise fades away,
Our life is but a load of clay.

And freedom hallows with her tread
The silent cities of the dead;
For beautiful in death are they
Who proudly fall in her array;
And soon, oh goddess! may we be
For evermore with them or thee!

¹ The tri-colour.

ODE.

Oh, shame to thee, Land of the Gaul!
Oh, shame to thy children and thee!
Unwise in thy glory, and base in thy fall,
How wretched thy portion shall be!
Derision shall strike thee forlorn,
A mockery that never shall die;
The curses of hate, and the hisses of scorn
Shall burthen the winds of thy sky;
And, proud o'er thy ruin, for ever be hurl'd
The laughter of triumph, the jeers of the world!

Oh, where is thy spirit of yore,
The spirit that breathed in thy dead,
When gallantry's star was the beacon before,
And honour the passion that led!
Thy storms have awaken'd their sleep,
They groan from the place of their rest,
And wrathfully murmur, and sullenly weep,
To see the foul stain on thy breast;
For where is the glory they left thee in trust?
'T is scatter'd in darkness, 't is trampled in dust!

Go, look through the kingdoms of earth,
From Indus, all round to the Pole,
And something of goodness, of honour, and worth,
Shall brighten the sins of the soul :
But thou art *alone* in thy shame,
The world cannot liken thee there ;
Abhorrence and vice have disfigured thy name
Beyond the low reach of compare ;
Stupendous in guilt, thou shalt lend us through time
A proverb, a by-word, for falsehood and crime !

While conquest illumined his sword,
While yet in his prowess he stood,
Thy praises still follow'd the steps of thy lord,
And welcomed the torrent of blood ;
Though tyranny sat on his crown,
And wither'd the nations afar,
Yet bright in thy view was that despot's renown,
Till fortune deserted his car ;
Then, back from the chieftain thou slunkest away—
The foremost to insult, the first to betray !

Forgot were the feats he had done,
The toils he had borne in thy cause ;
Thou turnedst to worship a new rising sun,
And waft other songs of applause ;
But the storm was beginning to lour,
Adversity clouded the beam ;
And honour and faith were the brag of an hour,
And loyalty's self but a dream :—
'To him thou hadst banish'd thy vows were restored ;
And the first that had scoff'd were the first that adored !

What tumult thus burthens the air?
What throng thus encircles his throne?
'T is the shout of delight, 't is the millions that swear
His sceptre shall rule them alone.
Reverses shall brighten their zeal,
Misfortune shall hallow his name,
And the world that pursues him shall mournfully feel
How quenchless the spirit and flame
That Frenchmen will breathe, when their hearts are on fire,
For the hero they love, and the chief they admire.

Their hero has rush'd to the field :
His laurels are cover'd with shade—
But where is the spirit that never should yield,
The loyalty never to fade?
In a moment desertion and guile
Abandon'd him up to the foe;
The dastards that flourish'd and grew in his smile,
Forsook and renounced him in woe;
And the millions that swore they would perish to save,
Beheld him a fugitive, captive, and slave!

The savage all wild in his glen
Is nobler and better than thou;
Thou standest a wonder, a marvel to men,
Such perfidy blackens thy brow!
If thou wert the place of my birth,
At once from thy arms would I sever;
I'd fly to the uttermost ends of the earth,
And quit thee for ever and ever;
And thinking of thee in my long after-years,
Should but kindle my blushes and waken my tears,

Oh, shame to thee, Land of the Gaul!
Oh, shame to thy children and thee!
Unwise in thy glory and base in thy fall,
How wretched thy portion shall be!
Derision shall strike thee forlorn,
A mockery that never shall die;
The curses of hate and the hisses of scorn
Shall burthen the winds of thy sky;
And, proud o'er thy ruin, for ever be hurl'd
The laughter of triumph, the jeers of the world.

NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

FAREWELL to the land, where the gloom of my glory
Arose and o'ersadow'd the earth with her name—
She abandons me now,—but the page of her story,
The brightest or blackest, is fill'd with my fame.
I have warr'd with a world which vanquish'd me only
When the meteor of conquest allured me too far;
I have coped with the nations which dread me thus lonely,
The last single captive, to millions in war!

Farewell to thee, France!—when thy diadem crown'd me,
I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth,—
But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,
Decay'd in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth.

Oh! for the veteran hearts that were wasted
In strife with the storm, when their battles were won—
Then the eagle, whose gaze in that moment was blasted,
Had still soar'd with eyes fix'd on victory's sun!

Farewell to thee, France!—but when liberty rallies
Once more in thy regions, remember me then—
The violet still grows in the depth of thy valleys;
Though wither'd, thy tears will unfold it again—
Yet, yet, I may baffle the hosts that surround us,
And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice—
There are links which must break in the chain that has bound us,
Then turn thee and call on the chief of thy choice!

MADAME LAVALETTE.

LET Edinburgh critics o'erwhelm with their praises
Their Madame de Stael, and their famed L'Epinasse;
Like a meteor at best, proud philosophy blazes,
And the fame of a wit is as brittle as glass:
But cheering the beam, and unfading the splendour
Of thy torch, wedded love! and it never has yet
Shone with lustre more holy, more pure, or more tender,
Than it sheds on the name of the fair Lavalette.

Then fill high the wine-cup, e'en virtue shall bless it,
And hallow the goblet which foams to her name;
The warm lip of beauty shall piously press it,
And Hymen shall honour the pledge to her fame:

To the health of the woman, who freedom and life too
Has risk'd for her husband, we 'll pay the just debt;
And hail with applauses the heroine and wife too,
The constant, the noble, the fair Lavalette.

Her foes have awarded, in impotent malice,
To their captive a doom, which all Europe abhors,
And turns from the slaves of the priest-haunted palace,
While those who replaced them there blush for their cause :
But, in ages to come, when the blood-tarnish'd glory
Of dukes, and of marshals, in darkness hath set,
Hearts shall throb, eyes shall glisten, at reading the story
Of the fond self-devotion of fair Lavalette.

FARE THEE WELL.

FARE thee well! and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare *thee well* :
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.
Would that breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er canst know again :
Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
Every inmost thought could show!
Then thou would'st at last discover
'T was not well to spurn it so.
Though the world for this commend thee—
Though it smile upon the blow,

Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe—
Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found,
Than the one which once embraced me,
To inflict a cureless wound?
Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not;
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away :
Still thine own its life retaineth—
Still must mine, though bleeding beat;
And the undying thought which paineth
Is—that we no more may meet.
These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead;
Both shall live, but every morrow
Wake us from a widow'd bed.
And when thou would'st solace gather,
When our child's first accents flow,
Wilt thou teach her to say « Father! »
Though his care she must forego?
When her little hands shall press thee,
When her lip to thine is prest,
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,
Think of him thy love had bless'd!
Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more may'st see,
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.
All my faults perchance thou knowest.
All my madness none can know;

All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
 Wither, yet with *thee* they go.
 Every feeling hath been shaken;
 Pride, which not a world could bow,
 Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,
 Even my soul forsakes me now:
 But 't is done—all words are idle—
 Words from me are vainer still;
 But the thoughts we cannot bridle
 Force their way without the will.—
 Fare thee well!—thus disunited,
 Torn from every nearer tie,
 Sear'd in heart, and lone, and blighted—
 More than this I scarce can die.

A SKETCH.

• Honest—honest Iago!
 If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee. »

SHAKESPEARE.

BORN in the garret, in the kitchen bred,
 Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head;
 Next—for some gracious service unexpressed,
 And from its wages only to be guess'd—
 Raised from the toilet to the table,—where
 Her wondering betters wait behind her chair.
 With eye unmoved, and forehead unabash'd,
 She dines from off the plate she lately wash'd.

Quick with the tale, and ready with the lie—
The genial *confidante*, and general spy—
Who could, ye gods! her next employment guess—
An only infant's earliest governess!
She taught the child to read, and taught so well,
That she herself, by teaching, learn'd to spell.
An adept next in penmanship she grows,
As many a nameless slander deftly shows :
What she had made the pupil of her art,
None know—but that high soul secured the heart,
And panted for the truth it could not hear,
With longing breast and undeluded ear.
Foil'd was perversion by that youthful mind,
Which flattery fool'd not—baseness could not blind,
Deceit infect not—near contagion soil—
Indulgence weaken—nor example spoil—
Nor master'd science tempt her to look down
On humbler talents with a pitying frown—
Nor genius swell—nor beauty render vain—
Nor envy ruffle to retaliate pain—
Nor fortune change—pride raise—nor passion bow,
Nor virtue teach austerity—till now.
Serenely purest of her sex that live,
But wanting one sweet weakness—to forgive;
Too shock'd at faults her soul can never know,
She deems that all could be like her below :
Foe to all vice, yet hardly virtue's friend,
For virtue pardons those she would amend.
But to the theme :—now laid aside too long
The baleful burthen of this honest song—
Though all her former functions are no more,
She rules the circle which she served before.

If mothers—none know why—before her quake;
If daughters, dread her for the mothers' sake;
If early habits—those false links, which bind
At times the loftiest to the meanest mind—
Have given her power too deeply to instil
The angry essence of her deadly will;
If like a snake she steal within your walls,
Till the black slime betray her as she crawls;
If like a viper to the heart she wind,
And leave the venom there she did not find;
What marvel that this hag of hatred works
Eternal evil latent as she lurks,
To make a pandemonium where she dwells,
And reign the Hecate of domestic hells?
Skill'd by a touch to deepen scandal's tints
With all the kind mendacity of hints,
While mingling truth with falsehood—sneers with smiles—
A thread of candour with a web of wiles;
A plain blunt show of briefly-spoken seeming,
To hide her bloodless heart's soul-harden'd scheming;
A lip of lies—a face form'd to conceal;
And, without feeling, mock at all who feel:
With a vile mask the Gorgon would disown;
A cheek of parchment—and an eye of stone.
Mark, how the channels of her yellow blood
Ooze to her skin, and stagnate there to mud,
Cased like the centipede in saffron mail,
Or darker greenness of the scorpion's scale—
(For drawn from reptiles only may we trace
Congenial colours in that soul or face)—
Look on her features! and behold her mind
As in a mirror of itself defined:

Look on the picture! deem it not o'ercharged—
There is no trait which might not be enlarged :
Yet true to « nature's journeymen, » who made
This monster when their mistress left off trade,—
This female dog-star of her little sky,
Where all beneath her influence droop or die.

Oh! wretch without a tear—without a thought,
Save joy above the ruin thou hast wrought—
The time shall come, nor long remote, when thou
Shalt feel far more than thou inflictest now ;
Feel for thy vile self-loving self in vain,
And turn thee howling in unpitied pain.
May the strong curse of crush'd affections light
Back on thy bosom with reflected blight!
And make thee in thy leprosy of mind
As loathsome to thyself as to mankind!
Till all thy self-thoughts curdle into hate,
Black—as thy will for others would create :
Till thy hard heart be calcined into dust,
And thy soul welter in its hideous crust.
Oh, may thy grave be sleepless as the bed,—
The widow'd couch of fire, that thou hast spread!
Then, when thou fain would'st weary Heaven with prayer,
Look on thine earthly victims—and despair!
Down to the dust!—and, as thou rott'st away,
Even worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay.
But for the love I bore, and still must bear,
To her thy malice from all ties would tear—
Thy name—thy human name—to every eye
The climax of all scorn should hang on high,
Exalted o'er thy less abhorr'd compeers—
And festering in the infamy of years.

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

Oh! land of my fathers and mine,
The noblest, the best, and the bravest;
Heart-broken, and lorn, I resign
The joys and the hopes which thou gavest!

Dear mother of freedom! farewell!
Even freedom is irksome to me;
Be calm, throbbing heart, nor rebel,
For reason approves the decree.

Did I love?—Be my witness, high Heaven,
That mark'd all my frailties and fears;
I adored—but the magic is riven:
Be the memory expunged by my tears!

The moment of rapture how bright,
How dazzling, how transient its glare;
A comet in splendour and flight,
The herald of darkness and care.

Recollections of tenderness gone,
Of pleasure no more to return;
A wanderer, an outcast, alone,
Oh! leave me, untortured, to mourn.

Where—where shall my heart find repose?
 A refuge from memory and grief?
 The gangrene, wherever it goes,
 Disdains a fictitious relief.

Could I trace out that fabulous stream
 Which washes remembrance away,
 Again might the eye of hope gleam,
 The dawn of a happier day.

Hath wine an oblivious power?
 Can it pluck out the sting from the brain?
 The draught might beguile for an hour,
 But still leaves behind it the pain.

Can distance or time heal the heart
 That bleeds from the innermost pore?
 Or intemperance lessen its smart?
 Or a cerate apply to its sore?

If I rush to the ultimate pole,
 The form I adore will be there,
 A phantom to torture my soul,
 And mock at my bootless despair.

The zephyr of eve, as it flies,
 Will whisper her voice in mine ear,
 And, moist with her sorrows and sighs,
 Demand for love's altar a tear.

And still in the dreams of the day,
And still in the visions of night,
Will fancy her beauties display,
Disordering, deceiving the sight.

Hence, vain; fleeting images, hence!
Grim phantoms that 'wilder my brain,
Mere frauds upon reason and sense,
Engender'd by folly and pain!

Did I swear on the altar of Heaven
My fealty to her I adored?
Did she give back the vows I had given,
And plight back the plight of her lord?

If I err'd for a moment from love,
The error I flew to retrieve;
Kiss'd the heart I had wounded, and strove
To soothe, ere it ventured to grieve.

Did I bend, who had ne'er bent before?
Did I sue, who was used to command?
Love forced me to weep and implore,
And pride was too weak to withstand.

Then why should one frailty, like mine,
Repented, and wash'd with my tears,
Erase those impressions divine,
The faith and affection of years?

Was it well, between anger and love,
That pride the stern umpire should be;
And *that* heart should its flintiness prove
On none, till it proved it on *me*?

And, ah! was it well, when I knelt,
Thy tenderness so to conceal,
That witnessing all which I felt,
Thy sternness forbade *thee* to feel?

Then, when the dear pledge of our love
Look'd up to her mother and smiled.
Say, was there no impulse that strove
To back the appeal of the child?

That bosom, so callous and chill,
So treacherous to love and to me:
Ah! felt it no heart-rending thrill,
As it turn'd from the innocent's plea?

That ear, which was open to all,
Was ruthlessly closed to its lord;
Those accents, which fiends would inthral,
Refused a sweet peace-giving word.

And think'st thou, dear object—for still
To my bosom thou only art life,
And spite of my pride and my will,
I bless thee, I woo thee, my wife!

Oh! think'st thou that absence shall bring
The balm which will give thee relief:
Or time, on its life-wasting wing,
An antidote yield for thy grief!

Thy hopes will be frail as the dream
Which cheats the long moments of night,
But melts in the glare of the beam
Which breaks from the portal of light.

For when on thy babe's smiling face
Thy features and mine intertwined,
The finger of fancy shall trace,
The spell shall resistlessly bind.

The dimple that dwells on her cheek,
The glances that beam from her eye,
The lisp as she struggles to speak,
Shall dash every smile with a sigh.

Then I, though whole oceans between
Their billowy barriers may rear,
Shall triumph, though far and unseen,
Unconscious, uncall'd, shall be there.

The cruelty sprang not from thee,
'T was foreign and foul to thy heart,
That levell'd its arrow at me,
And fix'd the incurable smart.

Ah, no! 't was another than thine,
 The hand which assail'd my repose,
 It struck—and too fatally mine
 The wound, and its offspring of woes.

They hated us both, who destroy'd
 The buds and the promise of spring,
 For who, to replenish the void,
 New ties, new affections, can bring?

Alas! to the heart that is rent,
 What nostrums can soundness restore?
 Or what, to the bow over-bent,
 The spring which it carried before?

The rent heart will fester and bleed,
 And fade like the leaf in the blast;
 The crack'd yew no more will recede,
 Though vigorous and tough to the last.

I wander—it matters not where;
 No clime can restore me my peace,
 Or snatch from the frown of despair,
 A cheering—a fleeting release!

How slowly the moments will move!
 How tedious the footsteps of years!
 When valley and mountain and grove
 Shall change but the scene of my tears.

The classic memorials which nod,
The spot dear to science and lore,
Sarcophagus, temple, and sod,
Excite me and ravish no more.

The stork on the perishing wall
Is better and happier than I,
Content in his ivy-built hall,
He hangs out his home in the sky.

But houseless and heartless I rove,
My bosom all bared to the wind,
The victim of pride, and of love,
I seek—but, ah! where can I find?

I seek what no tribes can bestow;
I ask what no clime can impart;
A charm which can neutralize woe,
And dry up the tears of the heart.

I ask it—I seek it—in vain—
From Ind to the northernmost pole,
Unheeded—unpitied—complain,
And pour out the grief of my soul.

What bosom shall heave when I sigh?
What tears shall respond when I weep?
To my wailings what wail shall reply?
What eye mark the vigils I keep?

Even thou, as thou learnest to prate,
Dear babe—while remotely I rove—
Shall count it a duty to *hate*.
Where nature commands thee to *love*.

The foul tongue of malice shall peal
My vices, my faults, in thine ear,
And teach thee, with demon-like zeal,
A father's affection to fear.

And oh! if in some distant day,
Thine ear may be struck with my lyre,
And nature's true index may say,
« It may be—it must be my sire! »

Perchance to thy prejudiced eye
Obnoxious my form may appear,
Even nature be deaf to my sigh,
And duty refuse me a tear.

Yet sure in this isle, where my songs
Have echo'd from mountain and dell,
Some tongue the sad tale of my wrongs
With grateful emotion may tell.

Some youth, who had valued my lay,
And warm'd o'er the tale as it ran,
To thee e'en may venture to say,
« His frailties were those of a man. »

They were; they were human, but swell'd
By envy and malice and scorn,
Each feeling of nature rebell'd,
And hated the mask it had worn.

Though human the fault—how severe,
How harsh the stern sentence pronounced;
Even pride dropp'd a niggardly tear,
My love as it grimly denounced.

'T is past: the great struggle is o'er;
The war of my bosom subsides;
And passion's strong current no more
Impels its impetuous tides.

'T is past: my affections give way,
The ties of my nature are broke,
The summons of pride I obey,
And break love's degenerate yoke.

I fly, like a bird of the air,
In search of a home and a rest;
A balm for the sickness of care,
A bliss for a bosom unblest'd.

And swift as the swallow that floats,
And bold as the eagle that soars,
Yet dull as the owlet, whose notes
The dark fiend of midnight deplores!

Where gleam the gay splendours of East,
 The dance and the bountiful board;
 I 'll bear me to luxury's feast,
 To exile the form I adored.

In full-brimming goblets I 'll quaff
 The sweets of the Lethean spring,
 And join in the bacchanal's laugh,
 And trip in the fairy-forin'd ring.

Where pleasure invites will I roam,
 To drown the dull memory of care,
 An exile from hope and from home,
 A fugitive chased by despair.

Farewell to thee, land of the brave!
 Farewell to thee, land of my birth!
 When tempests around thee shall rave,
 Still—still may they homage thy worth!

Wife, infant, and country, and friend,
 Ye wizard my fancy no more;
 I fly from your solace, and wend
 To weep on some kindlier shore.

The grim-visaged fiend of the storm
 That raves in this agonized breast,
 Still raises his pestilent form,
 Till death calm the tumult to rest.

TO MY DAUGHTER,

ON THE MORNING OF HER BIRTH.

HAIL to this teeming stage of strife!
Hail, lovely miniature of life!
Pilgrim of many cares untold!
Lamb of the world's extended fold!
Fountain of hopes and doubts and fears!
Sweet promise of extatic years!
How could I faintly bend the knee,
And turn idolater to thee!

'T is nature's worship—felt—confess'd,
Far as the life which warms the breast:
The sturdy savage, 'midst his clan,
The rudest portraiture of man,
In trackless woods and boundless plains,
Where everlasting wildness reigns,
Owns the still throb—the secret start—
The hidden impulse of the heart.

Dear babe! ere yet upon thy years
The soil of human vice appears,
Ere passion hath disturb'd thy cheek,
And prompted what thou dar'st not speak

Ere that pale lip is blanch'd with care,
Or from those eyes shoot fierce despair,
Would I could wake thy untuned ear,
And charm it with a father's prayer.

But little reck'st thou, oh my child!
Of travail on life's thorny wild;
Of all the dangers, all the woes,
Each tottering footstep which inclose;
Ah, little reck'st thou of the scene
So darkly wrought, that spreads between
The little all we here can find,
And the dark mystic sphere behind!

Little reck'st thou, my earliest born,
Of clouds which gather round thy morn,
Of acts to lure thy soul astray,
Of snares that intersect thy way,
Of secret foes, of friends untrue,
Of fiends who stab the hearts they woo—
Little thou reck'st of this sad store—
Would thou might'st never reckon more!

But thou wilt burst this transient sleep,
And thou wilt wake, my babe, to weep;
The tenant of a frail abode,
Thy tears must flow, as mine have flow'd;
Beguiled by follies every day,
Sorrow must wash the faults away,
And thou may'st wake, perchance, to prove
The pang of unrequited love.

Unconscious babe, though on that brow
No half-fledged misery nestles now,
Scarce round thy placid lips a smile
Maternal fondness shall beguile,
Ere the moist footsteps of a tear
Shall plant their dewy traces there,
And prematurely pave the way
For sorrows of a riper day.

Oh! could a father's prayer repel
The eye's sad grief, the bosom's swell;
Or could a father hope to bear
A darling child's allotted care,
Then thou, my babe, should slumber still,
Exempted from all human ill,
A parent's love thy peace should free,
And ask its wounds again for thee.

Sleep on, my child; the slumber brief
Too soon shall melt away to grief,
Too soon the dawn of woe shall break,
And briny rills bedew that cheek;
Too soon shall sadness quench those eyes,
That breast be agonized with sighs,
And anguish o'er the beams of noon
Lead clouds of care,—ah, much too soon!

Soon wilt thou reck of cares unknown,
Of wants and sorrows all their own,
Of many a pang, and many a woe,
That thy dear sex alone can know—

Of many an ill, untold, unsung,
That will not—may not find a tongue,
But kept conceal'd without control,
Spread the fell cancers of the soul.

Yet be thy lot, my babe, more bless'd,
May joy still animate thy breast;
Still, 'midst thy least propitious days,
Shedding its rich inspiring rays;
A father's heart shall daily bear
Thy name upon its secret prayer,
And as he seeks his last repose,
Thine image ease life's parting throes.

Then hail, sweet miniature of life!
Hail to this teeming stage of strife!
Pilgrim of many cares untold!
Lamb of the world's extended fold!
Fountain of hopes and doubts and fears!
Sweet promise of extatic years!
How could I faintly bend the knee,
And turn idolator to thee!

LINES,

ADDRESSED BY LORD BYRON TO HIS LADY, A FEW MONTHS BEFORE
THEIR SEPARATION.

THERE is a mystic thread of life
So dearly wreath'd with mine alone,
That destiny's relentless knife
At once must sever *both* or *none*.

There is a *form* on which these eyes
Had often gazed with fond delight;
By day that form their joy supplies,
And dreams restore it through the night.

There is a *voice* whose tones inspire
Such thrills of rapture through my breast;
I would not hear a seraph choir
Unless that voice could join the rest.

There is a *face* whose blushes tell
Affection's tale upon the cheek;
But pallid at one fond farewell,
Proclaims more love than words can speak.

There is a *lip* which mine hath press'd,
And none had ever press'd before,
It vow'd to make me sweetly bless'd,
And mine—mine only, press it more.

There is a *bosom*—all my own—
Hath pillow'd oft this aching head;
A *mouth* which smiles on me alone,
An *eye* whose tears with mine are shed.

There are two *hearts* whose movements thrill
In unison so closely sweet!
That, pulse to pulse responsive still,
They both must heave—or cease to beat.

There are two *souls* whose equal flow,
In gentle streams so calmly run,
That when they part—*they part!*—ah, no!
They cannot part—*those souls are one.*

TO ***

WHEN all around grew drear and dark,
And reason half withheld her ray—
And hope but shed a dying spark,
Which more misled my lonely way;
In that deep midnight of the mind,
And that internal strife of heart,
When dreading to be deem'd too kind,
The weak despair—the cold depart;
When fortune changed—and love fled far,
And hatred's shafts flew thick and fast,
Thou wert the solitary star
Which rose and set not to the last.
Oh! blest be thine unbroken light!
That watch'd me as a seraph's eye,
And stood between me and the night,
For ever shining sweetly nigh.
And when the cloud upon us came,
Which strove to blacken o'er thy ray—
Then purer spread its gentle flame,
And dash'd the darkness all away.
Still may thy spirit dwell on mine,
And teach it what to brave or brook—

There's more in one soft word of thine
Than in the world's defied rebuke.
Thou stood'st, as stands a lovely tree,
Whose branch unbroke, but gently bent,
Still waves with fond fidelity
Its boughs above a monument.
The winds might rend—the skies might pour,
But there thou wert—and still would'st be
Devoted in the stormiest hour
To shed thy weeping leaves o'er me.
But thou and thine shall know no blight,
Whatever fate on me may fall;
For Heaven in sunshine will requite
The kind—and thee the most of all.
Then let the ties of baffled love
Be broken—thine will never break;
Thy heart can feel—but will not move;
Thy soul, though soft, will never shake.
And these, when all was lost beside,
Were found and still are fix'd on thee—
And bearing still a breast so tried,
Earth is no desert—even to me.

STANZAS TO ***.

THOUGH the day of my destiny's over,
And the star of my fate hath declined,
Thy soft heart refused to discover
The faults which so many could find;

Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,
It shrunk not to share it with me,
And the love which my spirit hath painted
It never hath found but in *thee*.

Then when nature around me is smiling,
The last smile which answers to mine,
I do not believe it beguiling,
Because it reminds me of thine;
And when winds are at war with the ocean,
As the breasts I believed in with me,
If their billows excite an emotion,
It is that they bear me from *thee*.

Though the rock of my last hope is shiver'd,
And its fragments are sunk in the wave,
Though I feel that my soul is deliver'd
To pain—it shall not be its slave.
There is many a pang to pursue me:
They may crush, but they shall not contemn—
They may torture, but shall not subdue me—
'T is of *thee* that I think—not of them.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,
Though woman, thou didst not forsake,
Though loved, thou forborest to grieve me,
Though slander'd, thou never couldst shake,—
Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,
Though parted, it was not to fly,
Though watchful, 't was not to defame me,
Nor, mute, that the world might belie.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,
Nor the war of the many with one—
If my soul was not fitted to prize it,
'T was folly not sooner to shun :
And if dearly that error hath cost me,
And more than I once could foresee,
I have found that, whatever it lost me,
It could not deprive me of *thee*.

From the wreck of the past, which hath perish'd,
Thus much I at least may recall,
It hath taught me that what I most cherish'd
Deserved to be dearest of all :
In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wide waste there still is a tree, {
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of *thee*.

TO A YOUTHFUL FRIEND.'

Few years have pass'd since thou and I
Were firmest friends, at least in name,
And childhood's gay sincerity
Preserved our feelings long the same.

But now, like me, too well thou know'st
What trifles oft the heart recall;
And those who once have loved the most
Too soon forget they loved at all.

' This poem and the following were written previous to Lord Byron's marriage.—*Editor*.

And such the change the heart displays,
 So frail is early friendship's reign,
 A month's brief lapse, perhaps a day's,
 Will view thy mind estranged again.

If so, it never shall be mine
 To mourn the loss of such a heart;
 The fault was nature's fault, not thine,
 Which made thee fickle as thou art.

As rolls the ocean's changing tide,
 So human feelings ebb and flow;
 And who would in a breast confide
 Where stormy passions ever glow?

It boots not that, together bred,
 Our childish days were days of joy;
 My spring of life has quickly fled;
 Thou, too, hast ceased to be a boy.

And when we bid adieu to youth,
 Slaves to the specious world's control,
 We sigh a long farewell to truth;
 That world corrupts the noblest soul.

Ah, joyous season! when the mind
 Dares all things boldly but to lie;
 When thought ere spoke is unconfined,
 And sparkles in the placid eye.

Not so in man's maturer years,
When man himself is but a tool;
When interest sways our hopes and fears,
And all must love and hate by rule.

With fools, in kindred vice the same,
We learn at length our faults to blend,
And those, and those alone, may claim
The prostituted name of friend.

Such is the common lot of man :
Can we then 'scape from folly free?
Can we reverse the general plan,
Nor be what all in turn must be?

No, for myself, so dark my fate
Through every turn of life hath been;
Man and the world I so much hate,
I care not when I quit the scene.

But thou, with spirit frail and light,
Wilt shine awhile and pass away;
As glow-worms sparkle through the night,
But dare not stand the test of day.

Alas! whenever folly calls
Where parasites and princes meet,
(For cherish'd first in royal halls,
The welcome vices kindly greet)

Ev'n now thou 'rt nightly seen to add
 One insect to the fluttering crowd;
 And still thy trifling heart is glad,
 To join the vain, and court the proud.

There dost thou glide from fair to fair,
 Still simpering on with eager haste,
 As flies along the gay parterre,
 That taint the flowers they scarcely taste.

But say, what nymph will prize the flame
 Which seems, as marshy vapours move,
 To flit along from dame to dame,
 An ignis-fatuus gleam of love?

What friend for thee, howe'er inclined,
 Will deign to own a kindred care?
 Who will debase his manly mind,
 For friendship every fool may share?

In time forbear; amidst the throng
 No more so base a thing be seen;
 No more so idly pass along:
 Be something, any thing, but—mean.

TO MARY.¹

WELL! thou art happy, and I feel
That I should thus be happy too;
For still my heart regards thy weal
Warmly, as it was wont to do.

Thy husband 's blest—and 't will impart
Some pangs to view his happier lot:
But let them pass—Oh! how my heart
Would hate him, if he loved thee not!

When late I saw thy favourite child,
I thought my jealous heart would break;
But when th' unconscious infant smiled,
I kiss'd it, for its mother's sake.

I kiss'd it, and repress'd my sighs,
Its father in its face to see;
But then it had its mother's eyes,
And they were all to love and me.

¹ Miss Chaworth, the Mary of his « Hours of Idleness, » who married a gentleman of ancient family, but whose marriage was far from proving a happy one.—*Editor*.

Mary, adieu! I must away :
While thou art blest I 'll not repine ;
But near thee I can never stay :
My heart would soon again be thine.

I deem'd that time, I deem'd that pride
Had quench'd at length my boyish flame ;
Nor knew, till seated by thy side,
My heart in all, save hope, the same.

Yet was I calm : I knew the time
My breast would thrill before thy look ;
But now to tremble were a crime—
We met, and not a nerve was shook.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,
Yet meet with no confusion there :
One only feeling could'st thou trace ;
The sullen calmness of despair.

Away! away! my early dream,
Remembrance never must awake :
Oh! where is Lethe's fabled stream?
My foolish heart, be still, or break.

TO THYRZA.

I.

WITHOUT a stone to mark the spot,
And say, what truth might well have said,
By all, save one, perchance forgot,
Ah, wherefore art thou lowly laid?
By many a shore and many a sea
Divided, yet beloved in vain;
The past, the future fled to thee
To bid us meet—no—ne'er again!
Could this have been—a word, a look
That softly said, "We part in peace,"
Had taught my bosom how to brook,
With fainter sighs, thy soul's release.
And didst thou not, since death for thee
Prepared a light and pangless dart,
Once long for him thou ne'er shalt see,
Who held, and holds thee in his heart?
Oh! who like him had watch'd thee here?
Or sadly mark'd thy glazing eye,
In that dread hour ere death appear,
When silent sorrow fears to sigh,
Till all was past? But when no more
'T was thine to reckon human woe,
Affection's heart-drops, gushing o'er,
Had flow'd as fast—as now they flow.

Shall they not flow, when many a day
In these, to me, deserted towers,
Ere call'd but for a time away,
Affection's mingling tears were ours?
Ours too the glance none saw beside;
The smile none else might understand;
The whisper'd thought of hearts allied,
The pressure of the thrilling hand;
The kiss so guiltless and refined,
That love each warmer wish forbore;
Those eyes proclaim'd so pure a mind,
Even passion blush'd to plead for more.
The tone, that taught me to rejoice,
When prone, unlike thee, to repine;
The song, celestial from thy voice,
But sweet to me from none but thine;
The pledge we wore—I wear it still,
But where is thine?—ah, where art thou?
Oft have I borne the weight of ill,
But never bent beneath till now!
Well hast thou left in life's best bloom
The cup of woe for me to drain.
If rest alone be in the tomb,
I would not wish thee here again;
But if in worlds more blest than this
Thy virtues seek a fitter sphere,
Impart some portion of thy bliss,
To wean me from mine anguish here.
Teach me—too early taught by thee!
To bear, forgiving and forgiven:
On earth thy love was such to me;
It fain would form my hope in heaven!

II.

AWAY, away, ye notes of woe!
Be silent, thou once soothing strain,
Or I must flee from hence, for, oh!
I dare not trust those sounds again.
To me they speak of brighter days—
But lull the chords, for now, alas!
I must not think, I may not gaze
On what I am—on what I was.
The voice that made those sounds more sweet
Is hush'd, and all their charms are fled;
And now their softest notes repeat
A dirge, an anthem o'er the dead!
Yes, Thyrza! yes, they breathe of thee,
Beloved dust! since dust thou art;
And all that once was harmony
Is worse than discord to my heart!
'T is silent all!—but on my ear
The well-remember'd echoes thrill;
I hear a voice I would not hear,
A voice that now might well be still;
Yet oft my doubting soul 't will shake,
Even slumber owns its gentle tone,
Till consciousness will vainly wake
To listen, though the dream be flown.
Sweet Thyrza! waking as in sleep,
Thou art but now a lovely dream;
A star that trembled o'er the deep,
Then turn'd from earth its tender beam.
But he, who through life's dreary way
Must pass, when heaven is veil'd in wrath,

Will long lament the vanish'd ray
That scatter'd gladness o'er his path.

III.

ONE struggle more, and I am free
From pangs that rend my heart in twain;
One last long sigh to love and thee,
Then back to busy life again.
It suits me well to mingle now
With things that never pleased before:
Though every joy is fled below,
What future grief can touch me more?
Then bring me wine, the banquet bring;
Man was not form'd to live alone:
I'll be that light unmeaning thing
That smiles with all, and weeps with none.
It was not thus in days more dear,
It never would have been, but thou
Hast fled, and left me lonely here;
Thou'rt nothing, all are nothing now.
In vain my lyre would lightly breathe!
The smile that sorrow fain would wear
But mocks the woe that lurks beneath,
Like roses o'er a sepulchre.
Though gay companions o'er the bowl
Dispel awhile the sense of ill;
Though pleasure fires the maddening soul,
The heart—the heart is lonely still!
On many a lone and lovely night
It soothed to gaze upon the sky;
For then I deem'd the heavenly light
Shone sweetly on thy pensive eye:

And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon,
When sailing o'er the Ægean wave,
« Now Thyrsa gazes on that moon—»
Alas, it gleam'd upon her grave!
When stretch'd on fever's sleepless bed,
And sickness shrunk my throbbing veins,
« 'T is comfort still,» I faintly said,
« That Thyrsa cannot know my pains.»
Like freedom to the time-worn slave,
A boon 't is idle then to give,
Relenting nature vainly gave
My life, when Thyrsa ceased to live!
My Thyrsa's pledge in better days,
When love and life alike were new!
How different now thou meet'st my gaze!
How tinged by time with sorrow's hue!
The heart that gave itself with thee
Is silent—ah, were mine as still!
Though cold as e'en the dead can be,
It feels, it sickens with the chill.
Thou bitter pledge! thou mournful token!
Though painful, welcome to my breast!
Still, still, preserve that love unbroken,
Or break the heart to which thou 'rt prest!
Time tempers love, but not removes,
More hallow'd when its hope is fled:
Oh! what are thousand living loves
To that which cannot quit the dead!

EUTHANASIA.

WHEN time, or soon or late, shall bring
The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead,
Oblivion! may thy languid wing
Wave gently o'er my dying bed!
No band of friends or heirs be there,
To weep, or wish, the coming blow:
No maiden, with dishevell'd hair,
To feel, or feign, decorous woe.
But silent let me sink to earth,
With no officious mourners near:
I would not mar one hour of mirth,
Nor startle friendship with a fear.
Yet love, if love in such an hour
Could nobly check its useless sighs,
Might then exert its latest power
In her who lives and him who dies.
'T were sweet, my Psyche! to the last
Thy features still serene to see:
Forgetful of its struggles past,
E'en pain itself should smile on thee.
But vain the wish—for beauty still
Will shrink, as shrinks the ebbing breath;
And woman's tears, produced at will,
Deceive in life, unman in death.
Then lonely be my latest hour,
Without regret, without a groan!

For thousands death hath ceased to lower,
And pain been transient or unknown.
« Ay, but to die, and go, » alas!
Where all have gone, and all must go!
To be the nothing that I was
Ere born to life and living woe.
Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
Count o'er thy days from anguish free,
And know, whatever thou hast been,
'T is something better not to be.

STANZAS.

« *Heu quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!* »

AND thou art dead, as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth;
And form so soft, and charms so rare,
Too soon return'd to earth!
Though earth received them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness or mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,
Nor gaze upon the spot;
There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
So I behold them not:

It is enough for me to prove
That what I loved and long must love
Like common earth can rot;
To me there needs no stone to tell,
'T is nothing that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last
As fervently as thou,
Who didst not change through all the past,
And canst not alter now.
The love where death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow:
And, what were worse, thou canst not see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours;
The worst can be but mine;
The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers,
Shall never more be thine.
The silence of that dreamless sleep
I envy now too much to weep;
Nor need I to repine
That all those charms have pass'd away,
I might have watch'd through long decay.

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd
Must fall the earliest prey;
Though by no hand untimely snatch'd,
The leaves must drop away:

And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
Than see it pluck'd to-day;
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne
To see thy beauties fade;
The night that follow'd such a morn
Had worn a deeper shade:
Thy day without a cloud hath past,
And thou wert lovely to the last;
Extinguish'd, not decay'd;
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept, if I could weep
My tears might well be shed,
To think I was not near to keep
One vigil o'er thy bed;
To gaze, how fondly! on thy face,
To fold thee in a faint embrace,
Uphold thy drooping head;
And show that love, however vain,
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
Though thou hast left me free,
The loveliest things that still remain,
Than thus remember thee!

The all of thine that cannot die
Through dark and dread eternity,
Returns again to me,
And more thy buried love endears,
Than aught, except its living years.

STANZAS.

If sometimes in the haunts of men
Thine image from my breast may fade,
The lonely hour presents again
The semblance of thy gentle shade:
And now that sad and silent hour
Thus much of thee can still restore,
And sorrow unobserved may pour
The plaint she dare not speak before.

Oh, pardon that in crowds awhile,
I waste one thought I owe to thee,
And, self-condemn'd, appear to smile,
Unfaithful to thy memory!
Nor deem that memory less dear,
That then I seem not to repine;
I would not fools should overhear
One sigh that should be wholly *thine*.

If not the goblet pass unquaff'd,
It is not drain'd to banish care;
The cup must hold a deadlier draught,
That brings a Lethe for despair.

And could oblivion set my soul
From all her troubled visions free.
I'd dash to earth the sweetest bowl
That drown'd a single thought of thee.

For wert thou vanish'd from my mind,
Where could my vacant bosom turn?
And who would then remain behind
To honour thine abandon'd urn?
No, no—it is my sorrow's pride
That last dear duty to fulfil;
'Though all the world forget beside,
'T is meet that I remember still.

For well I know, that such had been
Thy gentle care for him, who now
Unmourn'd shall quit this mortal scene,
Where none regarded him, but thou:
And, oh! I feel in *that* was given
A blessing never meant for me;
Thou wert too like a dream of Heaven,
For earthly love to merit thee.

March 14th, 1812.

TO A LADY.

Oh Lady! when I left the shore,
The distant shore, which gave me birth,
I hardly thought to grieve once more,
To quit another spot on earth:
Yet here, amidst this barren isle,
Where panting nature droops the head,

Where only thou art seen to smile,
I view my parting hour with dread.
Though far from Albin's craggy shore,
Divided by the dark-blue main;
A few, brief, rolling seasons o'er,
Perchance I view her cliffs again :
But wheresoe'er I now may roam,
Through scorching clime, and varied sea,
Though time restore me to my home,
I ne'er shall bend mine eyes on thee :
On thee, in whom at once conspire
All charms which heedless hearts can move,
Whom but to see is to admire,
And, oh ! forgive the word—to love.
Forgive the word, in one who ne'er
With such a word can more offend ;
And since thy heart I cannot share,
Believe me, what I am, thy friend.
And who so cold as look on thee,
Thou lovely wand'rer, and be less?
Nor be, what man should ever be,
The friend of beauty in distress?
Ah ! who would think that form had past
Through danger's most destructive path,
Had braved the death-wing'd tempest's blast,
And 'scaped a tyrant's fiercer wrath?
Lady ! when I shall view the walls
Where free Byzantium once arose ;
And Stamboul's oriental halls
The Turkish tyrants now enclose ;
Though mightiest in the lists of fame,
That glorious city still shall be,

On me 't will hold a dearer claim,
As spot of thy nativity:
And though I bid thee now farewell,
When I behold that wond'rous scene,
Since where thou art I may not dwell,
'T will soothe to be, where thou hast been.

September, 1809.

STANZAS

Composed October 11th, 1809, during the night, in a thunder-storm,
when the guides had lost the road to Zitza, near the range of
mountains formerly called Pindus', in Albania.

CHILL and mirk is the nightly blast,
Where Pindus' mountains rise,
And angry clouds are pouring fast
The vengeance of the skies.

Our guides are gone, our hope is lost,
And lightnings, as they play,
But show where rocks our path have crost,
Or gild the torrent's spray.

Is yon a cot I saw, though low?
When lightning broke the gloom—
How welcome were its shade!—ah, no!
'T is but a Turkish tomb.

Through sounds of foaming waterfalls,
I hear a voice exclaim—
My way-worn countryman, who calls
On distant England's name.

A shot is fired—by foe or friend?
 Another—'t is to tell
 The mountain-peasants to descend,
 And lead us where they dwell.

Oh! who in such a night will dare
 To tempt the wilderness?
 And who 'mid thunder-peals can hear
 Our signal of distress?

And who that heard our shouts would rise
 To try the dubious road?
 Nor rather deem from nightly cries
 That outlaws were abroad.

Clouds burst, skies flash, oh, dreadful hour!
 More fiercely pours the storm!
 Yet here one thought has still the power
 To keep my bosom warm.

While wand'ring through each broken path,
 O'er brake and craggy brow;
 While elements exhaust their wrath,
 Sweet Florence, where art thou?

Not on the sea, not on the sea,
 Thy bark hath long been gone:
 Oh, may the storm that pours on me,
 Bow down my head alone!

Full swiftly blew the swift siroc,
When last I press'd thy lip;
And long ere now, with foaming shock,
Impell'd thy gallant ship.

Now thou art safe; nay, long ere now
Hast trod the shore of Spain;
'T were hard if ought so fair as thou
Should linger on the main.

And since I now remember thee
In darkness and in dread,
As in those hours of revelry
Which mirth and music sped;

Do thou amidst the fair white walls,
If Cadiz yet be free,
At times from out her latticed halls
Look o'er the dark blue sea;

Then think upon Calypso's isles,
Endear'd by days gone by;
To others give a thousand smiles,
To me a single sigh.

And when the admiring circle mark
The paleness of thy face,
A half-form'd tear, a transient spark
Of melancholy grace,

Again thou 'lt smile, and blushing shun
Some coxcomb's raillery;
Nor own for once thou thought'st of one,
Who ever thinks on thee.

Though smile and sigh alike are vain,
When sever'd hearts repine,
My spirit flies o'er mount and main,
And mourns in search of thine.

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN PASSING THE AMBRACIAN GULF,

NOVEMBER, 14, 1809.

THROUGH cloudless skies, in silvery sheen,
Full beams the moon on Actium's coast:
And on these waves, for Egypt's queen,
The ancient world was won and lost.

And now upon the scene I look,
The azure grave of many a Roman;
Where stern ambition once forsook
His wavering crown to follow woman.

Florence! whom I will love as well
As ever yet was said or sung,
(Since Orpheus sang his spouse from hell)
Whilst thou art fair and I am young;

Sweet Florence! those were pleasant times,
 When worlds were staked for ladies' eyes:
 Had bards as many realms as rhymes,
 Thy charms might raise new Anthonies.

Though fate forbids such things to be, '
 Yet, by thine eyes, and ringlets curl'd!
 I cannot lose a world for thee,
 But would not lose thee for a world.

WRITTEN AFTER SWIMMING FROM SESTOS
 TO ABYDOS.¹

MAY, 9, 1810.

IF, in the month of dark December,
 Leander, who was nightly wont
 (What maid will not the tale remember?)
 To cross thy stream, broad Hellespont!

¹ On the 3d of May, 1810, while the Salsette (Captain Bathurst) was lying in the Dardanelles, Lieutenant Ekenhead of that frigate and the writer of these rhymes swam from the European shore to the Asiatic—by-the-by, from Abydos to Sestos would have been more correct. The whole distance from the place whence we started to our landing on the other side, including the length we were carried by the current, was computed by those on board the frigate at upwards of four English miles; though the actual breadth is barely one. The rapidity of the current is such that no boat can row directly across, and it may in some measure be estimated from the circumstance of the whole distance being accomplished by one of the parties in an hour and five, and by the other in an hour and ten, minutes. The water was extremely cold from the melting of the mountain-snows.

If, when the wintry tempest roar'd,
He sped to Hero, nothing loth,
And thus of old thy current pour'd,
Fair Venus! how I pity both!

For *me*, degenerate modern wretch,
Though in the genial month of May,
My dripping limbs I faintly stretch,
And think I 've done a feat to-day.

But since he cross'd the rapid tide,
According to the doubtful story,
To woo,—and—Lord knows what beside,
And swam for love, as I for glory;

'T were hard to say who fared the best:
Sad mortals! thus the gods still plague you!
He lost his labour, I my jest;
For he was drown'd, and I 've the ague!

About three weeks before, in April, we had made an attempt, but having ridden all the way from the Troad the same morning, and the water being of an icy chillness, we found it necessary to postpone the completion till the frigate anchored below the castles, when we swam the straits, as just stated; entering a considerable way above the European, and landing below the Asiatic, fort. Chevalier says that a young Jew swam the same distance for his mistress; and Oliver mentions its having been done by a Neapolitan; but our consul, Taragona, remembered neither of these circumstances, and tried to dissuade us from the attempt. A number of the Salsette's crew were known to have accomplished a greater distance; and the only thing that surprised me was, that, as doubts had been entertained on the truth of Leander's story, no traveller had ever endeavoured to ascertain its practicability.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR PETER PARKER,
BART.

THERE is a tear for all that die,
A mourner o'er the humblest grave;
But nations swell the funeral cry,
And triumph weeps above the brave.

For them is sorrow's purest sigh
O'er ocean's heaving bosom sent:
In vain their bones unburied lie,
All earth becomes their monument!

A tomb is theirs on every page,
An epitaph on every tongue,
The present hours, the future age,
For them bewail, to them belong.

For them the voice of festal mirth
Grows hush'd, *their name* the only sound;
While deep remembrance pours to worth
The goblet's tributary round.

A theme to crowds that knew them not,
Lamented by admiring foes,
Who would not share their glorious lot?
Who would not die the death they chose?

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

399

And, gallant Parker! thus enshrined
Thy life, thy fall, thy fame shall be;
And early valour, glowing, find
A model in thy memory.

But there are breasts that bleed with thee
In woe, that glory cannot quell;
And shuddering hear of victory,
Where one so dear, so dauntless, fell.

Where shall they turn to mourn thee less?
When cease to hear thy cherish'd name?
Time cannot teach forgetfulness,
While grief's full heart is fed by fame.

Alas! for them, though not for thee,
They cannot choose but weep the more;
Deep for the dead the grief must be,
Who ne'er gave cause to mourn before.

PAINFUL REMINISCENCE.

WHEN we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow—
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame;
I hear thy name spoken.
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me—
Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well:—
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met—
In silence I grieve,
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee?—
With silence and tears.

1808.



INSCRIPTION

ON THE MONUMENT OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

WHEN some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been:
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonour'd falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth:
While man, vain insect, hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
Oh man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
Degraded mass of animated dust!
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit!
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn:
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise,
I never knew but one, and here he lies.

Newstead Abbey, Oct. 30, 1808.

LINES

INSCRIBED UPON A CUP FORMED FROM A SKULL

START not—nor deem my spirit fled :
In me behold the only skull,
From which, unlike a living head,
Whatever flows is never dull.

I lived, I loved, I quaff'd, like thee ;
I died ; let earth my bones resign :
Fill up—thou canst not injure me ;
The worm hath fouler lips than thine.

Better to hold the sparkling grape,
Than nurse the earth-worm's slimy brood ;
And circle in the goblet's shape
The drink of gods, than reptile's food.

Where once my wit, perchance, hath shone,
In aid of others' let me shine ;
And when, alas ! our brains are gone,
What nobler substitute than wine?

Quaff while thou canst—another race,
When thou and thine like me are sped,
May rescue thee from earth's embrace,
And rhyme and revel with the dead.

Why not? since through life's little day
Our heads such sad effects produce;
Redeem'd from worms and wasting clay,
This chance is theirs, to be of use.

Newstead Abbey, 1808.

REMEMBER HIM, ETC.

REMEMBER him, whom passion's power
Severely, deeply, vainly proved :
Remember thou that dangerous hour
When neither fell, though both were loved.
That yielding breast, that melting eye,
Too much invited to be blest ;
That gentle prayer, that pleading sigh,
The wilder wish reproved, repress.
Oh ! let me feel that all I lost,
But saved thee all that conscience fears ;
And blush for every pang it cost
To spare the vain remorse of years.
Yet think of this when many a tongue,
Whose busy accents whisper blame,
Would do the heart that loved thee wrong,
And brand a nearly blighted name.
Think that, whate'er to others, thou
Hast seen each selfish thought subdued :
I bless thy purer soul even now,
Even now, in midnight solitude.
Oh, God ! that we had met in time,
Our hearts as fond, thy hand more free ;

When thou hadst loved without a crime,
And I been less unworthy thee!
Far may thy days, as heretofore,
From this our gaudy world be past!
And, that too bitter moment o'er,
Oh! may such trial be thy last!
This heart, alas! perverted long,
Itself destroy'd might there destroy;
To meet thee in the glittering throng,
Would wake presumption's hope of joy.
Then to the things whose bliss or woe,
Like mine, is wild and worthless all,
That world resign—such scenes forego,
Where those who feel must surely fall.
Thy youth, thy charms, thy tenderness,
Thy soul from long seclusion pure;
From what even here hath past, may guess
What there thy bosom must endure.
Oh! pardon that imploring tear,
Since not by virtue shed in vain,
My frenzy drew from eyes so dear;
For me they shall not weep again.
Though long and mournful must it be,
The thought that we no more may meet;
Yet I deserve the stern decree,
And almost deem the sentence sweet.
Still, had I loved thee less, my heart
Had then less sacrificed to thine;
It felt not half so much to part,
As if its guilt had made thee mine.

FROM THE TURKISH.

THE chain I gave was fair to view,
The lute I added sweet in sound,
The heart that offer'd both was true,
And ill deserved the fate it found.

These gifts were charm'd by secret spell
Thy truth in absence to divine;
And they have done their duty well,
Alas! they could not teach thee thine.

That chain was firm in every link,
But not to bear a stranger's touch;
That lute was sweet—till thou could'st think
In other hands its notes were such.

Let him, who from thy neck unbound
The chain which shiver'd in his grasp,
Who saw that lute refuse to sound,
Restrung the chords, renew the clasp.

When thou wert changed, they alter'd too;
The chain is broke, the music mute:
'T is past—to them and thee adieu—
False heart, frail chain, and silent lute.

TO TIME.

TIME! on whose arbitrary wing
The varying hours must flag or fly,
Whose tardy winter, fleeting spring,
But drag or drive us on to die—
Hail thou! who on my birth bestow'd
Those boons to all that know thee known;
Yet better I sustain thy load,
For now I bear the weight alone.
I would not one fond heart should share
The bitter moments thou hast given;
And pardon thee, since thou could'st spare
All that I loved, to peace or heaven.
To them be joy or rest, on me
Thy future ills shall press in vain;
I nothing owe but years to thee,
A debt already paid in pain.
Yet even that pain was some relief;
It felt, but still forgot thy power:
The active agony of grief
Retards, but never counts the hour.
In joy I've sigh'd to think thy flight
Would soon subside from swift to slow;
Thy cloud could overcast the light,
But could not add a night to woe;

For then, however drear and dark,
My soul was suited to thy sky;
One star alone shot forth a spark
To prove thee—not eternity.
That beam hath sunk, and now thou art
A blank; a thing to count and curse
Through each dull tedious trifling part,
Which all regret, yet all rehearse.
One scene even thou canst not deform;
The limit of thy sloth or speed,
When future wanderers bear the storm
Which we shall sleep too sound to heed :
And I can smile to think how weak
Thine efforts shortly shall be shown,
When all the vengeance thou canst wreak
Must fall upon—a nameless stone.

ON PARTING.

THE kiss, dear maid! thy lip has left,
Shall never part from mine,
Till happier hours restore the gift
Untainted back to thine.
Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,
An equal love may see:
The tear that from thine eyelid streams
Can weep no change in me.
I ask no pledge to make me blest
In gazing when alone;
Nor one memorial for a breast,
Whose thoughts are all thine own.

Nor need I write—to tell the tale
My pen were doubly weak :
Oh! what can idle words avail,
Unless the heart could speak?
By day or night, in weal or woe,
That heart, no longer free,
Must bear the love it cannot show,
And silent ache for thee.

WRITTEN AT ATHENS,

JANUARY, 16, 1810.

THE spell is broke, the charm is flown!
Thus is it with life's fitful fever:
We madly smile when we should groan;
Delirium is our best deceiver.
Each lucid interval of thought
Recalls the woes of nature's charter,
And he that acts as wise men ought,
But lives, as saints have died, a martyr.

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF "THE
PLEASURES OF MEMORY."

ABSENT or present, still to thee,
My friend, what magic spells belong!
As all can tell, who share, like me,
In turn thy converse, and thy song.

But when the dreaded hour shall come
By friendship ever deem'd too nigh,
And « MEMORY » o'er her Druid's tomb
Shall weep that aught of thee can die,
How fondly will she then repay
Thy homage offer'd at her shrine,
And blend, while ages roll away,
Her name immortally with thine!

April, 19, 1812.

ON A CORNELIAN HEART WHICH WAS
BROKEN.

ILL-FATED heart! and can it be
That thou shouldst thus be rent in twain?
Have years of care for thine and thee
Alike been all employ'd in vain?
Yet precious seems each shatter'd part,
And every fragment dearer grown,
Since he who wears thee, feels thou art
A fitter emblem of *his own*.

WRITTEN BENEATH A PICTURE.

DEAR object of defeated care!
Though now of love and thee bereft,
To reconcile me with despair
Thine image and my tears are left.

'T is said with sorrow time can cope;
But this I feel can ne'er be true:
For by the death-blow of my hope
My memory immortal grew.

ON BEING ASKED WHAT WAS THE "ORIGIN OF LOVE?"

THE «origin of love!»—Ah why
That cruel question ask of me,
When thou may'st read in many an eye
He starts to life on seeing thee?
And should'st thou seek his *end* to know:
My heart forebodes, my fears foresee,
He 'll linger long in silent woe;
But live—until I cease to be.

TO A LADY WEEPING.

WEEP, daughter of a royal line,
A sire's disgrace, a realm's decay;
Ah, happy! if each tear of thine
Could wash a father's fault away!

Weep—for thy tears are virtue's tears—
Auspicious to these suffering isles;
And be each drop in future years
Repaid thee by thy people's smiles!

March, 1812.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

As o'er the cold sepulchral stone
Some name arrests the passer-by;
Thus, when thou view'st this page alone,
May mine attract thy pensive eye!

And when by thee that name is read,
Perchance in some succeeding year,
Reflect on me as on the dead,
And think my heart is buried here.

September 14th, 1809.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

IN moments to delight devoted,
« My life! » with tend'rest tone, you cry;
Dear words! on which my heart had doted,
If youth could neither fade nor die.
To death even hours like these must roll,
Ah! then repeat those accents never;
Or change « my life! » into « my soul! »
Which, like my love, exists for ever.

IMPROMPTU, IN REPLY TO A FRIEND.

WHEN from the heart where sorrow sits,
Her dusky shadow mounts too high,
And o'er the changing aspect flits,
And clouds the brow, or fills the eye;
Heed not that gloom, which soon shall sink :
My thoughts their dungeon know too well ;
Back to my breast the wanderers shrink,
And droop within their silent cell.

SONNET TO GENEVRA.

THINE eyes' blue tenderness, thy long fair hair,
And the wan lustre of thy features—caught
From contemplation—where serenely wrought,
Seems sorrow's softness charm'd from its despair—
Have thrown such speaking sadness in thine air,
That—but I know thy blessed bosom fraught
With mines of unalloy'd and stainless thought—
I should have deem'd thee doom'd to earthly care.
With such an aspect, by his colours blent,
When from his beauty-breathing pencil born,
(Except that *thou* hast nothing to repent)
The Magdalen of Guido saw the morn—
Such seem'st thou—but how much more excellent?
With nought remorse can claim—nor virtue scorn.

SONNET TO GENEVRA.

THY cheek is pale with thought, but not from woe,
And yet so lovely, that if mirth could flush
Its rose of whiteness with the brightest blush,
My heart would wish away that ruder glow :—
And dazzle not thy deep-blue eyes—but oh !
While gazing on them sterner eyes will gush,
And into mine my mother's weakness rush,
Soft as the last drops round heaven's airy bow.
For, through thy long dark lashes low depending,
The soul of melancholy gentleness
Gleams like a seraph from the sky descending,
Above all pain, yet pitying all distress ;
At once such majesty with sweetness blending,
I worship more, but cannot love thee less.

TRANSLATION FROM VITTORELLI.

ON A NUN.

Sonnet composed in the name of a father whose daughter had recently died shortly after her marriage; and addressed to the father of her who had lately taken the veil.

OF two fair virgins, modest, though admired,
Heaven made us happy; and now, wretched sires,
Heaven for a nobler doom their worth desires,
And gazing upon *either*, *both* required.

Mine, while the torch of Hymen newly fired
 Becomes extinguish'd, soon—too soon—expires :
 But thine, within the closing grate retired,
 Eternal captive, to her God aspires.
 But *thou* at least from out the jealous door,
 Which shuts between your never-meeting eyes,
 May'st hear her sweet and pious voice once more :
I to the marble, where *my daughter* lies,
 Rush,—the swoln flood of bitterness I pour,
 And knock, and knock, and knock—but none replies.

WINDSOR POETICS.

Lines composed on the occasion of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales being
 seen standing betwixt the coffins of Henri VIII and Charles I, in
 the royal vault at Windsor.

FAMED for contemptuous breach of sacred ties,
 By headless Charles see heartless Henry lies;
 Between them stands another sceptered thing,
 It moves, it reigns, in all but name—a king:
 Charles to his people, Henry to his wife,
 —In him the double tyrant starts to life;
 Justice and death have mix'd their dust in vain,
 Each royal vampyre wakes to life again.
 Ah! what can tombs avail—since these disgorge
 The blood and dust of both—to mould a George.

1813.

SONNET.

ROUSSEAU—Voltaire—our Gibbon—and de Staël—
 Leman! these names are worthy of thy shore,
 Thy shore of names like these; wert thou no more,
 Their memory thy remembrance would recall :
 To them thy banks were lovely as to all,
 But they have made them lovelier, for the lore
 Of mighty minds doth hallow in the core
 Of human hearts the ruin of a wall
 Where dwelt the wise and wond'rous; but by *thee*
 How much more, Lake of Beauty! do we feel,
 In sweetly gliding o'er thy crystal sea,
 The wild glow of that not ungentle zeal,
 Which of the heirs of immortality
 Is proud, and makes the breath of glory real!

SONG.

ΖΩΝ ΜΟΥ, ΣΑΣ ΑΓΑΠΩ.²

ATHENS, 1810.

MAID of Athens, ere we part,
 Give, oh, give me back my heart!

¹ Geneva, Ferney, Coppet, Lausanne.

² *Zoë mou, sas agapo*, or *Zōn mou, saís agapō*, a Romaic expression of tenderness: if I translate it, I shall affront the gentlemen, as it may

Or, since that has left my breast,
 Keep it now, and take the rest!
 Hear my vow before I go,
Ζών μου, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

By those tresses unconfined,
 Woo'd by each Ægean wind;
 By those lids whose jetty fringe
 Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
 By those wild eyes like the roe,
Ζών μου, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

By that lip I long to taste;
 By that zone-encircled waist;
 By all the token-flowers' that tell
 What words can never speak so well;
 By love's alternate joy and woe,
Ζών μου, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

Maid of Athens! I am gone:
 Think of me, sweet! when alone.

see... that I supposed they could not; and if I do not, I may affront the ladies. For fear of any misconstruction on the part of the latter I shall do so, begging pardon of the learned. It means, «My life, I love you!» which sounds very prettily in all languages, and is as much in fashion in Greece at this day as, Juvenal tells us, the two first words were amongst the Roman ladies, whose exotic expressions were all Hellenized.

¹ In the East (where ladies are not taught to write, lest they should scribble assignments) flowers, cinders, pebbles, etc. convey the sentiments of the parties by that universal deputy of Mercury—an old woman. A cinder says, «I burn for thee;» a bunch of flowers tied with hair, «Take me and fly;» but a pebble declares what nothing else can.

Though I fly to Istambol,¹
 Athens holds my heart and soul :
 Can I cease to love thee? No!
Ζών μου, σάς αγαπῶ.

TRANSLATION OF THE FAMOUS GREEK WAR SONG,

Αὐτὲ παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων,

Written by Riga, who perished in the attempt to revolutionize Greece.
 The following translation is as literal as the author could make it
 in verse; it is of the same measure as that of the original.

Sons of the Greeks, arise!
 The glorious hour 's gone forth,
 And, worthy of such ties,
 Display who gave us birth.

CHORUS.

Sons of Greeks! let us go
 In arms against the foe,
 Till their hated blood shall flow
 In a river past our feet.
 Then manfully despising
 The Turkish tyrant's yoke,
 Let your country see you rising,
 And all her chains are broke.
 Brave shades of chiefs and sages.
 Behold the coming strife!

¹ Constantinople.
 VOL. VII.

Hellenes of past ages,
 Oh, start again to life!
 At the sound of my trumpet, breaking
 Your sleep, oh, join with me!
 And the seven-hill'd¹ city seeking,
 Fight, conquer, till we 're free.

Sons of Greeks, etc.

Sparta, Sparta, why in slumbers
 Lethargic dost thou lie?
 Awake, and join thy numbers
 With Athens, old ally!
 Leonidas recalling,
 That chief of ancient song,
 Who saved ye once from falling,
 The terrible! the strong!
 Who made that bold diversion
 In old Thermopylæ,
 And warring with the Persian
 To keep his country free;
 With his three hundred waging
 The battle, long he stood,
 And like a lion raging,
 Expired in seas of blood.

Sons of Greeks, etc.

¹ Constantinople. « Ἐννεάβορος. »

TRANSLATION OF THE ROMAIC SONG.

« Μπενω μες 'τὸ πᾶρδὸλι
 Δραϊώτατη Χαηδέη, » etc.

The song from which this is taken is a great favourite with the young girls of Athens of all classes. Their manner of singing it is by verses in rotation, the whole number present joining in the chorus. I have heard it frequently at our « χοροὶ » in the winter of 1810-11. The air is plaintive and pretty.

I ENTER thy garden of roses,
 Beloved and fair Haidee,
 Each morning where Flora reposes,
 For surely I see her in thee.
 Oh, lovely! thus low I implore thee,
 Receive this fond truth from my tongue,
 Which utters its song to adore thee,
 Yet trembles for what it has sung;
 As the branch, at the bidding of nature,
 Adds fragrance and fruit to the tree,
 Through her eyes, through her every feature,
 Shines the soul of the young Haidee.

But the loveliest garden grows hateful
 When love has abandon'd the bowers;
 Bring me hemlock—since mine is ungrateful,
 That herb is more fragrant than flowers.
 The poison, when pour'd from the chalice,
 Will deeply embitter the bowl;

But when drunk to escape from thy malice,
The draught shall be sweet to my soul.
Too cruel! in vain I implore thee
My heart from these horrors to save:
Will nought to my bosom restore thee?
Then open the gates of the grave.

As the chief who to combat advances
Secure of his conquest before,
Thus thou, with those eyes for thy lances,
Hast pierced through my heart to its core.
Ah, tell me, my soul! must I perish
By pangs which a smile would dispel?
Would the hope, which thou once bad'st me cherish,
For torture repay me too well?
Now sad is the garden of roses,
Beloved but false Haidee!
There Flora all wither'd reposes,
And mourns o'er thine absence with me.

TRANSLATION OF A ROMAIC LOVE SONG.

ΑΗ! love was never yet without
The pang, the agony, the doubt,
Which rends my heart with ceaseless sigh,
While day and night roll darkling by.

Without one friend to hear my woe,
I faint, I die beneath the blow.
That love had arrows, well I knew;
Alas! I find them poison'd too.

Birds, yet in freedom, shun the net,
Which love around your haunts hath set;
Or circled by his fatal fire,
Your hearts shall burn, your hopes expire.

A bird of free and careless wing
Was I, through many a smiling spring;
But caught within the subtle snare,
I burn, and feebly flutter there.

Who ne'er have loved, and loved in vain,
Can neither feel nor pity pain,
The cold repulse, the look askance,
The lightning of love's angry glance.

In flattering dreams I deem'd thee mine;
Now hope, and he who hoped, decline;
Like melting wax, or withering flower,
I feel my passion, and thy power.

My light of life! ah, tell me why
That pouting lip, and alter'd eye?
My bird of love! my beauteous mate!
And art thou changed, and canst thou hate?

Mine eyes like wintry streams o'erflow:
What wretch with me would barter woe?
My bird! relent: one note could give
A charm, to bid thy lover live.

My curdling blood, my madd'ning brain,
In silent anguish I sustain;
And still thy heart, without partaking
One pang, exults—while mine is breaking.

Pour me the poison; fear not thou!
Thou canst not murder more than now:
I've lived to curse my natal day,
And love, that thus can lingering slay.

My wounded soul, my bleeding breast,
Can patience preach thee into rest?
Alas! too late, I dearly know,
That joy is harbinger of woe.

A SONG.

Thou art not false, but thou art fickle,
To those thyself so fondly sought;
The tears that thou hast forced to trickle
Are doubly bitter from that thought:
'T is this which breaks the heart thou grieveest,
Too well thou lov'st—too soon thou leavest.

The wholly false the heart despises,
And spurns deceiver and deceit;
But she who not a thought disguises,
Whose love is as sincere as sweet,—
When she can change who loved so truly,
It feels what mine has felt so newly.

To dream of joy and wake to sorrow
 Is doom'd to all who love or live;
 And if, when conscious on the morrow,
 We scarce our fancy can forgive,
 That cheated us in slumber only,
 To leave the waking soul more lonely,

What must they feel whom no false vision,
 But truest, tenderest passion warm'd?
 Sincere, but swift in sad transition,
 As if a dream alone had charm'd?
 Ah! sure such grief is fancy's scheming,
 And all thy change can be but dreaming!

FAREWELL.

FAREWELL! if ever fondest prayer
 For other's weal avail'd on high,
 Mine will not all be lost in air,
 But waft thy name beyond the sky.
 'T were vain to speak, to weep, to sigh:
 Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,
 When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
 Are in that word—farewell!—farewell!

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry;
 But in my breast, and in my brain,
 Awake the pangs that pass not by,
 The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.

My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,
Though grief and passion there rebel;
I only know we loved in vain—
I only feel—farewell!—farewell!

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BRIGHT be the place of thy soul!
No lovelier spirit than thine
E'er burst from its mortal control,
In the orbs of the blessed to shine.
On earth thou wert all but divine,
As thy soul shall immortally be;
And our sorrow may cease to repine,
When we know that thy God is with thee.

Light be the turf of thy tomb!
May its verdure like emeralds be:
There should not be the shadow of gloom,
In aught that reminds us of thee.
Young flowers and an evergreen tree
May spring from the spot of thy rest:
But nor cypress nor yew let us see;
For why should we mourn for the blest?

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

« O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
 Ducentium ortus ex animo : quater
 Felix ! in imo qui scatentem
 Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit. » — GRAY'S *Poemata*.

THERE 's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away,
 When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay ;
 'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone, which fades so fast,
 But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness
 Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess :
 The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain
 The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes down ;
 It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its own ;
 That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,
 And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract the breast,
 'Through midnight hours that yield no more their former hope of rest ;
 'T is but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd turret wreath,
 All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and gray beneath.

Oh could I feel as I have felt,—or be what I have been,
 Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many a vanish'd scene :
 As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though they be,
 So midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears would flow to me.

1815.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

THERE be none of beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me :
When, as if its sound were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming.

And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chain o'er the deep,
Whose breast is gently heaving,
As an infant's asleep :
So the spirit bows before thee,
To listen and adore thee;
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of summer's ocean.

ROMANCE MUY DOLOROSO

DEL

SITIO Y TOMA DE ALHAMA.

The effect of the original Ballad (which existed both in Spanish and Arabic) was such that it was forbidden to be sung by the Moors, on pain of death, within Granada.

ROMANCE MUY DOLOROSO

DEL

SITIO Y TOMA DE ALHAMA,

El qual dezia en Aravigo assi.

PASSEAVASE el Rey Moro
Por la ciudad de Granada,
Desde las puertas de Elvira
Hasta las de Bivarambla.

Ay de mi, Alhama!

Cartas le fueron venidas
Que Alhama era ganada.
Las cartas echò en el fuego,
Y al mensagero matava.

Ay de mi, Alhama!

Descavalga de una mula,
Y en un cavallo cavalga.
Por el Zacatin arriba
Subido se avia al Alhambra.

Ay de mi, Alhama!

Como en el Alhambra estuvo,
Al mismo punto mandava

A VERY MOURNFUL BALLAD

ON THE

SIEGE AND CONQUEST OF ALHAMA,

Which, in the Arabic language, is to the following purport.

THE Moorish King rides up and down
Through Granada's royal town;
From Elvira's gates to those
Of Bivarambla on he goes.

Woe is me, Alhama!

Letters to the monarch tell
How Alhama's city fell;
In the fire the scroll he threw,
And the messenger he slew.

Woe is me, Alhama!

He quits his mule, and mounts his horse,
And through the street directs his course;
Through the street of Zacatin
To the Alhambra spurring in.

Woe is me, Alhama!

When the Alhambra walls he gain'd,
On the moment he ordain'd

Que se toquen las trompetas
Con añafles de plata.

Ay de mi, Alhama!

Y que atambores de guerra
Apriessa toquen alarma;
Por que lo oygan sus Moros,
Los de la Vega y Granada.

Ay de mi, Alhama!

Los Moros que el son oyeron,
Que al sangriento Marte llama,
Uno a uno, y dos a dos,
Un gran esquadron formavan.

Ay de mi, Alhama!

Alli habló un Moro viejo;
Desta manera hablava:
Para que nos llamas, Rey?
Para que es este llamada?

Ay de mi, Alhama!

Aveys de saber, amygos,
Una nueva desdichada:
Que cristianos, con braveza;
Ya nos han tomado Alhama:

Ay de mi, Alhama!

Alli habló un viejo Alfaqui,
De barba crecida y cana:—
Bien se te emplea, buen rey,
Buen rey; bien se te empleava.

Ay de mi, Alhama!

That the trumpet straight should sound
With the silver clarion round.

Woe is me, Alhama!

And when the hollow drums of war
Beat the loud alarm afar,
That the Moors of town and plain
Might answer to the martial strain,

Woe is me, Alhama!

Then the Moors by this aware
That bloody Mars recall'd them there,
One by one, and two by two,
To a mighty squadron grew.

Woe is me, Alhama!

Out then spake an aged Moor
In these words the king before,
«Wherefore call on us, oh king?
What may mean this gathering?»

Woe is me, Alhama!

«Friends! ye have, alas! to know
Of a most disastrous blow,
That the christians, stern and bold,
Have obtain'd Alhama's hold.»

Woe is me, Alhama!

Out then spake old Alfaqui,
With his beard so white to see,
«Good king! thou art justly served,
Good king! this thou hast deserved.

Woe is me, Alhama!

Mataste los Bencerrages,
Que era la flor de Granada;
Cogiste los tornadizos
De Cordova la nombrada.

Ay de mi, Alhama!

Por esso mereces, rey,
Una pene bien doblada;
Que te pierdas tu y el reyno,
Y que se pierda Granada.

Ay de mi, Alhama!

Si no se respetan leyes;
Es ley que todo se pierda;
Y que se pierda Granada,
Y que te pierdas en ella.

Ay de mi, Alhama!

Fuego por los ojos vierte,
El rey que esto oyera.
Y como el otro de leyes
De leyes tambien hablava.

Ay de mi, Alhama!

Sabe un rey que no ay leyes
De darle a reyes disgusto—
Esso dize el rey Moro
Relinchando de colera.

Ay de mi, Alhama!

Moro Alfaqui, Moro Alfaqui,
El de la vellida barba,

« By thee were slain, in evil hour,
The Abencerrage, Granada's flower ;
And strangers were received by thee
Of Cordova the chivalry.

Woe is me, Alhama !

« And for this, oh king ! is sent
On thee a double chastisement,
Thee and thine, thy crown and realm,
One last wreck shall overwhelm.

Woe is me, Alhama !

« He who holds no laws in awe,
He must perish by the law ;
And Granada must be won,
And thyself with her undone, »

Woe is me, Alhama !

Fire flash'd from out the old Moor's eyes,
The monarch's wrath began to rise,
Because he answer'd, and because
He spake exceeding well of laws.

Woe is me, Alhama !

« There is no law to say such things
As may disgust the ear of kings : » —
Thus, snorting with his choler, said
The Moorish king, and doom'd him dead.

Woe is me, Alhama !

Moor Alfaqui ! Moor Alfaqui !
Though thy beard so hoary be,

El rey te manda prender,
Por la perdida de Alhama. ;
Ay de mi, Alhama!

Y cortarte la cabeza,
Y ponerla en el Alhambra,
Por que a ti castigo sea,
Y otros tiemblen en miralla.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

Cavalleros, hombres buenos,
Dezid de mi parte al rey,
Al rey Moro de Granada,
Como no le devo nada.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

De averse Alhama perdido
A mi me pesa en el alma.
Que si el rey perdiò su tierra,
Otro mucho mas perdiera.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

Perdieran hijos padres,
Y casados las casadas:
Las cosas que mas amara
Perdiò l' un y el otro fama.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

Perdi una hija donzella
Que era la flor d' esta tierra,
Cien doblas dava por ella,
No me las estimo en nada.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

The king hath sent to have thee seized,
For Alhama's loss displeased.

Woe is me, Alhama!

And to fix thy head upon
High Alhambra's loftiest stone;
That this for thee should be the law,
And others tremble when they saw.

Woe is me, Alhama!

« Cavalier! and man of worth!
Let these words of mine go forth;
Let the Moorish monarch know,
That to him I nothing owe.

Woe is me, Alhama!

« But on my soul Alhama weighs,
And on my inmost spirit preys;
And if the king his land hath lost,
Yet others may have lost the most.

Woe is me, Alhama!

« Sires have lost their children, wives
Their lords, and valiant men their lives;
One what best his love might claim
Hath lost, another wealth, or fame.

Woe is me, Alhama!

« I lost a damsel in that hour,
Of all the land the loveliest flower;
Doubloons a hundred I would pay,
And think her ransom cheap that day.»

Woe is me, Alhama!

Diziendo assi al hacen Alfaqui,
Le cortaron la cabeça,
Y la elevan al Alhambra,
Assi come el rey lo manda.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

Hombres, niños y mugeres,
Lloran tan grande perdida.
Lloravan todas las damas
Quantas en Granada avia.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

Por las calles y ventanas
Mucho luto parecia;
Llora el rey como fembra,
Qu' es mucho lo que perdia.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

And as these things the old Moor said,
They sever'd from the trunk his head;
And to the Alhambra's wall with speed
'T was carried, as the king decreed.

Woe is me, Alhama!

And men and infants therein weep
Their loss, so heavy and so deep;
Granada's ladies, all she rears
Within her walls, burst into tears.

Woe is me, Alhama!

And from the windows o'er the walls
The sable web of mourning falls;
The king weeps as a woman o'er
His loss, for it is much and sore.

Woe is me, Alhama!

THE
FOLLOWING LINES

Were written extempore by Lord Byron to his friend T. Moore, Esq.,
the author of *Lalla Rookh*.

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea :
But before I go, Tom Moore,
Here 's a double health to thee.

Here 's a sigh to those who love me
And a smile to those who hate,
And whatever sky 's above me,
Here 's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on ;
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

Were 't the last drop in the well,
As I gasp'd upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'T is to thee that I would drink.

In that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be—peace to thine and mine,
And a health to thee Tom Moore.

MORGANTE MAGGIORE,

TRANSLATED

FROM THE ITALIAN OF PULCI.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE *Morgante Maggiore*, of the first canto of which this translation is offered, divides with the *Orlando Innamorato* the honour of having formed and suggested the style and story of Ariosto. The great defects of Boiardo were his treating too seriously the narratives of chivalry, and his harsh style. Ariosto, in his continuation, by a judicious mixture of the gaiety of Pulci, has avoided the one, and Berni, in his reformation of Boiardo's poem, has corrected the other. Pulci may be considered as the precursor and model of Berni altogether, as he has partly been to Ariosto, however inferior to both his copyists. He is no less the founder of a new style of poetry very lately sprung up in England. I allude to that of the ingenious Whistlecraft. The serious poems on Roncesvalles in the same language, and more particularly the excellent one of Mr Merivale, are to be traced to the same source. It has never yet been decided entirely,

whether Pulci's intention was or was not to deride the religion, which is one of his favourite topics. It appears to me, that such an intention would have been no less hazardous to the poet than to the priest, particularly in that age and country; and the permission to publish the poem, and its reception among the classics of Italy, prove that it neither was nor is so interpreted. That he intended to ridicule the monastic life, and suffered his imagination to play with the simple dulness of his converted giant, seems evident enough; but surely it were as unjust to accuse him of irreligion on this account, as to denounce Fielding for his Parson Adams, Barnabas, Thwackum, Supple, and the Ordinary in Jonathan Wild,—or Scott, for the exquisite use of his Covenanteders in the « Tales of my Landlord.»

In the following translation I have used the liberty of the original with the proper names; as Pulci uses Gan, Ganellon, or Ganellone; Carlo, Carlomagno, or Carlomano; Rondel, or Rondello, etc. as it suits his convenience, so has the translator. In other respects the version is faithful, to the best of the translator's ability in combining his interpretation of the one language with the not very easy task of reducing it to the same versification in the other. The reader is requested to remember that the antiquated language of Pulci, however pure, is not easy to the generality of Italians themselves, from

its great mixture of Tuscan proverbs; and he may therefore be more indulgent to the present attempt. How far the translator has succeeded, and whether or no he shall continue the work, are questions which the public will decide. He was induced to make the experiment partly by his love for, and partial intercourse with, the Italian language, of which it is so easy to acquire a slight knowledge, and with which it is so nearly impossible for a foreigner to become accurately conversant. The Italian language is like a capricious beauty, who accords her smiles to all, her favours to few, and sometimes least to those who have courted her longest. The translator wished also to present in an English dress a part at least of a poem never yet rendered into a northern language; at the same time that it has been the original of some of the most celebrated productions on this side of the Alps, as well as of those recent experiments in poetry in England which have been already mentioned.

TRANSLATION
OF
MORGANTE MAGGIORE.

CANTO I.

I.

IN the beginning was the Word next God;
God was the Word, the Word no less was he;
This was in the beginning, to my mode
Of thinking, and without him nought could be:
Therefore, just Lord! from out thy high abode,
Benign and pious, bid an angel flee,
One only, to be my companion, who
Shall help my famous, worthy, old song through.

II.

And thou, oh Virgin! daughter, mother, bride,
Of the same Lord, who gave to you each key
Of heaven, and hell, and every thing beside,
The day thy Gabriel said, « All hail! » to thee,
Since to thy servants pity 's ne'er denied,
With flowing rhymes, a pleasant style and free,
Be to my verses then benignly kind,
And to the end illuminate my mind.

III.

'T was in the season when sad Philomel
Weeps with her sister, who remembers and
Deplores the ancient woes which both befell,
And makes the nymphs enamour'd, to the hand
Of Phaeton, by Phœbus, loved so well,
His car (but temper'd by his sire's command)
Was given, and on the horizon's verge just now
Appear'd, so that Tithonus scratch'd his brow :

IV.

When I prepared my bark first to obey,
As it should still obey, the helm, my mind,
And carry prose or rhyme, and this my lay
Of Charles the emperor, whom you will find
By several pens already praised; but they
Who to diffuse his glory were inclined,
For all that I can see in prose or verse,
Have understood Charles badly—and wrote worse.

V.

Leonardo Aretino said already,
That if, like Pepin, Charles had had a writer
Of genius quick, and diligently steady,
No hero would in history look brighter;
He in the cabinet being always ready,
And in the field a most victorious fighter,
Who for the church and christian faith had wrought,
Certes far more than yet is said or thought.

VI.

You still may see at Saint Liberatore,
The abbey no great way from Manopell,
Erected in the Abruzzi to his glory.
Because of the great battle in which fell
A pagan king, according to the story,
And felon people whom Charles sent to hell :
And there are bones so many, and so many,
Near them Giusaffa's would seem few, if any.

VII.

But the world, blind and ignorant, don't prize
His virtues as I wish to see them : thou,
Florence, by his great bounty don't arise,
And hast, and may have, if thou wilt allow,
All proper customs and true courtesies :
Whate'er thou hast acquired from then till now,
With knightly courage, treasure, or the lance,
Is sprung from out the noble blood of France.

VIII.

Twelve Paladins had Charles in court, of whom
The wisest and most famous was Orlando ;
Him traitor Gan conducted to the tomb
In Roncesvalles, as the villain plann'd too,
While the horn rang so loud, and knell'd the doom
Of their sad rout, though he did all knight can do,
And Dante in his comedy has given
To him a happy seat with Charles in heaven.

IX.

'T was Christmas-day; in Paris all his court
Charles held; the chief, I say, Orlando was;
The Dane, Astolfo, there too did resort;
Also Ansuigi, the gay time to pass
In festival and in triumphal sport,
The much renown'd St Denis being the cause;
Angiolin of Bayonne, and Oliver,
And gentle Belinghier too came there:

X.

Avolio, and Arino, and Othone
Of Normandy, and Richard Paladin,
Wise Hamo, and the ancient Salemon,
Walter of Lion's Mount and Baldovin,
Who was the son of the sad Ganellone,
Were there, exciting too much gladness in
The son of Pepin:—when his knights came hither,
He groan'd with joy to see them altogether.

XI.

But watchful fortune lurking, takes good heed
Ever some bar 'gainst our intents to bring.
While Charles reposed him thus, in word and deed,
Orlando ruled court, Charles, and every thing;
Curst Gan, with envy bursting, had such need
To vent his spite, that thus with Charles the king,
One day he openly began to say,
« Orlando must we always then obey?

XII.

« A thousand times I 've been about to say,
Orlando too presumptuously goes on;
Here are we, counts, kings, dukes, to own thy sway,
Hamo, and Otho, Ogier, Solomon,
Each have to honour thee and to obey;
But he has too much credit near the throne,
Which we won't suffer, but are quite decided
By such a boy to be no longer guided.

XIII.

« And even at Aspramont thou didst begin
To let him know he was a gallant knight,
And by the fount did much the day to win;
But I know *who* that day had won the fight
If it had not for good Gherardo been;
The victory was Almonte's else; his sight
He kept upon the standard, and the laurels
In fact and fairness are his earning, Charles.

XIV.

« If thou rememberest being in Gascony,
When there advanced the nations out of Spain,
The christian cause had suffer'd shamefully,
Had not his valour driven them back again.
Best speak the truth when there's a reason why:
Know then, oh emperor! that all complain:
As for myself, I shall repass the mounts
O'er which I cross'd with two and sixty counts.

XV.

“T is fit thy grandeur should dispense relief,
So that each here may have his proper part,
For the whole court is more or less in grief:
Perhaps thou deem'st this lad a Mars in heart?”
Orlando one day heard this speech in brief,
As by himself it chanced he sate apart:
Displeased he was with Gan because he said it,
But much more still that Charles should give him credit.

XVI.

And with the sword he would have murder'd Gan,
But Oliver thrust in between the pair,
And from his hand extracted Durlindan,
And thus at length they separated were,
Orlando, angry too with Carloman,
Wanted but little to have slain him there;
Then forth alone from Paris went the chief,
And burst and madden'd with disdain and grief.

XVII.

From Ermellina, consort of the Dane,
He took Cortana, and then took Rondell,
And on towards Brara prick'd him o'er the plain;
And when she saw him coming, Aldabelle
Stretch'd forth her arms to clasp her lord again:
Orlando, in whose brain all was not well,
As “Welcome my Orlando home,” she said,
Rais'd up his sword to smite her on the head.

XVIII.

Like him a fury counsels; his revenge

On Gan in that rash act he seem'd to take,
Which Aldabella thought extremely strange.

But soon Orlando found himself awake;
And his spouse took his bridle on this change,

And he dismounted from his horse, and spake
Of every thing which pass'd without demur,
And then reposed himself some days with her.

XIX.

Then full of wrath departed from the place,

And far as pagan countries roam'd astray,
And while he rode, yet still at every pace

The traitor Gan remember'd by the way;
And wandering on in error a long space,

An abbey which in a lone desert lay,
'Midst glens obscure, and distant lands, he found,
Which form'd the christian's and the pagan's bound.

XX.

The abbot was call'd Clermont, and by blood,

Descended from Angrante: under cover
Of a great mountain's brow the abbey stood,

But certain savage giants look'd him over;
One Passamont was foremost of the brood,

And Alabaster and Morgante hover
Second and third, with certain slings, and throw
In daily jeopardy the place below.

XXI.

The monks could pass the convent gate no more,
Nor leave their cells for water or for wood.
Orlando knock'd, but none would ope, before
Unto the prior it at length seem'd good;
Enter'd, he said that he was taught to adore
Him who was born of Mary's holiest blood,
And was baptized a christian; and then show'd
How to the abbey he had found his road.

XXII.

Said the abbot, « You are welcome; what is mine
We give you freely, since that you believe
With us in Mary Mother's Son divine;
And that you may not, cavalier, conceive
The cause of our delay to let you in
To be rusticity, you shall receive
The reason why our gate was barr'd to you:
Thus those who in suspicion live must do.

XXIII.

« When hither to inhabit first we came
These mountains, albeit that they are obscure,
As you perceive, yet without fear or blame
They seem'd to promise an asylum sure:
From savage brutes alone, too fierce to tame,
'T was fit our quiet dwelling to secure;
But now, if here we 'd stay, we needs must guard
Against domestic beasts with watch and ward.

XXIV.

• These make us stand, in fact, upon the watch,
For late there have appear'd three giants rough;
What nation or what kingdom bore the batch
I know not, but they are all of savage stuff;
When force and malice with some genius match,
You know, they can do all—we are not enough:
And these so much our orisons derange,
I know not what to do till matters change.

XXV.

• Our ancient fathers living the desert in,
For just and holy works were duly fed;
Think not they lived on locusts sole, 't is certain
That manna was rain'd down from heaven instead;
But here 't is fit we keep on the alert in
Our bounds, or taste the stones shower'd down for bread,
From off yon mountain daily raining faster,
And flung by Passamont and Alabaster.

XXVI.

• The third, Morgante, 's savagest by far; he
Plucks up pines, beeches, poplar trees, and oaks,
And flings them, our community to bury,
And all that I can do but more provokes."
While thus they parley in the cemetery,
A stone from one of their gigantic strokes,
Which nearly crush'd Rondell, came tumbling over,
So that he took a long leap under cover.

XXVII.

« For God sake, cavalier, come in with speed,
The manna's falling now, » the abbot cried :
« This fellow does not wish my horse should feed,
Dear abbot, » Roland unto him replied,
« Of restiveness he'd cure him had he need ;
That stone seems with good-will and aim applied. »
The holy father said, « I don't deceive ;
They'll one day fling the mountain, I believe. »

XXVIII.

Orlando bade them take care of Rondello,
And also made a breakfast of his own :
Abbot, » he said, « I want to find that fellow
Who flung at my good horse yon corner-stone. »
Said the abbot, « Let not my advice seem shallow,
As to a brother dear I speak alone ;
I would dissuade you, baron, from this strife,
As knowing sure that you will lose your life.

XXIX.

« That Passamont has in his hand three darts—
Such slings, clubs, ballast-stones, that yield you must ;
You know that giants have much stouter hearts
Than us, with reason, in proportion just ;
If go you will, guard well against their arts,
For these are very barbarous and robust. »
Orlando answer'd, « This I'll see, be sure,
And walk the wild on foot to be secure. »

XXX.

The abbot sign'd the great cross on his front,
 «Then go you with God's benison and mine:»
Orlando, after he had scaled the mount,
 As the abbot had directed, kept the line
Right to the usual haunt of Passamont;
 Who, seeing him alone in this design,
Survey'd him fore and aft with eyes observant,
Then asked him, «If he wish'd to stay as servant.»

XXXI.

And promised him an office of great ease,
 But said Orlando, «Saracen insane!
I come to kill you, if it shall so please
 God, not to serve as footboy in your train;
You with his monks so oft have broke the peace—
 Vile dog! 't is past his patience to sustain.»
The giant ran to fetch his arms, quite furious,
When he received an answer so injurious.

XXXII.

And being return'd to where Orlando stood,
 Who had not moved him from the spot, and swinging ,
The cord, he hurl'd a stone with strength so rude,
 As show'd a sample of his skill in slinging;
It roll'd on Count Orlando's helmet good
 And head, and set both head and helmet ringing,
So that he swoon'd with pain as if he died,
But more than dead, he seem'd so stupified.

XXXIII.

Then Passamont, who thought him slain outright,
Said, « I will go, and while he lies along,
Disarm me : why such craven did I fight? »
But Christ his servants ne'er abandons long,
Especially Orlando, such a knight,
As to desert would almost be a wrong.
While the giant goes to put off his defences,
Orlando has recall'd his force and senses :

XXXIV.

And loud he shouted, « Giant where dost go?
Thou thought'st me doubtless for the bier outlaid ;
To the right about—without wings thou 'rt too slow
To fly my vengeance—currish renegade!
'T was but by treachery thou laid'st me low. »
The giant his atonishment betray'd,
And turn'd about, and stopp'd his journey on,
And then he stoop'd to pick up a great stone.

XXXV.

Orlando had Cortana bare in hand,
To split the head in twain was what he schemed—
Cortana clave the skull like a true brand,
And Pagan Passamont died unredeem'd.
Yet harsh and haughty, as he lay he bann'd,
And most devoutly Macon still blasphemed ;
But while his crude, rude blasphemies he heard,
Orlando thank'd the Father and the Word,—

XXXVI.

Saying, «What grace to me thou 'st given!
And I to thee, Oh Lord, am ever bound.
I know my life was saved by thee from heaven,
Since by the giant I was fairly down'd.
All things by thee are measured just and even;
Our power without thine aid would nought be found:
I pray thee take heed of me, till I can
At least return once more to Carloman.»

XXXVII.

And having said thus much, he went his way;
And Alabaster he found out below,
Doing the very best that in him lay
To root from out a bank a rock or two.
Orlando, when he reach'd him, loud 'gan say,
«How think'st thou, glutton, such a stone to throw?»
When Alabaster heard his deep voice ring,
He suddenly betook him to his sling,

XXXVIII.

And hurl'd a fragment of a size so large,
That if it had in fact fulfill'd its mission,
And Roland not avail'd him of his targe,
There would have been no need of a physician.
Orlando set himself in turn to charge,
And in his bulky bosom made incision
With all his sword. The lout fell; but o'erthrown, he
However by no means forgot Macone.

XXXIX.

Morgante had a palace in his mode,
Composed of branches, logs of wood, and earth,
And stretch'd himself at ease in this abode,
And shut himself at night within his birth.
Orlando knock'd, and knock'd, again to goad
The giant from his sleep; and he came forth,
The door to open, like a crazy thing,
For a rough dream had shook him slumbering.

XL.

He thought that a fierce serpent had attack'd him,
And Mahomet he call'd, but Mahomet
Is nothing worth, and not an instant back'd him;
But praying blessed Jesu, he was set
At liberty from all the fears which rack'd him;
And to the gate he came with great regret—
"Who knocks here?" grumbling all the while, said he:
"That," said Orlando, "you will quickly see.

XLI.

"I come to preach to you, as to your brothers,
Sent by the miserable monks—repentance;
For providence divine, in you and others,
Condemns the evil done by new acquaintance.
'T is writ on high—your wrong must pay another's;
From heaven itself is issued out this sentence;
Know then, that colder now than a pilaster
I left your Passamont and Alabaster."

XLII.

Morgante said, « O gende cavalier!

Now by thy God say me no villany;
The favour of your name I fain would hear,

And if a christian, speak for courtesy. »

Replied Orlando, « So much to your ear

I by my faith disclose contentedly,
Christ I adore, who is the genuine Lord,
And, if you please, by you may be adored. »

XLIII.

The Saracen rejoin'd in humble tone,

I have had an extraordinary vision;

A savage serpent fell on me alone,

And Macon would not pity my condition;

Hence to thy God, who for ye did atone

Upon the cross, preferr'd I my petition;

His timely succour set me safe and free,

And I a christian am disposed to be. »

XLIV.

Orlando answer'd, « Baron just and pious,

If this good wish your heart can really move

To the true God, who will not then deny us

Eternal honour, you will go above,

And, if you please, as friends we will ally us,

And I will love you with a perfect love.

Your idols are vain liars full of fraud,

The only true God is the christian's God.

XLV.

«The Lord descended to the virgin breast
Of Mary Mother, sinless and divine:
If you acknowledge the Redeemer blest,
Without whom neither sun nor star can shine,
Abjure bad Macon's false and felon test,
Your renegado God, and worship mine,—
Baptize yourself with zeal, since you repent.»
To which Morgante answer'd, «I'm content.»

XLVI.

And then Orlando to embrace him flew,
And made much of his convert, as he cried,
«To the abbey I will gladly marshal you;»
To whom Morgante, «Let us go,» replied,
«I to the friars have for peace to sue.»
Which thing Orlando heard with inward pride,
Saying, «My brother, so devout and good,
Ask the abbot pardon, as I wish you would:

XLVII.

«Since God has granted your illumination,
Accepting you in mercy for his own,
Humility should be your first oblation.»
Morgante said, «For goodness' sake make known—
Since that your God is to be mine—your station,
And let your name in verity be shown,
Then will I every thing at your command do.»
On which the other said, he was Orlando.

XLVIII.

«Then,» quoth the giant, «blessed be Jesu,
A thousand times with gratitude and praise!
Oft perfect baron! have I heard of you
Through all the different periods of my days:
And, as I said, to be your vassal too
I wish, for your great gallantry, always.»
Thus reasoning, they continued much to say,
And onwards to the abbey went their way.

XLIX.

And by the way, about the giants dead
Orlando with Morgante reason'd: «Be,
For their decease, I pray you, comforted,
And, since it is God's pleasure, pardon me.
A thousand wrongs unto the monks they bred,
And our true scripture soundeth openly—
Good is rewarded, and chastised the ill,
Which the Lord never faileth to fulfil:

L.

«Because his love of justice unto all
Is such, he wills his judgment should devour
All who have sin, however great or small;
But good he well remembers to restore:
Nor without justice holy could we call
Him, whom I now require you to adore:
All men must make his will their wishes sway,
And quickly and spontaneously obey.

LI.

« And here our doctors are of one accord,
Coming on this point to the same conclusion—
That in their thoughts who praise in heaven the Lord,
If pity e'er was guilty of intrusion
For their unfortunate relations stored
In hell below, and damn'd in great confusion,—
Their happiness would be reduced to nought,
And thus unjust the Almighty's self be thought.

LII.

« But they in Christ have firmest hope, and all
Which seems to him, to them too must appear
Well done; nor could it otherwise befall;
He never can in any purpose err:
If sire or mother suffer endless thrall,
They don't disturb themselves for him or her;
What pleases God to them must joy inspire;—
Such is the observance of the eternal choir.»

LIII.

« A word unto the wise,» Morgante said,
« Is wont to be enough, and you shall see
How much I grieve about my brethren dead;
And if the will of God seem good to me,
Just, as you tell me, 't is in heav'n obey'd—
Ashes to ashes,—merry let us be!
I will cut off the hands from both their trunks,
And carry them unto the holy monks.

LIV.

« So that all persons may be sure and certain
That they are dead, and have no further fear
To wander solitary this desert in,
And that they may perceive my spirit clear
By the Lord's grace, who hath withdrawn the curtain
Of darkness, making his bright realm appear.»
He cut his brethren's hands off at these words,
And left them to the savage beasts and birds.

LV.

Then to the abbey they went on together,
Where waited them the abbot in great doubt.
The monks who knew not yet the fact, ran thither
To their superior, all in breathless rout,
Saying, with tremor, « Please to tell us whether
You wish to have this person in or out?»
The abbot, looking through upon the giant,
Too greatly fear'd, at first, to be compliant.

LVI.

Orlando, seeing him thus agitated,
Said quickly, « Abbot, be thou of good cheer;
He Christ believes, as christian must be rated,
And hath renounced his Macon false;» which here
Morgante with the hands corroborated,
A proof of both the giants' fate quite clear:
Thence, with due thanks, the abbot God adored,
Saying, «Thou hast contented me, oh Lord!»

LVII.

He gazed; Morgante's height he calculated,
And more than once contemplated his size;
And then he said, « Oh giant celebrated,
Know, that no more my wonder will arise,
How you could tear and fling the trees you late did
When I behold your form with my own eyes.
You now a true and perfect friend will show
Yourself to Christ, as once you were a foe.

LVIII.

« And one of our apostles, Saul once named,
Long persecuted sore the faith of Christ,
Till one day by the Spirit being inflamed,
'Why dost thou persecute me thus?' said Christ;
And then from his offence he was reclaim'd,
And went for ever after preaching Christ;
And of the faith became a trump, whose sounding
O'er the whole earth is echoing and rebounding.

LIX.

« So, my Morgante, you may do likewise;
He who repents, thus writes the evangelist,—
Occasions more rejoicing in the skies
Than ninety-nine of the celestial list.
You may be sure, should each desire arise
With just zeal for the Lord, that you 'll exist
Among the happy saints for evermore;
But you were lost and damn'd to hell before! »

LX.

And thus great honour to Morgante paid
The abbot: many days they did repose.
One day, as with Orlando they both stray'd,
And saunter'd here and there, where'er they chose,
The abbot show'd a chamber, where array'd
Much armour was, and hung up certain bows;
And one of these Morgante for a whim
Girt on, though useless, he believ'd, to him.

LXI.

There being a want of water in the place,
Orlando, like a worthy brother, said,
"Morgante, I could wish you in this case
To go for water." "You shall be obey'd
In all commands," was the reply, "straightways."
Upon his shoulder a great tub he laid,
And went out on his way unto a fountain,
Where he was wont to drink, below the mountain.

LXII.

Arrived there, a prodigious noise he hears,
Which suddenly along the forest spread;
Whereat from out his quiver he prepares
An arrow for his bow, and lifts his head;
And lo! a monstrous herd of swine appears,
And onward rushes with tempestuous tread,
And to the fountain's brink precisely pours,
So that the giant's join'd by all the boars.

LXIII.

Morgante at a venture shot an arrow,
Which pierced a pig precisely in the ear,
And pass'd unto the other side quite thorough,
So that the boar, defunct, lay tripp'd up near.
Another, to revenge his fellow farrow,
Against the giant rush'd in fierce career,
And reach'd the passage with so swift a foot,
Morgante was not now in time to shoot.

LXIV.

Perceiving that the pig was on him close,
He gave him such a punch upon the head
As floor'd him, so that he no more arose—
Smashing the very bone; and he fell dead
Next to the other. Having seen such blows,
The other pigs along the valley fled;
Morgante on his neck the bucket took,
Full from the spring, which neither swerved nor shook.

LXV.

The tun was on one shoulder, and there were
The hogs on t'other, and he brush'd apace
On to the abbey, though by no means near,
Nor spilt one drop of water in his race.
Orlando, seeing him so soon appear
With the dead boars, and with that brimful vase,
Marvell'd to see his strength so very great;—
So did the abbot, and set wide the gate.

LXVI.

The monks, who saw the water fresh and good,
Rejoiced, but much more to perceive the pork;
All animals are glad at sight of food :
They lay their breviaries to sleep, and work
With greedy pleasure, and in such a mood,
That the flesh needs no salt beneath their fork.
Of rankness and of rot there is no fear,
For all the fasts are now left in arrear.

LXVII.

As though they wish'd to burst at once, they ate;
And gorged so that, as if the bones had been
In water, sorely grieved the dog and eat,
Perceiving that they all were pick'd too clean.
The abbot, who to all did honour great,
A few days after this convivial scene,
Gave to Morgante a fine horse well train'd,
Which he long time had for himself maintain'd.

LXVIII.

The horse Morgante to a meadow led,
To gallop, and to put him to the proof,
Thinking that he a back of iron had,
Or to skim eggs unbroke was light enough;
But the horse, sinking with the pain, fell dead,
And burst, while cold on earth lay head and hoof.
Morgante said, « Get up, thou sulky cur! »
And still continued pricking with the spur.

LXIX.

But finally he thought fit to dismount,
And said, « I am as light as any feather,
And he has burst—to this what say you, count?»
Orlando answered, « Like a ship's mast rather
You seem to me, and with the truck for front:—
Let him go; fortune wills that we together
Should march, but you on foot, Morgante, still.»
To which the giant answered, « So I will.

LXX.

« When there shall be occasion, you shall see
How I approve my courage in the fight.»
Orlando said, « I really think you 'll be,
If it should prove God's will, a goodly knight,
Nor will you napping there discover me:
But never mind your horse, though out of sight
'T were best to carry him into some wood,
If but the means or way I understood.»

LXXI.

The giant said, « Then carry him I will,
Since that to carry me he was so slack—
To render, as the gods do, good for ill;
But lend a hand to place him on my back.»
Orlando answer'd, « If my counsel still
May weigh, Morgante, do not undertake
To lift or carry this dead courser, who,
As you have done to him, will do to you.

LXXII.

«Take care he don't revenge himself, though dead,
As Nessus did of old beyond all cure;
I don't know if the fact you 've heard or read,
But he will make you burst, you may be sure.»
«But help him on my back,» Morgante said,
«And you shall see what weight I can endure:
In place, my gentle Roland, of this palfrey,
With all the bells, I 'd carry yonder belfry.»

LXXIII.

The abbot said, «The steeple may do well,
But, for the bells, you 've broken them, I wot.»
Morgante answer'd, «Let them pay in hell
The penalty, who lie dead in yon grot;»
And, hoisting up the horse from where he fell,
He said, «Now look if I the gout have got,
Orlando, in the legs—or if I have force;»—
And then he made two gambols with the horse.

LXXIV.

Morgante was like any mountain framed;
So if he did this, 't is no prodigy;
But secretly himself Orlando blamed,
Because he was one of his family;
And fearing that he might be hurt or maim'd,
Once more he bade him lay his burthen by:
«Put down, nor bear him further the desert in.»
Morgante said, «I 'll carry him for certain.»

LXXV.

He did; and stow'd him in some nook away,
And to the abbey then return'd with speed.
Orlando said, « Why longer do we stay?
Morgante, here is nought to do indeed.»
The abbot by the hand he took one day,
And said, with great respect, he had agreed
To leave his reverence; but for this decision
He wish'd to have his pardon and permission.

LXXVI.

The honours they continued to receive
Perhaps exceeded what his merits claim'd :
He said, « I mean, and quickly, to retrieve
The lost days of time past, which may be blamed ;
Some days ago I should have ask'd your leave,
Kind father, but I really was ashamed,
And know not how to show my sentiment,
So much I see you with our stay content.

LXXVII.

« But in my heart I bear through every clime,
The abbot, abbey, and this solitude—
So much I love you in so short a time ;
For me, from heaven reward you with all good,
The God so true, the eternal Lord sublime !
Whose kingdom at the last hath open stood.
Meanwhile we stand expectant of your blessing,
And recommend us to your prayers with pressing.»

LXXVIII.

Now when the abbot Count Orlando heard,
His heart grew soft with inner tenderness,
Such fervour in his bosom bred each word;
And, « Cavalier, » he said, « if I have less
Courteous and kind to your great worth appear'd,
Than fits me for such gentle blood to express,
I know I 've done too little in this case;
But blame our ignorance, and this poor place.

LXXIX.

« We can indeed but honour you with masses,
And sermons, thanksgivings, and pater-nosters,
Hot suppers, dinners (fitting other places
In verity much rather than the cloisters);
But such a love for you my heart embraces,
For thousand virtues which your bosom fosters,
That wheresoe'er you go, I too shall be,
And, on the other part, you rest with me.

LXXX.

« This may involve a seeming contradiction,
But you I know are sage, and feel, and taste,
And understand my speech with full conviction.
For your just pious deeds may you be graced
With the Lord's great reward and benediction,
By whom you were directed to this waste :
To his high mercy is our freedom due,
For which we render thanks to him and you.

LXXXI.

« You saved at once our life and soul : such fear
The giants caused us, that the way was lost
By which we could pursue a fit career
In search of Jesus and the saintly host;
And your departure breeds such sorrow here,
That comfortless we all are to our cost;
But months and years you could not stay in sloth,
Nor are you form'd to wear our sober cloth;

LXXXII.

« But to bear arms and wield the lance ; indeed,
With these as much is done as with this cowl,
In proof of which the scripture you may read.
This giant up to heaven may bear his soul
By your compassion : now in peace proceed.
Your state and name I seek not to unroll,
But, if I 'm ask'd, this answer shall be given,
That here an angel was sent down from heaven.

LXXXIII.

If you want armour or aught else, go in,
Look o'er the wardrobe, and take what you choose,
And cover with it o'er this giant's skin."
Orlando answer'd, « If there should lie loose
Some armour, ere our journey we begin,
Which might be turn'd to my companion's use,
The gift would be acceptable to me."
The abbot said to him, « Come in and see."

LXXXIV.

And in a certain closet, where the wall
Was cover'd with old armour like a crust,
The abbot said to them, « I give you all.»
Morgante rummaged piecemeal from the dust
The whole, which, save one cuirass, was too small,
And that too had the mail inlaid with rust.
They wonder'd how it fitted him exactly,
Which ne'er had suited others so compactly.

LXXXV.

'T was an immeasurable giant's, who
By the great Milo of Agrante fell
Before the abbey many years ago.
The story on the wall was figured well;
In the last moment of the abbey's foe,
Who long had waged a war implacable:
Precisely as the war occur'd they drew him,
And there was Milo as he overthrew him.

LXXXVI.

Seeing this history, Count Orlando said
In his own heart, « O God! who in the sky
Know'st all things, how was Milo hither led?
Who caused the giant in this place to die?»
And certain letters, weeping, then he read,
So that he could not keep his visage dry,—
As I will tell in the ensuing story.
From evil keep you the high King of Glory!

NOTE TO MORGANTE MAGGIORE.

Note 1, page 217, line 4.

He gave him such a punch upon the head.

«Gli dette in sulla testa un gran punzone.» It is strange that Pulci should have literally anticipated the technical terms of my old friend and master, Jackson, and the art which he has carried to its highest pitch. «*A punch on the head,*» or «*a punch in the head,*» «un punzone in sulla testa,» is the exact and frequent phrase of our best pugilists, who little dream that they are talking the purest Tuscan.

LETTER

TO

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ,

ON THE

REV. W. L. BOWLES' STRICTURES

ON THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF POPE.

« I'll play at *Bowls* with the sun and moon. » OLD SONG.

« My mither 's auld, Sir, and she has rather forgotten hersel in speaking to my Leddy, that canna weel bide to be contradickit, (as I ken naeboddy likes it, if they could help themsels.) »

TALES OF MY LANDLORD, *Old Mortality*, vol. ii. p. 163.

LETTER.

Ravenna, February, 7th, 1821.

DEAR SIR,

IN the different pamphlets which you have had the goodness to send me, on the Pope and Bowles' controversy, I perceive that my name is occasionally introduced by both parties. Mr Bowles refers more than once to what he is pleased to consider « a remarkable circumstance, » not only in his letter to Mr Campbell, but in his reply to the Quarterly. The Quarterly also and Mr Gilchrist have conferred on me the dangerous honour of a quotation; and Mr Bowles indirectly makes a kind of appeal to me personally, by saying, « Lord Byron, *if he remembers the circumstance, will witness* »—(*witness* IN ITALICS, an ominous character for a testimony at present).

I shall not avail myself of a « non mi ricordo » even after so long a residence in Italy;—I *do* « remember the circumstance, »—and have no reluctance to relate it (since called upon so to do) as correctly as the distance of time and the impression of intervening events will permit me. In the year 1812, more than three years after the publication of « English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, » I had the honour of meeting Mr Bowles in the house of our venerable host of « Human Life, etc. » the last Argonaut of classic English poetry, and the Nestor of our inferior race of living poets. Mr Bowles calls this « soon after » the publication; but to me three years appear a considerable segment of the immortality of a modern poem. I recollect nothing of « the rest of the company going into another room »—nor, though I well

remember the topography of our host's elegant and classically furnished mansion, could I swear to the very room where the conversation occurred, though the «taking down the poem» seems to fix it in the library. Had it been «taken up» it would probably have been in the drawing-room. I presume also that the «remarkable circumstance» took place *after* dinner, as I conceive that neither Mr Bowles's politeness nor appetite would have allowed him to detain «the rest of the company» standing round their chairs in the «other room» while we were discussing «the Woods of Madeira» instead of circulating *à la* vintage. Of Mr Bowles's «good humour» I have a full and not ungrateful recollection; as also of his gentlemanly manners and agreeable conversation. I speak of the *whole*, and not of particulars; for whether he did or did not use the precise words printed in the pamphlet, I cannot say, nor could he with accuracy. Of «the tone of seriousness» I certainly recollect nothing: on the contrary, I thought Mr Bowles rather disposed to treat the subject lightly; for he said (I have no objection to be contradicted if incorrect), that some of his good-natured friends had come to him, and exclaimed, «Eh! Bowles! how came you to make the Woods of Madeira?» etc. etc. and that he had been at some pains and pulling down of the poem to convince them that he had never made «the woods» do any thing of the kind. He was right, and *I was wrong*, and have been wrong still up to this acknowledgment; for I ought to have looked twice before I wrote that which involved an inaccuracy capable of giving pain. The fact was, that although I had certainly before read «the Spirit of Discovery,» I took the quotation from the review. But the mistake was mine, and not the *review's*, which quoted the passage correctly enough, I believe. I blundered—God knows how—into attributing the tremors of the lovers to the «Woods of Madeira,» by which they were surrounded. And I hereby do fully and freely declare and asseverate, that the woods did not tremble to a kiss, and that the lovers did. I quote from memory—

• A kiss

Stole on the listening silence, etc. etc.

They (the lovers) trembled, even as if the power, etc.

And if I had been aware that this declaration would have been in the smallest degree satisfactory to Mr Bowles, I should not have waited nine years to make it, notwithstanding that «English Bards and Scotch Reviewers» had been suppressed some time previously to my meeting

him at Mr Rogers's. Our worthy host might indeed have told him as much, as it was at his representation that I suppressed it. A new edition of that lampoon was preparing for the press, when Mr Rogers represented to me, that « I was now acquainted with many of the persons mentioned in it, and with some on terms of intimacy; » and that he knew « one family in particular to whom its suppression would give pleasure. » I did not hesitate one moment, it was cancelled instantly; and it is no fault of mine that it has ever been republished. When I left England, in April, 1816, with no very violent intentions of troubling that country again, and amidst scenes of various kinds to distract my attention—almost my last act, I believe, was to sign a power of attorney, to yourself, to prevent or suppress any attempts (of which several had been made in Ireland) at a republication. It is proper that I should state, that the persons with whom I was subsequently acquainted, whose names had occurred in that publication, were made my acquaintances at their own desire, or through the unsought intervention of others. I never, to the best of my knowledge, sought a personal introduction to any. Some of them to this day I know only by correspondence; and with one of those it was begun by myself, in consequence, however, of a polite verbal communication from a third person.

I have dwelt for an instant on these circumstances, because it has sometimes been made a subject of bitter reproach to me to have endeavoured to *suppress* that satire. I never shrunk, as those who know me know, from any personal consequences which could be attached to its publication. Of its subsequent suppression, as I possessed the copyright, I was the best judge and the sole master. The circumstances which occasioned the suppression I have now stated; of the motives, each must judge according to his candour or malignity. Mr Bowles does me the honour to talk of « noble mind, » and « generous magnanimity; » and all this because « the circumstance would have been explained had not the book been suppressed. » I see no « nobility of mind » in an act of simple justice; and I hate the word « *magnanimity*, » because I have sometimes seen it applied to the grossest of impostors by the greatest of fools; but I would have « explained the circumstance, » notwithstanding « the suppression of the book, » if Mr Bowles had expressed any desire that I should. As the « gallant Gailbraith » says to « Baillie Jarvie, » « Well, the devil take the mistake and all that occasioned it. » I have had as great and greater mistakes made about me personally and poetically, once a month for these last ten years,

and never cared very much about correcting one or the other, at least after the first eight and forty hours had gone over them.

I must now, however, say a word or two about Pope, of whom you have my opinion more at large in the unpublished letter *on or to* (for I forget which) the editor of «Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine;»—and here I doubt that Mr Bowles will not approve of my sentiments.

Although I regret having published «English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,» the part which I regret the least is that which regards Mr Bowles with reference to Pope. Whilst I was writing that publication, in 1807 and 1808, Mr Hobhouse was desirous that I should express our mutual opinion of Pope, and of Mr Bowles's edition of his works. As I had completed my outline, and felt lazy, I requested that *he* would do so. He did it. His fourteen lines on Bowles's Pope are in the first edition of «English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;» and are quite as severe and much more poetical than my own in the second. On reprinting the work, as I put my name to it, I omitted Mr Hobhouse's lines, and replaced them with my own, by which the work gained less than Mr Bowles. I have stated this in the *preface* to the second edition. It is many years since I have read that poem; but the Quarterly Review, Mr Octavius Gilchrist, and Mr Bowles himself, have been so obliging as to refresh my memory, and that of the public. I am grieved to say, that in reading over those lines, I repent of their having so far fallen short of what I meant to express upon the subject of Bowles's edition of Pope's Works. Mr Bowles says, that «Lord Byron *knows* he does *not* deserve this character.» I know no such thing. I have met Mr Bowles occasionally, in the best society in London; he appeared to me an amiable, well-informed, and extremely able man. I desire nothing better than to dine in company with such a mannered man every day in the week: but of «his character» I know nothing personally; I can only speak to his manners, and these have my warmest approbation. But I never judge from manners, for I once had my pocket picked by the civilest gentleman I ever met with; and one of the mildest persons I ever saw was Ali Pacha. Of Mr Bowles's «character» I will not do him the *injustice* to judge from the edition of Pope, if he prepared it heedlessly; nor the *justice*, should it be otherwise, because I would neither become a literary executioner, nor a personal one. Mr Bowles the individual, and Mr Bowles the editor, appear the two most opposite things imaginable.

«And he himself one——antithesis.»

I won't say «vile,» because it is harsh; nor «mistaken,» because it has two syllables too many : but every one must fill up the blank as he pleases.

What I saw of Mr Bowles increased my surprise and regret that he should ever have lent his talents to such a task. If he had been a fool, there would have been some excuse for him; if he had been a needy or a bad man, his conduct would have been intelligible : but he is the opposite of all these; and, thinking and feeling as I do of Pope, to me the whole thing is unaccountable. However, I must call things by their right names. I cannot call his edition of Pope a «candid» work; and I still think that there is an affectation of that quality not only in those volumes, but in the pamphlets lately published.

«Why yet he doth deny his prisoners.»

Mr Bowles says, that «he has seen passages in his letters to Martha Blount which were never published by me, and I *hope never will* be by others; which are so gross as to imply the grossest licentiousness.» Is this fair play? It may, or it may not be that such passages exist; and that Pope, who was not a monk, although a catholic, may have occasionally sinned in word and deed with woman in his youth; but is this a sufficient ground for such a sweeping denunciation? Where is the unmarried Englishman of a certain rank of life, who (provided he has not taken orders) has not to reproach himself between the ages of sixteen and thirty with far more licentiousness than has ever yet been traced to Pope? Pope lived in the public eye from his youth upwards; he had all the dunces of his own time for his enemies, and, I am sorry to say, some who have not the apology of dulness for detraction, since his death; and yet to what do all their accumulated hints and charges amount?—to an equivocal *liaison* with Martha Blount, which might arise as much from his infirmities as from his passions; to a hopeless flirtation with Lady Mary W. Montagu; to a story of Cibber's; and to two or three coarse passages in his works. *Who* could come forth clearer from an invidious inquest on a life of fifty-six years? Why are we to be officiously reminded of such passages in his letters, provided that they exist. Is Mr Bowles aware to what such rummaging among «letters» and «stories» might lead? I have myself seen a collection of letters of another eminent, nay, pre-eminent, deceased poet, so abominably gross, and elaborately coarse, that I do not believe that they could be paralleled in our

language. What is more strange, is, that some of these are couched as *postscripts* to his serious and sentimental letters, to which are tacked either a piece of prose, or some verses, of the most hyperbolic indecency. He himself says, that if «obscenity (using a much coarser word) be the sin against the Holy Ghost, he most certainly cannot be saved.» These letters are in existence, and have been seen by many besides myself; but would his *editor* have been «*candid*» in even alluding to them? Nothing would have even provoked *me*, an indifferent spectator, to allude to them, but this further attempt at the depreciation of Pope.

What should we say to an editor of Addison, who cited the following passage from Walpole's letters to George Montagu? «Dr Young has published a new book, etc. Mr Addison sent for the young Earl of Warwick, as he was dying, to show him in what peace a christian could die; unluckily he died of *brandy*: nothing makes a christian die in peace like being maudlin! but don't say this in Gath where you are.» Suppose the editor introduced it with this preface: «One circumstance is mentioned by Horace Walpole, which, if true, was indeed *flagitious*. Walpole informs Montagu that Addison sent for the young Earl of Warwick, when dying, to show him in what peace a christian could die; but unluckily he died drunk, etc. etc.» Now, although there might occur on the subsequent, or on the same page, a faint show of disbelief, seasoned with the expression of «the *same candour*» (the *same* exactly as throughout the book), I should say that this editor was either foolish or false to his trust; such a story ought not to have been admitted, except for one brief mark of crushing indignation, unless it were *completely proved*. Why the words «*if true?*» that «*if*» is not a peacemaker. Why talk of «Cibber's testimony» to his licentiousness? to what does this amount? that Pope, when very young, was *once* decoyed by some nobleman the player to a house of carnal recreation. Mr Bowles was not always a clergyman; and when he was a very young man, was he never seduced into as much? If I were in the humour for story-telling, and relating little anecdotes, I could tell a much better story of Mr Bowles than Cibber's, upon much better authority, viz. that of Mr Bowles himself. It was not related by *him* in my presence, but in that of a third person, whom Mr Bowles names oftener than once in the course of his replies. This gentleman related it to me as a humorous and witty anecdote; and so it was, whatever its other characteristics might be. But should I, for a youthful frolic, brand Mr Bowles with a «libertine sort

of love,» or with «licentiousness?» is he the less now a pious or a good man, for not having always been a priest? No such thing; I am willing to believe him a good man, almost as good a man as Pope, but no better.

The truth is, that in these days the grand «*primum mobile*» of England is *cant*; cant political, cant poetical, cant religious, cant moral; but always cant, multiplied through all the varieties of life. It is the fashion, and while it lasts will be too powerful for those who can only exist by taking the tone of the time. I say *cant*, because it is a thing of words, without the smallest influence upon human actions; the English being no wiser, no better, and much poorer, and more divided amongst themselves, as well as far less moral, than they were before the prevalence of this verbal decorum. This hysterical horror of poor Pope's not very well ascertained, and never fully proved amours (for even Cibber owns that he prevented the somewhat perilous adventure in which Pope was embarking), sounds very virtuous in a controversial pamphlet; but all men of the world who know what life is, or at least what it was to them in their youth, must laugh at such a ludicrous foundation of the charge of «a libertine sort of love;» while the more serious will look upon those who bring forward such charges upon an insulated fact, as fanatics or hypocrites, perhaps both. The two are sometimes compounded in a happy mixture.

Mr Octavius Gilchrist speaks rather irreverently of a «second tumbler of hot white wine negus.» What does he mean? Is there any harm in negus? or is it the worse for being *hot*? or does Mr Bowles drink negus? I had a better opinion of him. I hoped that whatever wine he drank was neat; or at least that like the ordinary in Jonathan Wild, «he preferred *punch*, the rather as there was nothing against it in scripture.» I should be sorry to believe that Mr Bowles was fond of negus; it is such a «candid» liquor, so like a wishy-washy compromise between the passion for wine and the propriety of water. But different writers have divers tastes. Judge Blackstone composed his «Commentaries» (he was a poet too in his youth) with a bottle of port before him. Addison's conversation was not good for much till he had taken a similar dose. Perhaps the prescription of these two great men was not inferior to the very different one of a *soi-disant* poet of this day, who, after wandering amongst the hills, returns, goes to bed, and dictates his verses, being fed by a by-stander with bread and butter during the operation.

I now come to Mr Bowles's «invariable principles of poetry.» These Mr Bowles and some of his correspondents pronounce «unanswerable;» and they are «unanswered,» at least by Campbell, who seems to have been astounded by the title. The sultan of the time being, offered to ally himself to a king of France, because «he hated the word league;» which proves that the Padishan understood French. Mr Campbell has no need of my alliance, nor shall I presume to offer it; but I do hate that word «invariable.» What is there of *human*, be it poetry, philosophy, wit, wisdom, science, power, glory, mind, matter, life, or death, which is «invariable?» Of course I put things divine out of the question. Of all arrogant baptisms of a book, this title to a pamphlet appears the most complacently conceited. It is Mr Campbell's part to answer the contents of this performance, and especially to vindicate his own «ship,» which Mr Bowles most triumphantly proclaims to have struck to his very first fire.

«Quoth he, there was a *ship*;
Now let me go, thou grey-hair'd loon,
Or my staff shall make thee skip.»

It is no affair of mine, but having once begun (certainly not by my own wish, but called upon by the frequent recurrence to my name in the pamphlets), I am like an Irishman in a «row,» «any body's customer.» I shall therefore say a word or two on the «ship.»

Mr Bowles asserts that Campbell's «ship of the line» derives all its poetry not from «art,» but from «nature.» «Take away the waves, the winds, the sun, etc. etc. one will become a stripe of blue bunting; and the other a piece of coarse canvass on three tall poles.» Very true; take away the «waves,» «the winds,» and there will be no ship at all, not only for poetical, but for any other purpose; and take away «the sun,» and we must read Mr Bowles's pamphlet by candle-light. But the «poetry» of the «ship» does not depend on «the waves,» etc.; on the contrary, the «ship of the line» confers its own poetry upon the waters, and heightens *theirs*. I do not deny, that the «waves and winds,» and above all «the sun,» are highly poetical; we know it to our cost, by the many descriptions of them in verse: but if the waves bore only the foam upon their bosoms, if the winds wafted only the sea-weed to the shore, if the sun shone neither upon pyramids, nor fleets, nor fortresses, would its beams be equally poetical? I think not: the poetry is at least reci-

procal. Take away «the ship of the line» «swinging round» the «calm water,» and the calm water becomes a somewhat monotonous thing to look at, particularly if not transparently *clear*; witness the thousands who pass by without looking on it at all. What was it attracted the thousands to the launch? they might have seen the poetical «calm water» at Wapping, or in the «London Dock,» or in the Paddington Canal, or in a horse-pond, or in a slop-basin, or in any other vase. They might have heard the poetical winds howling through the chinks of a pig-stye, or the garret window; they might have seen the sun shining on a footman's livery, or on a brass warming-pan; but could the «calm water,» or the «wind,» or the «sun,» make all, or any of these «poetical?» I think not. Mr Bowles admits «the ship» to be poetical, but only from those accessories: now if they *confer* poetry so as to make one thing poetical, they would make other things poetical; the more so, as Mr Bowles calls a «ship of the line» without them, that is to say, its «masts and sails and streamers,» «blue bunting,» and «coarse canvass,» and «tall poles.» So they are; and porcelain is clay, and man is dust, and flesh is grass, and yet the two latter at least are the subjects of much poetry.

Did Mr Bowles ever gaze upon the sea? I presume that he has, at least upon a sea-piece. Did any painter ever paint the sea *only*, without the addition of a ship, boat, wreck, or some such adjunct? Is the sea itself a more attractive, a more moral, a more poetical object, with or without a vessel, breaking its vast but fatiguing monotony? Is a storm more poetical without a ship? or, in the poem of the Shipwreck, is it the storm or the ship which most interests? both *much* undoubtedly; but without the vessel, what should we care for the tempest? It would sink into mere descriptive poetry, which in itself was never esteemed a high order of that art.

I look upon myself as entitled to talk of naval matters, at least to poets:—with the exception of Walter Scott, Moore, and Southey, perhaps, who have been voyagers, I have *swam* more miles than all the rest of them together now living ever *sailed*, and have lived for months and months on shipboard; and, during the whole period of my life abroad, have scarcely ever passed a month out of sight of the ocean: besides being brought up from two years till ten on the brink of it. I recollect, when anchored off Cape Sigeum in 1810, in an English frigate, a violent squall coming on at sunset, so violent as to make us imagine that the ship would part cable, or drive from her

anchorage. Mr Hobhouse and myself, and some officers, had been up the Dardanelles to Abydos, and were just returned in time. The aspect of a storm in the Archipelago is as poetical as need be, the sea being particularly short, dashing, and dangerous, and the navigation intricate and broken by the isles and currents. Cape Sigeum, the tumuli of the Troad, Lemnos, Tenedos, all added to the associations of the time. But what seemed the most «*poetical*» of all at the moment, were the numbers (about two hundred) of Greek and Turkish craft, which were obliged to «*cut and run*» before the wind, from their unsafe anchorage, some for Tenedos, some for other isles, some for the main, and some it might be for eternity. The sight of these little scudding vessels, darting over the foam in the twilight, now appearing and now disappearing between the waves in the cloud of night, with their peculiarly *white* sails (the Levant sails not being of «*coarse canvass*,» but of white cotton), skimming along as quickly, but less safely than the sea-mews which hovered over them; their evident distress, their reduction to fluttering specks in the distance, their crowded succession, their *littleness*, as contending with the giant element, which made our stout forty-four's *teak* timbers (she was built in India,) creak again; their aspect and their motion, all struck me as something far more «*poetical*» than the mere broad, brawling, shipless sea, and the sullen winds, could possibly have been without them.

The Euxine is a noble sea to look upon, and the port of Constantinople the most beautiful of harbours, and yet I cannot but think that the twenty sail of the line, some of one hundred and forty guns, rendered it more «*poetical*» by day in the sun, and by night perhaps still more, for the Turks illuminate their vessels of war in a manner the most picturesque, and yet all this is *artificial*. As for the Euxine, I stood upon the Symplegades—I stood by the broken altar still exposed to the winds upon one of them—I felt all the «*poetry*» of the situation, as I repeated the first lines of Medea; but would not that «*poetry*» have been heightened by the *Argo*? It was so even by the appearance of any merchant vessel arriving from Odessa. But Mr Bowles says, «*why bring your ship off the stocks?*» for no reason that I know, except that ships are built to be launched. The water, etc. undoubtedly *HEIGHTENS* the poetical associations, but it does not *make* them; and the ship amply repays the obligation: they aid each other; the water is more poetical with the ship—the ship less so without the water. But even a ship, laid up in dock, is a grand and

a poetical sight. Even an old boat, keel upwards, wrecked upon the barren sand, is a « poetical » object; (and Wordsworth, who made a poem about a washing-tub and a blind boy, may tell you so as well as I,) whilst a long extent of sand and unbroken water, without the boat, would be as like dull prose as any pamphlet lately published.

What makes the poetry in the image of the « *marble waste of Tadmor*, » or Grainger's « *Ode to Solitude*, » so much admired by Johnson? Is it the « *marble*, » or the « *waste*, » the *artificial* or the *natural* object? The « *waste* » is like all other *wastes*; but the « *marble* » of Palmyra makes the poetry of the passage as of the place.

The beautiful but barren Hymettus, the whole coast of Attica, her hills and mountains, Pentelicus, Anchesmus, Philopappus, etc. etc., are in themselves poetical, and would be so if the name of Athens, of Athenians, and her very ruins, were swept from the earth. But am I to be told that the « *nature* » of Attica would be *more* poetical without the « *art* » of the Acropolis? of the Temple of Theseus? and of the still all Greek and glorious monuments of her exquisitely artificial genius? Ask the traveller what strikes him as most poetical, the Parthenon, or the rock on which it stands? The *COLUMNS* of Cape Colonna, or the Cape itself? The rocks at the foot of it, or the recollection that Falconer's *ship* was bulged upon them? There are a thousand rocks and capes, far more picturesque than those of the Acropolis and Cape Sunium in themselves; what are they to a thousand scenes in the wilder parts of Greece, of Asia-Minor, Switzerland, or even of Cintra in Portugal, or to many scenes of Italy, and the Sierras of Spain? But it is the « *art*, » the columns, the temples, the wrecked vessel, which give them their antique and their modern poetry, and not the spots themselves. Without them, the *spots* of earth would be unnoticed and unknown; buried, like Babylon and Nineveh, in indistinct confusion, without poetry, as without existence; but to whatever spot of earth these ruins were transported, if they were *capable* of transportation, like the obelisk, and the sphinx, and the Memnon's head, *there* they would still exist in the perfection of their beauty, and in the pride of their poetry. I opposed, and will ever oppose, the robbery of ruins from Athens, to instruct the English in sculpture; but why did I do so? The *ruins* are as poetical in Piccadilly as they were in the Parthenon; but the Parthenon and its rock are less so without them. Such is the poetry of art.

Mr Bowles contends again that the pyramids of Egypt are poetical, because of « the association with boundless deserts, » and that a

«pyramid of the same dimensions» would not be sublime in «Lincoln's Inn Fields:» not so poetical certainly; but take away the «pyramids,» and what is the «desert?» Take away Stone-henge from Salisbury plain, and it is nothing more than Hounslow heath, or any other uninclosed down. It appears to me that St Peter's, the Coliseum, the Pantheon, the Palatine, the Apollo, the Laocoon, the Venus di Medicis, the Hercules, the dying Gladiator, the Moses of Michel Angelo, and all the higher works of Canova (I have already spoken of those of ancient Greece, still extant in that country, or transported to England), are as *poetical* as Mont Blanc or Mount Ætna, perhaps still more so, as they are direct manifestations of mind, and *pre-suppose* poetry in their very conception; and have, moreover, as being such, a something of actual life, which cannot belong to any part of inanimate nature, unless we adopt the system of Spinosa, that the world is the Deity. There can be nothing more poetical in its aspect than the city of Venice: does this depend upon the sea, or the canals?—

«The dirt and sea-weed whence proud Venice rose?»

Is it the canal which runs between the palace and the prison, or the «Bridge of Sighs,» which connects them, that render it poetical? Is it the «Canal Grande,» or the Rialto which arches it, the churches which tower over it, the palaces which line, and the gondolas which glide over the waters, that render this city more poetical than Rome itself? Mr Bowles will say perhaps, that the Rialto is but marble, the palaces and churches only stone, and the gondolas a «coarse» black cloth, thrown over some planks of carved wood, with a shining bit of fantastically formed iron at the prow, «without» the water. And I tell him that without these, the water would be nothing but a clay-coloured ditch, and whoever says the contrary deserves to be at the bottom of that, where Pope's heroes are embraced by the mud-nymphs. There would be nothing to make the canal of Venice more poetical than that of Paddington, were it not for the artificial adjuncts above mentioned, although it is a perfectly natural canal, formed by the sea, and the innumerable islands which constitute the site of this extraordinary city.

The very Cloaca of Tarquin at Rome are as poetical as Richmond Hill; many will think more so: take away Rome, and leave the Tiber and the seven hills, in the nature of Evander's time. Let Mr Bowles,

or Mr Wordsworth, or Mr Southey, or any of the other «naturals,» make a poem upon them, and then see which is most poetical, their production, or the commonest guide-book, which tells you the road from St Peter's to the Coliseum and informs you what you will see by the way. The ground interests in Virgil, because *it will be Rome*, and not because it is Evander's rural domain.

Mr Bowles then proceeds to press Homer into his service, in answer to a remark of Mr Campbell's that «Homer was a great describer of works of art.» Mr Bowles contends that all his great power, even in this, depends upon their connexion with nature. The «shield of Achilles derives its poetical interest from the subjects described on it.» And from what does the *spear* of Achilles derive its interest? and the helmet and the mail worn by Patroclus, and the celestial armour, and the very brazen greaves of the well-booted Greeks? Is it solely from the legs, and the back, and the breast, and the human body, which they enclose? In that case, it would have been more poetical to have made them fight naked; and Gully and Gregson, as being nearer to a state of nature, are more poetical boxing in a pair of drawers than Hector and Achilles in radiant armour, and with heroic weapons.

Instead of the clash of helmets, and the rushing of chariots, and the whizzing of spears, and the glancing of swords, and the cleaving of shields, and the piercing of breast-plates, why not represent the Greeks and Trojans like two savage tribes, tugging and tearing, and kicking, and biting, and gnashing, foaming, grinning, and gouging, in all the poetry of martial nature, unincumbered with gross, prosaic, artificial arms, an equal superfluity to the natural warrior, and his natural poet. Is there any thing unpoetical in Ulysses striking the horses of Rhesus with *his bow* (having forgotten his thong), or would Mr Bowles have had him kick them with his foot, or smack them with his hand, as being more unsophisticated?

In Gray's *Elegy*, is there an image more striking than his «shapeless sculpture?» Of sculpture in general, it may be observed, that it is more poetical than nature itself, inasmuch as it represents and bodies forth that ideal beauty and sublimity which is never to be found in actual nature. This at least is the general opinion. But, always excepting the *Venus di Medicis*, I differ from that opinion, at least as far as regards female beauty; for the head of Lady Charlemont, when I first saw her nine years ago, seemed to possess all that sculpture could require for its ideal. I recollect seeing some-

thing of the same kind in the head of an Albanian girl, who was actually employed in mending a road in the mountains, and in some Greek, and one or two Italian, faces. But of *sublimity*, I have never seen any thing in human nature at all to approach the expression of sculpture, either in the Apollo, the Moses, or other of the sterner works of ancient or modern art.

Let us examine a little further this « babble of green fields » and of bare nature in general as superior to artificial imagery, for the poetical purposes of the fine arts. In landscape painting, the great artist does not give you a literal copy of a country, but he invents and composes one. Nature, in her actual aspect, does not furnish him with such existing scenes as he requires. Even where he presents you with some famous city, or celebrated scene from mountain or other nature, it must be taken from some particular point of view, and with such light, and shade, and distance, etc. as serve not only to heighten its beauties, but to shadow its deformities. The poetry of nature alone, *exactly* as she appears, is not sufficient to bear him out. The very sky of his painting is not the *portrait* of the sky of nature; it is a composition of different *skies*, observed at different times, and not the whole copied from any *particular* day. And why? Because nature is not lavish of her beauties; they are widely scattered, and occasionally displayed, to be selected with care, and gathered with difficulty.

Of sculpture I have just spoken. It is the great scope of the sculptor to heighten nature into heroic beauty, i. e. in plain English, to surpass his model. When Canova forms a statue, he takes a limb from one, a hand from another, a feature from a third, and a shape, it may be, from a fourth, probably at the same time improving upon all, as the Greek of old did in embodying his Venus.

Ask a portrait painter to describe his agonies in accommodating the faces with which nature and his sitters have crowded his painting-room to the principles of his art: with the exception of perhaps ten faces in as many millions, there is not one which he can venture to give without shading much and adding more. Nature, *exactly*, simply, barely nature, will make no great artist of any kind, and least of all a poet—the most artificial, perhaps, of all artists, in his very essence. With regard to natural imagery, the poets are obliged to take some of their best illustrations from art. You say that a « fountain is as clear or clearer than *glass*, » to express its beauty—

« O fons Bandusiar, splendidior vitro! »

In the speech of Mark Antony, the body of Cæsar is displayed, but so also is his *mantle* :

« You all do know this *mantle*, etc.

Look ! in this place ran Cassius' *dagger* through. »

If the poet had said that Cassius had run his *fist* through the rent of the mantle, it would have had more of Mr Bowles's « nature » to help it ; but the artificial *dagger* is more poetical than any natural *hand* without it. In the sublime of sacred poetry, « Who is this that cometh from Edom ? with *dyed garments* from Bozrah ? » Would « the comer » be poetical without his « *dyed garments* ? » which strike and startle the spectator, and identify the approaching object.

The mother of Sisera is represented listening for the « *wheels of his chariot*. » Solomon in his Song, compares the nose of his beloved to « a tower, » which to us appears an eastern exaggeration. If he had said, that her stature was like that of a « tower's, » it would have been as poetical as if he had compared her to a tree.

« The virtuous Marcia *towers* above her sex. »¹

Is an instance of an artificial image to express a *moral* superiority. But Solomon, it is probable, did not compare his beloved's nose to a « tower » on account of its length, but of its symmetry ; and making allowance for eastern hyperbole, and the difficulty of finding a discreet image for a female nose in nature, it is perhaps as good a figure as any other.

Art is *not* inferior to nature for poetical purposes. What makes a regiment of soldiers a more noble object of view than the same mass of mob ? Their arms, their dresses, their banners, and the *art* and artificial symmetry of their position and movements. A Highlander's plaid, a Mussulman's turban, and a Roman toga, are more poetical than the tattooed or untattooed buttocks of a New Sandwich savage, although they were described by William Wordsworth himself like the « idiot in his glory. »

I have seen as many mountains as most men, and more fleets than the generality of landmen : and, to my mind, a large convoy with a few sail of the line to conduct them, is as noble and as poetical a prospect as all that inanimate nature can produce. I prefer the « mast

¹ Addison's tragedy of *Cato*.—Editor.

of some great ammiral, » with all its tackle, to the Scotch fir or the Alpine tannen; and think that *more poetry has been made out of it*. In what does the infinite superiority of « *Falconer's Shipwreck* » over all other shipwrecks consist? In his admirable application of the terms of his art; in a poet-sailor's description of the sailor's fate. These *very terms*, by his application, make the strength and reality of his poem. Why? because he was a poet, and in the hands of a poet, *art* will not be found less ornamental than nature. It is precisely in general nature, and in stepping out of his element, that Falconer fails; where he digresses to speak of ancient Greece, and « such branches of learning. »

In Dyer's Grongar Hill, upon which his fame rests, the very appearance of nature herself is moralised into an artificial image:

« Thus is nature's *vesture* wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought;
Thus she *dresses green and gay*,
To disperse our cares away. »

And here also we have the telescope, the misuse of which, from Milton, has rendered Mr Bowles so triumphant over Mr Campbell.

« So we mistake the future's face,
Eyed through hope's deluding *glass*. »

And here a word *en passant* to Mr Campbell:

« As yon summits, soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which to those who journey near
Barren, brown, and rough appear,
Still we tread the same coarse way—
The present 's still a cloudy day. »

Is not this the original of the far-famed—

« 'T is distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue? »

To return once more to the sea. Let any one look on the long wall of Malamocco, which curbs the Adriatic, and pronounce between

the sea and its master. Surely that Roman work (I mean *Roman* in conception and performance), which says to the ocean, «thus far shalt thou come, and no further,» and is obeyed, is not less sublime and poetical than the angry waves which vainly break beneath it.

Mr Bowles makes the chief part of a ship's poesy depend upon the «wind:» then why is a ship under sail more poetical than a hog in a high wind? The hog is all nature, the ship is all art, «coarse canvass,» «blue bunting,» and «tall poles;» both are violently acted upon by the wind, tossed here and there, to and fro, and yet nothing but excess of hunger could make me look upon the pig as the more poetical of the two, and then only in the shape of a griskin.

Will Mr Bowles tell us that the poetry of an aqueduct consists in the *water* which it conveys? Let him look on that of Justinian, on those of Rome, Constantinople, Lisbon, and Elvas, or even at the remains of that in Attica.

We are asked, «what makes the venerable towers of Westminster Abbey more poetical, as objects, than the tower for the manufactory of patent shot, surrounded by the same scenery? I will answer—the *architecture*. Turn Westminster Abbey, or Saint Paul's, into a powder magazine, their poetry, as objects, remains the same; the Parthenon was actually converted into one by the Turks, during Morosini's Venetian siege, and part of it destroyed in consequence. Cromwell's dragoons stalled their steeds in Worcester cathedral; was it less poetical as an object than before? Ask a foreigner on his approach to London, what strikes him as the most poetical of the towers before him: he will point out Saint Paul's and Westminster Abbey, without, perhaps, knowing the names or associations of either, and pass over the «tower for patent shot,» not that for any thing he knows to the contrary, it might not be the mausoleum of a monarch, or a Waterloo column, or a Trafalgar monument, but because its architecture is obviously inferior.

To the question, «whether the description of a game of cards be as poetical, supposing the execution of the artists equal, as a description of a walk in a forest?» it may be answered, that the *materials* are certainly not equal; but that «the *artist*,» who has rendered the «game of cards poetical,» is *by far the greater* of the two. But all this «ordering» of poets is purely arbitrary on the part of Mr Bowles. There may or may not be, in fact, different «orders» of poetry, but the poet is always ranked according to his execution, and not according to his branch of the art.

Tragedy is one of the highest presumed orders. Hughes has written a tragedy, and a very successful one; Fenton another; and Pope none. Did any man, however,—will even Mr Bowles himself, rank Hughes and Fenton as poets above *Pope*? Was even Addison (the author of *Cato*), or Rowe (one of the higher order of dramatists as far as success goes), or Young, or even Otway and Southerne, ever raised for a moment to the same rank with Pope in the estimation of the reader or the critic, before his death or since? If Mr Bowles will contend for classifications of this kind, let him recollect that descriptive poetry has been ranked as among the lowest branches of the art, and description as a mere ornament, but which should never form «the subject» of a poem. The Italians, with the most poetical language, and the most fastidious taste in Europe, possess now five *great* poets, they say, Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso, and lastly Alfieri; and whom do they esteem one of the highest of these, and some of them the very highest? Petrarch the *sonnetteer*: it is true that some of his Canzoni are *not less* esteemed, but *not more*; who ever dreams of his Latin Africa?

Were Petrarch to be ranked according to the «order» of his compositions, where would the best of sonnets place him? with Dante and the others? no; but, as I have before said, the poet who *executes* best, is the highest, whatever his department, and will ever be so rated in the world's esteem.

Had Gray written nothing but his Elegy, high as he stands, I am not sure that he would not stand higher; it is the corner-stone of his glory: without it, his odes would be insufficient for his fame. The depreciation of Pope is partly founded upon a false idea of the dignity of his order of poetry, to which he has partly contributed by the ingenuous boast,

«That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But stoop'd to truth, and moralized his song.»

He should have written «*rose to truth.*» In my mind the highest of all poetry is ethical poetry, as the highest of all earthly objects must be moral truth. Religion does not make a part of my subject; it is something beyond human powers, and has failed in all human hands except Milton's and Dante's, and even Dante's powers are involved in his delineation of human passions, though in supernatural circumstances. What made Socrates the greatest of men? His moral

truth—his ethics. What proved Jesus Christ the Son of God hardly less than his miracles? His moral precepts. And if ethics have made a philosopher the first of men, and have not been disdained as an adjunct to his Gospel by the Deity himself, are we to be told that ethical poetry, or didactic poetry, or by whatever name you term it, whose object is to make men better and wiser, is not the *very first order* of poetry; and are we to be told this too by one of the priesthood? It requires more mind, more wisdom, more power, than all the «forests» that ever were «walked» for their description,» and all the epics that ever were founded upon fields of battle. The Georgics are indisputably, and, I believe, *undisputedly* even a finer poem than the *Æneid*. Virgil knew this; he did not order *them* to be burnt.

«The proper study of mankind is man.»

It is the fashion of the day to lay great stress upon what they call «imagination» and «invention,» the two commonest of qualities: an Irish peasant with a little whiskey in his head will imagine and invent more than would furnish forth a modern poem. If Lucretius had not been spoiled by the Epicurean system, we should have had a far superior poem to any now in existence. As mere poetry, it is the first of Latin poems. What then has ruined it? His ethics. Pope has not this defect; his moral is as pure as his poetry is glorious.

In speaking of artificial objects, I have omitted to touch upon one which I will now mention. Cannon may be presumed to be as highly poetical as art can make her objects. Mr Bowles will, perhaps, tell me that this is because they resemble that grand natural article of sound in heaven, and simile upon earth—thunder. I shall be told triumphantly, that Milton made sad work with his artillery, when he armed his devils therewithal. He did so; and this artificial object must have had much of the sublime to attract his attention for such a conflict. He *has* made an absurd use of it; but the absurdity consists not in using *cannon* against the angels of God, but any *material* weapon. The thunder of the clouds would have been as ridiculous and vain in the hands of the devils, as the «villainous saltpetre:» the angels were as impervious to the one as to the other. The thunderbolts became sublime in the hands of the Almighty, not as such, but because *he* deigns to use them as a means of repelling the rebel spirits; but no one can attribute their defeat to this grand piece of natural electricity: the Almighty willed, and they fell; his

word would have been enough; and Milton is as absurd (and in fact, *blasphemous*), in putting material lightnings into the hands of the Godhead, as in giving him hands at all.

The artillery of the demons was but the first step of his mistake, the thunder the next, and it is a step lower. It would have been fit for Jove, but not for Jehovah. The subject altogether was essentially unpoetical; he has made more of it than another could, but it is beyond him and all men.

In a portion of his reply, Mr Bowles asserts that Pope «envied Phillips» because he quizzed his pastorals in the *Guardian*, in that most admirable model of irony, his paper on the subject. If there was any thing enviable about Phillips, it could hardly be his pastorals. They were despicable, and Pope expressed his contempt. If Mr Fitzgerald published a volume of sonnets, or a «*Spirit of Discovery*,» or a «*Missionary*,» and Mr Bowles wrote in any periodical journal an ironical paper upon them, would this be «envy?» The authors of the «*Rejected Addresses*» have ridiculed the sixteen or twenty «first living poets» of the day; but do they «envy» them? «*Envy*» writhes, it don't laugh. The authors of the *Rejected Addresses* may despise some, but they can hardly «envy» any of the persons whom they have parodied; and Pope could have no more envied Phillips than he did Welsted, or Theobalds, or Smedley, or any other given hero of the *Dunciad*. He could not have envied him, even had he himself *not* been the greatest poet of his age. Did Mr Ings «envy» Mr Phillips when he asked him, «how came your Pyrrhus to drive oxen and say, I am *goaded* on by love?» This question silenced poor Phillips; but it no more proceeded from «envy» than did Pope's ridicule. Did he envy Swift? Did he envy Bolingbroke? Did he envy Gay the unparalleled success of his «*Beggar's Opera*?» We may be answered that these were his friends—true; but does friendship prevent *envy*? Study the first woman you meet with, or the first scribbler, let Mr Bowles himself (whom I acquit fully of such an odious quality), study some of his own poetical intimates: the most envious man I ever heard of is a poet, and a high one; besides, it is an *universal* passion. Goldsmith envied not only the puppets for their dancing, and broke his shins in the attempt at rivalry, but was seriously angry because two pretty women received more attention than he did. *This is envy*; but where does Pope show a sign of the passion? In that case Dryden envied the hero of his *Mac Flecknoe*. Mr Bowles compares, when and where he can, Pope with Cowper

(the same Cowper whom in his edition of Pope he laughs at for his attachment to an old woman, Mrs Unwin; search and you will find it (I remember the passage, though not the page); in particular he re-quotes Cowper's Dutch delineation of a wood, drawn up like a seedsman's catalogue, ' with an affected imitation of Milton's style, as bur-

I will submit to Mr Bowles's own judgment a passage from another poem of Cowper's, to be compared with the same writer's *Sylvan Sampler*. In the lines to Mary,

«Thy *needles*, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused; and shine no more,
My Mary.»

contain a simple, household, «*indoor*,» artificial and ordinary image; I refer Mr Bowles to the stanza, and ask if these three lines about «*needles*» are not worth all the boasted twaddling about trees, so triumphantly re-quoted? and yet in *fact* what do they convey? A homely collection of images and ideas, associated with the darning of stockings, and the hemming of shirts, and the mending of breeches; but will any one deny that they are eminently poetical and pathetic as addressed by Cowper to his nurse? The trash of trees reminds me of a saying of Sheridan's. Soon after the «*Rejected Address*» scene, in 1812, I met Sheridan. In the course of dinner, he said, «*Lord Byron, did you know that, amongst the writers of addresses, was Whitbread himself?*» I answered by an inquiry of what sort of an address he had made. «*Of that,*» replied Sheridan, «*I remember little, except that there was a phoenix in it.*» «*A phoenix!! Well, how did he describe it?*» «*Like a poulterer;*» answered Sheridan; «*it was green, and yellow, and red, and blue: he did not let us off for a single feather.*» And just such as this poulterer's account of a phoenix is Cowper's a stick-picker's detail of a wood, with all its petty minutæ of this, that, and the other.

One more poetical instance of the power of art, and even its *superiority* over nature, in poetry; and I have done:—the bust of *Antinous*! Is there any thing in nature like this marble, excepting the *Venus*? Can there be more *poetry* gathered into existence than in that wonderful creation of perfect beauty? But the poetry of this bust is in no respect derived from nature, nor from any association of moral exaltedness; for what is there in common with moral nature, and the male minion of Adrian? The very execution is *not natural*, but *super-natural*, or rather *super-artificial*, for nature has never done so much.

Away, then, with this cant about nature, and «*invariable principles of poetry!*» A great artist will make a block of stone as sublime as a mountain, and a good poet can imbue a pack of cards with more poetry than inhabits the forests of America. It is the business and the proof of a poet to give the lie to

lesque as the « Splendid Shilling. » These two writers, for Cowper is no poet, come into comparison in one great work, the translation of Homer. Now, with all the great, and manifest, and manifold, and reprov'd, and acknowledged, and uncontroverted faults of Pope's translation, and all the scholarship, and pains, and time, and trouble, and blank verse of the other, who can ever read Cowper? and who will ever lay down Pope, unless for the original? Pope's was « not Homer, it was Spondanus; » but Cowper's is not Homer either, it is not even Cowper. As a child I first read Pope's Homer with a rapture which no subsequent work could ever afford, and children are not the worst judges of their own language. As a boy I read Homer in the original, as we have all done, some of us by force, and a few by favour; under which description I come is nothing to the purpose, it is enough that I read him. As a man I have tried to read Cowper's version, and I found it impossible. Has any human reader ever succeeded?

And now that we have heard the Catholic reproached with envy, duplicity, licentiousness, avarice—what was the Calvinist? He attempted the most atrocious of crimes in the Christian code, viz. suicide—and why? because he was to be examined whether he was fit for an office which he seems to wish to have made a sinecure. His connexion with Mrs Unwin was pure enough, for the old lady was devout, and he was deranged; but why then is the infirm and then elderly Pope to be reprov'd for his connexion with Martha Blount; Cowper was the almoner of Mrs Throgmorton; but Pope's charities were his own, and they were noble and extensive, far beyond his fortune's warrant. Pope was the tolerant yet steady adherent of the most bigoted of sects; and Cowper the most bigoted and despondent sectary that ever anticipated damnation to himself or others. Is this harsh? I know it is, and I do not assert it as my opinion of Cowper *personally*, but to *show what might* be said, with just as great an appearance of truth and candour, as all the odium which has been accumulated upon Pope in similar speculations. Cowper was a good man, and lived at a fortunate time for his works.

Mr Bowles, apparently not relying entirely upon his own arguments, has in person or by proxy brought forward the names of

the proverb, and sometimes to « *make a silken purse out of a sow's ear;* » and to conclude with another homely proverb, « *a good workman will not find fault with his tools.* »

Southey and Moore. Mr Southey « agrees entirely with Mr Bowles in his *invariable* principles of poetry. » The least that Mr Bowles can do in return is to approve the « *invariable* principles of Mr Southey. » I should have thought that the word « *invariable* » might have stuck in Southey's throat, like Macbeth's « Amen ! » I am sure it did in mine, and I am not the least consistent of the two, at least as a voter. Moore (*et tu, Brute!*) also approves, and a Mr J. Scott. There is a letter also of two lines from a gentleman in asterisks, who, it seems, is a poet of « the highest rank »—who *can* this be? not my friend, Sir Walter, surely. Campbell it can't be; Rogers it won't be.

« You have *hit the nail in the head*, and **** (Pope, I presume) on the head also. »

I remain yours, affectionately,

(Four *Asterisks*.)

And in asterisks let him remain. Whoever this person may be, he deserves, for such a judgment of Midas, that « the nail » which Mr Bowles has « hit in the head » should be driven through his own ears; I am sure that they are long enough.

The attempt of the poetical populace of the present day to obtain an ostracism against Pope is as easily accounted for as the Athenian's shell against Aristides; they are tired of hearing him always called « the Just. » They are also fighting for life; for if he maintains his station, they will reach their own by falling. They have raised a mosque by the side of a Grecian temple of the purest architecture; and, more barbarous than the barbarians from whose practice I have borrowed the figure, they are not contented with their own grotesque edifice, unless they destroy the prior and purely beautiful fabric which preceded and which shames them and theirs for ever and ever. I shall be told that amongst those I *have* been (or, it may be, still *am*) conspicuous—true, and I am ashamed of it. I *have* been amongst the builders of this Babel, attended by a confusion of tongues, but *never* amongst the envious destroyers of the classic temple of our predecessor. I have loved and honoured the fame and name of that illustrious and unrivalled man, far more than my own paltry renown, and the trashy jingle of the crowd of « schools » and upstarts, who pretend to rival, or even surpass him. Sooner than a single leaf should be torn from his laurel, it were better

that all which these men, and that I, as one of their set, have ever written, should

« Line trunks, clothe spice, or, fluttering in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam, or Soho ! »

There are those who will believe this, and those who will not. You, sir, know how far I am sincere, and whether my opinion, not only in the short work intended for publication, and in private letters which can never be published, has or has not been the same. I look upon this as the declining age of English poetry; no regard for others, no selfish feeling can prevent me from seeing this, and expressing the truth. There can be no worse sign for the taste of the times than the depreciation of Pope. It would be better to receive for proof Mr Cobbett's rough but strong attack upon Shakspeare and Milton, than to allow this smooth and « candid » undermining of the reputation of the most *perfect* of our poets, and the purest of our moralists. Of his power in the *passions*, in description, in the mock-heroic, I leave others to descant. I take him on his strong ground, as an *ethical* poet: in the former none excel; in the mock-heroic and ethical, none equal him; and, in my mind, the latter is the highest of all poetry, because it does that in *verse*, which the greatest of men have wished to accomplish in prose. If the essence of poetry must be a *lie*, throw it to the dogs, or banish it from your republic, as Plato would have done. He who can reconcile poetry with truth and wisdom, is the only true « *poet* » in its real sense, « the *maker*, » « the *creator* » — why must this mean the « *liar*, » the « *feigner*, » the « *tale teller* ? » A man may make and create better things than these.

I shall not presume to say that Pope is as high a poet as Shakspeare and Milton, though his enemy, Warton, places him immediately under them. I would no more say this than I would assert in the mosque (once Saint Sophia's) that Socrates was a greater man than Mahomet. But if I say that he is very near them, it is no more than has been asserted of Burns, who is supposed

« To rival all but Shakspeare's name below. »

I say nothing against this opinion. But of what « *order*, » according to the poetical aristocracy, are Burns's poems? There are his *opus magnum*, « Tam O'Shanter, » a *tale*; the « *Cotter's Saturday Night*, » a



descriptive sketch; some others in the same style; the rest are songs. So much for the *rank* of his *productions*; the *rank* of *Burns* is the very first of his art. Of Pope I have expressed my opinion elsewhere, as also of the effect which the present attempts at poetry have had upon our literature. If any great national or natural convulsion could or should overwhelm your country in such sort, as to sweep Great Britain from the kingdoms of the earth, and leave only that, after all the most living of human things, a *dead language*, to be studied and read, and imitated by the wise of future and far generations, upon foreign shores; if your literature should become the learning of mankind, divested of party cabals, temporary fashions, and national pride and prejudice; an Englishman, anxious that the posterity of strangers should know that there had been such a thing as a British Epic and Tragedy, might wish for the preservation of Shakspeare and Milton; but the surviving world would snatch Pope from the wreck, and let the rest sink with the people. He is the moral poet of all civilization; and, as such, let us hope that he will one day be the national poet of mankind. He is the only poet that never shocks; the only poet whose *faultlessness* has been made his reproach. Cast your eye over his productions; consider their extent, and contemplate their variety:—pastoral, passion, mock-heroic, translation, satire, ethics,—all excellent, and often perfect. If his great charm be his *melody*, how comes it that foreigners adore him even in their diluted translation? But I have made this letter too long. Give my compliments to Mr Bowles.

Yours ever, very truly,

BYRON.

To J. Murray, Esq.

Post scriptum. Long as this letter has grown, I find it necessary to append a postscript; if possible, a short one. Mr Bowles denies that he has accused Pope of «a sordid money-getting passion;» but, he adds, «if I had ever done so, I should be glad to find any testimony that might show he was *not* so.» This testimony he may find to his heart's content in Spence and elsewhere. First, there is Martha Blount, who Mr Bowles charitably says, «probably thought he did not save enough for her as legatee.» Whatever she *thought* upon this point, her words are in Pope's favour. Then there is Alderman Barber; see Spence's Anecdotes. There is Pope's cold answer to

Halifax when he proposed a pension; his behaviour to Craggs and to Addison upon like occasions, and his own two lines—

« And, thanks to Homer, since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no prince or peer alive;»

written when princes would have been proud to pension, and peers to promote him, and when the whole army of dunces were in array against him, and would have been but too happy to deprive him of this boast of independence. But there is something a little more serious in Mr Bowles's declaration, that he «*would have spoken*» of his «*noble generosity to the outcast, Richard Savage,*» and other instances of a compassionate and generous heart «*had they occurred to his recollection when he wrote.*» What! is it come to this? Does Mr Bowles sit down to write a minute and laboured life and edition of a great poet? Does he anatomize his character, moral and poetical? Does he present us with his faults and with his foibles? Does he sneer at his feelings, and doubt of his sincerity? Does he unfold his vanity and duplicity? and then omit the good qualities which might, in part, have «*covered this multitude of sins?*» and then plead that «*they did not occur to his recollection?*» Is this the frame of mind and of memory with which the illustrious dead are to be approached? If Mr Bowles, who must have had access to all the means of refreshing his memory, did not recollect these facts, he is unfit for his task; but if he *did* recollect, and omit them, I know not what he is fit for, but I know what would be fit for him. Is the plea of «*not recollecting*» such prominent facts to be admitted? Mr Bowles has been at a public school, and, as I have been publicly educated also, I can sympathize with his predilection. When 've were in the third form even, had we pleaded on the Monday morning, that we had not brought up the Saturday's exercise, because «*we had forgotten it,*» what would have been the reply? And is an excuse, which would not be pardoned to a school-boy, to pass current in a matter which so nearly concerns the fame of the first poet of his age, if not of his country? If Mr Bowles so readily forgets the virtues of others, why complain so grievously that others have a better memory for his own faults? They are but the faults of an author; while the virtues he omitted from his catalogue are essential to the justice due to a man.

Mr Bowles appears indeed to be susceptible beyond the privilege of authorship. There is a plaintive dedication to Mr Gifford, in

which *he* is made responsible for all the articles of the Quarterly. Mr Southey, it seems, «the most able and eloquent writer in that Review,» approves of Mr Bowles's publication. Now it seems to me the more impartial, that notwithstanding that the great writer of the Quarterly entertains opinions opposite to the able article on Spence, nevertheless that essay was permitted to appear. Is a review to be devoted to the opinions of any *one* man? Must it not vary according to circumstances, and according to the subjects to be criticised? I fear that writers must take the sweets and bitters of the public journals as they occur, and an author of so long a standing as Mr Bowles might have become accustomed to such incidents; he might be angry, but not astonished. I have been reviewed in the Quarterly almost as often as Mr Bowles, and have had as pleasant things said, and some as *unpleasant*, as could well be pronounced. In the review of «The Fall of Jerusalem» it is stated, that I have devoted «my powers, etc. to the worst parts of Manicheism,» which, being interpreted, means that I worship the devil. Now I have neither written a reply, nor complained to Gifford. I believe that I observed in a letter to you, that I thought «that the critic might have praised Milman without finding it necessary to abuse me;» but did I not add at the same time, or soon after (apropos, of the note in the book of Travels), that I would not, if it were even in my power, have a single line cancelled on my account in that nor in any other publication. Of course, I reserve to myself the privilege of response when necessary. Mr Bowles seems in a whimsical state about the author of the article on Spence. You know very well that I am not in your confidence, nor in that of the conductor of the journal. The moment I saw that article, I was morally certain that I knew the author «by his style.» You will tell me that I do *not* know him: that is all as it should be; keep the secret, so shall I, though no one has ever entrusted it to me. He is not the person whom Mr Bowles denounces. Mr Bowles's extreme sensibility reminds me of a circumstance which occurred on board of a frigate in which I was a passenger and guest of the captain's for a considerable time. The surgeon on board, a very gentlemanly young man, and remarkably able in his profession, wore a *wig*. Upon this ornament he was extremely tenacious. As naval jests are sometimes a little rough, his brother officers made occasional allusions to this delicate appendage to the doctor's person. One day a young lieutenant, in the course of a facetious discussion, said, «Suppose now, doctor, I should take off your *hat*.» «Sir,»

replied the doctor, "I shall talk no longer with you; you grow *scurrilous*." He would not even admit so near an approach as to the hat which protected it. In like manner, if any body approaches Mr Bowles's laurels, even in his outside capacity of an *editor*; "they grow *scurrilous*." You say that you are about to prepare an edition of Pope; you cannot do better for your own credit as a publisher, nor for the redemption of Pope from Mr Bowles, and of the public taste from rapid degeneracy.

THE
PARLIAMENTARY SPEECHES
OF
LORD BYRON.

**Debate on the Frame-Work Bill, in the House of Lords,
February 27, 1812.**

**On the Earl of Donoughmore's Motion for a Committee
on the Roman Catholic Claims, April, 21, 1812.**

On Major Cartwright's Petition, June 1, 1813.

THE
PARLIAMENTARY SPEECHES
OF
LORD BYRON.

DEBATE ON THE FRAME-WORK BILL, IN THE
HOUSE OF LORDS, FEBRUARY, 27, 1812.

THE order of the day for the second reading of this bill being read,

LORD BYRON rose, and (for the first time) addressed their lordships as follows :

MY LORDS; the subject now submitted to your lordships for the first time, though new to the House, is by no means new to the country. I believe it had occupied the serious thoughts of all descriptions of persons, long before its introduction to the notice of that legislature, whose interference alone could be of real service. As a person in some degree connected with the suffering county, though a stranger not only to this House in general, but to almost every individual whose attention I presume to solicit, I must claim some portion of your lordships' indulgence whilst I offer a few observations on a question in which I confess myself deeply interested.

To enter into any detail of the riots would be superfluous : the House is already aware that every outrage short of actual bloodshed, has been perpetrated, and that the proprietors of the frames obnoxious to the rioters, and all persons supposed to be connected with them, have been liable to insult and violence. During the short time I recently passed in Nottinghamshire, not twelve hours elapsed without some fresh act of violence ; and on the day I left the county I was informed that forty frames had been broken the preceding evening, as usual, without resistance and without detection.

Such was then the state of that county, and such I have reason to believe it to be at this moment. But whilst these outrages must be admitted to exist to an alarming extent, it cannot be denied that they have arisen from circumstances of the most unparalleled distress. The perseverance of these miserable men in their proceedings, tends to prove that nothing but absolute want could have driven a large, and once honest and industrious, body of the people, into the commission of excesses so hazardous to themselves, their families, and the community. At the time to which I allude, the town and county were burthened with large detachments of the military ; the police was in motion, the magistrates assembled, yet all the movements, civil and military, had led to—nothing. Not a single instance had occurred of the apprehension of any real delinquent actually taken in the fact, against whom there existed legal evidence sufficient for conviction. But the police, however useless, were by no means idle : several notorious delinquents had been detected ; men, liable to conviction, on the clearest evidence, of the capital crime of poverty ; men, who had been nefariously guilty of lawfully begetting several children, whom, thanks to the times ! they were unable to maintain. Considerable injury has been done to the proprietors of the improved frames. These machines were to them an advantage, inasmuch as they superseded the necessity of employing a number of workmen, who were left in consequence to starve. By the adoption of one species of frame in particular, one man performed the work of many, and the superfluous labourers were thrown out of employment. Yet it is to be observed, that the work thus executed was inferior in quality ; not marketable at home, and merely hurried over with a view to exportation. It was called, in the cant of the trade, by the name of « spider work.» The rejected workmen, in the blindness of their ignorance, instead of rejoicing at these improvements in arts so beneficial to

mankind, conceived themselves to be sacrificed to improvements in mechanism. In the foolishness of their hearts they imagined, that the maintenance and well doing of the industrious poor, were objects of greater consequence than the enrichment of a few individuals by any improvement, in the implements of trade, which threw the workmen out of employment, and rendered the labourer unworthy of his hire. And it must be confessed that although the adoption of the enlarged machinery in that state of our commerce which the country once boasted, might have been beneficial to the master without being detrimental to the servant; yet, in the present situation of our manufactures, rotting in warehouses, without a prospect of exportation, with the demand for work and workmen equally diminished, frames of this description tend materially to aggravate the distress and discontent of the disappointed sufferers. But the real cause of the distresses and consequent disturbances lies deeper. When we are told that these men are leagued together not only for the destruction of their own comfort, but of their very means of subsistence, can we forget that it is the bitter policy, the destructive warfare of the last eighteen years, which has destroyed their comfort, your comfort, all men's comfort? That policy which, originating with « great statesmen now no more, » has survived the dead to become a curse on the living, unto the third and fourth generation! These men never destroyed their looms till they were become useless, worse than useless; till they were become actual impediments to their exertions in obtaining their daily bread. Can you, then, wonder that in times like these, when bankruptcy, convicted fraud, and imputed felony are found in a station not far beneath that of your lordships, the lowest, though once most useful portion of the people, should forget their duty in their distresses, and become only less guilty than one of their representatives? But while the exalted offender can find means to baffle the law, new capital punishments must be devised, new snares of death must be spread for the wretched mechanic, who is famished into guilt. These men were willing to dig, but the spade was in other hands: they were not ashamed to beg, but there was none to relieve them: their own means of subsistence were cut off, all other employments pre-occupied, and their excesses, however to be deplored and condemned, can hardly be subject of surprise.

It has been stated that the persons in the temporary possession of frames connive at their destruction; if this be proved upon inquiry, it

were necessary that such material accessories to the crime should be principals in the punishment. But I did hope, that any measure proposed by his majesty's government, for your lordships' decision, would have had conciliation for its basis; or, if that were hopeless, that some previous inquiry, some deliberation would have been deemed requisite, not that we should have been called at once without examination, and without cause, to pass sentences by wholesale, and sign death-warrants blindfold. But admitting that these men had no cause of complaint; that the grievances of them and their employers were alike groundless; that they deserved the worst; what inefficiency, what imbecility has been evinced in the method chosen to reduce them! Why were the military called out to be made a mockery of, if they were to be called out at all? As far as the difference of seasons would permit, they have merely parodied the summer campaign of Major Sturgeon; and, indeed, the whole proceedings, civil and military, seemed on the model of those of the mayor and corporation of Garratt.—Such marchings and counter-marchings! from Nottingham to Bullwell, from Bullwell to Banford, from Banford to Mansfield! and when at length the detachments arrived at their destinations, in all «the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,» they came just in time to witness the mischief which had been done, and ascertain the escape of the perpetrators, to collect the «*spolia opima*» in the fragments of broken frames, and return to their quarters amidst the derision of old women, and the hootings of children. Now, though in a free country, it were to be wished, that our military should never be too formidable, at least to ourselves, I cannot see the policy of placing them in situations where they can only be made ridiculous. As the sword is the worst argument that can be used, so should it be the last. In this instance it has been the first; but providentially as yet only in the scabbard. The present measure will, indeed, pluck it from the sheath; yet had proper meetings been held in the earlier stages of these riots, had the grievances of these men and their masters (for they also had their grievances) been fairly weighed and justly examined, I do think that means might have been devised to restore these workmen to their avocations, and tranquillity to the county. At present the county suffers from the double infliction of an idle military and a starving population. In what state of apathy have we been plunged so long, that now for the first time the House has been officially apprized of

these disturbances? All this has been transacting within a hundred and thirty miles of London, and yet we, « good easy men, have deemed full sure our greatness was a ripening,» and have sat down to enjoy our foreign triumphs in the midst of domestic calamity. But all the cities you have taken, all the armies which have retreated before your leaders, are but paltry subjects of self congratulation, if your land divides against itself, and your dragoons and your executioners must be let loose against your fellow-citizens.—You call these men a mob, desperate, dangerous, and ignorant; and seem to think that the only way to quiet the « *bellua multorum capitum* » is to lop off a few of its superfluous heads. But even a mob may be better reduced to reason by a mixture of conciliation and firmness, than by additional irritation and redoubled penalties. Are we aware of our obligations to a mob? It is the mob that labour in your fields and serve in your houses,—that man your navy, and recruit your army,—that have enabled you to defy all the world, and can also defy you when neglect and calamity have driven them to despair. You may call the people a mob; but do not forget, that a mob too often speaks the sentiments of the people. And here I must remark, with what alacrity you are accustomed to fly to the succour of your distressed allies, leaving the distressed of your own country to the care of providence, or—the parish. When the Portuguese suffered under the retreat of the French, every arm was stretched out, every hand was opened, from the rich man's largess to the widow's mite, all was bestowed to enable them to rebuild their villages and replenish their granaries. And at this moment, when thousands of misguided but most unfortunate fellow-countrymen are struggling with the extremes of hardships and hunger, as your charity began abroad it should end at home. A much less sum, a tithe of the bounty bestowed on Portugal, even if those men (which I cannot admit without inquiry) could not have been restored to their employments, would have rendered unnecessary the tender mercies of the bayonet and the gibbet. But doubtless our friends have too many foreign claims to admit a prospect of domestic relief; though never did such objects demand it. I have traversed the seat of war in the peninsula, I have been in some of the most oppressed provinces of Turkey, but never under the most despotic of infidel governments did I behold such squalid wretchedness as I have seen since my return in the very heart of a christian country. And what are your remedies? After months of inaction, and months of action

worse than inactivity, at length comes forth the grand specific, the never-failing nostrum of all state physicians, from the days of Draco to the present time. After feeling the pulse and shaking the head over the patient, prescribing the usual course of warm water and bleeding, the warm water of your maukish police, and the lancets of your military, these convulsions must terminate in death, the sure consummation of the prescription of all political Sangrados. Setting aside the palpable injustice, and the certain inefficiency of the bill, are there not capital punishments sufficient in your statutes? Is there not blood enough upon your penal code, that more must be poured forth to ascend to heaven and testify against you? How will you carry the bill into effect? Can you commit a whole county to their own prison? Will you erect a gibbet in every field, and hang up men like scarecrows? or will you proceed (as you must to bring this measure into effect) by decimation? place the country under martial law? depopulate and lay waste all around you? and restore Sherwood Forest as an acceptable gift to the crown, in its former condition of a royal chase and an asylum for outlaws? Are these the remedies for a starving and desperate populace? Will the famished wretch who has braved your bayonets, be appalled by your gibbets? When death is a relief, and the only relief it appears that you will afford him, will he be dragooned into tranquillity? Will that which could not be effected by your grenadiers, be accomplished by your executioners? If you proceed by the forms of law, where is your evidence? Those who have refused to impeach their accomplices, when transportation only was the punishment, will hardly be tempted to witness against them when death is the penalty. With all due deference to the noble lords opposite, I think a little investigation, some previous inquiry, would induce even them to change their purpose. That most favourite state measure, so marvellously efficacious in many and recent instances, temporizing, would not be without its advantages in this. When a proposal is made to emancipate or relieve, you hesitate, you deliberate for years, you temporize and tamper with the minds of men; but a death-bill must be passed off-hand, without a thought of the consequences. Sure I am, from what I have heard, and from what I have seen, that to pass the bill under all the existing circumstances, without inquiry, without deliberation, would only be to add injustice to irritation, and barbarity to neglect. The framers of such a bill must be content to inherit the honours of

that Athenian lawgiver whose edicts were said to be written not in ink but in blood. But suppose it past; suppose one of these men, as I have seen them,—meagre with famine, sullen with despair, careless of a life which your lordships are perhaps about to value at something less than the price of a stocking-frame—suppose this man surrounded by the children for whom he is unable to procure bread at the hazard of his existence, about to be torn for ever from a family which he lately supported in peaceful industry, and which it is not his fault that he can no longer so support—suppose this man, and there are ten thousand such from whom you may select your victims, dragged into court, to be tried for this new offence, by this new law; still, there are two things wanting to convict and condemn him; and these are, in my opinion,—twelve butchers for a jury, and a Jefferies for a judge!

DEBATE ON THE EARL OF DONOUGHMORE'S
MOTION FOR A COMMITTEE ON THE ROMAN
CATHOLIC CLAIMS, APRIL 21, 1813.

MY LORDS; the question before the House has been so frequently, fully, and ably discussed, and never perhaps more ably than on this night, that it would be difficult to adduce new arguments for or against it. But with each discussion, difficulties have been removed, objections have been canvassed and refuted, and some of the former opponents of catholic emancipation have at length conceded to the expediency of relieving the petitioners. In conceding thus much, however, a new objection is started; it is not the time, say they, or it is an improper time, or there is time enough yet. In some degree I concur with those who say, it is not the time exactly; that time is passed; better had it been for the country, that the catholics possessed at this moment their proportion of our privileges, that their nobles held their due weight in our councils, than that we should be assembled to discuss their claims. It had indeed been better

• Non tempore tali
Cogere concilium cum muros obsidet hostis. •

The enemy is without, and distress within. It is too late to cavil on doctrinal points, when we must unite in defence of things more important than the mere ceremonies of religion. It is indeed singular, that we are called together to deliberate, not on the God we adore, for in that we are agreed; not about the king we obey, for to him we are loyal; but how far a difference in the ceremonials of worship, how far believing not too little, but too much (the worst that can be imputed to the catholics), how far too much devotion to their God,

may incapacitate our fellow-subjects from effectually serving their king.

Much has been said, within and without doors, of church and state, and although those venerable words have been too often prostituted to the most despicable of party purposes, we cannot hear them too often; all, I presume, are the advocates of church and state, the church of Christ, and the state of Great Britain, but not a state of exclusion and despotism, not an intolerant church, not a church militant, which renders itself liable to the very objection urged against the Romish communion, and in a greater degree, for the catholic merely withholds its spiritual benediction (and even that is doubtful), but our church, or rather our churchmen, not only refuse to the catholic their spiritual grace, but all temporal blessings whatsoever. It was an observation of the great Lord Peterborough, made within these walls, or within the walls where the Lords then assembled, that he was for a «parliamentary king and a parliamentary constitution, but not a parliamentary god and a parliamentary religion.» The interval of a century has not weakened the force of the remark. It is indeed time that we should leave off these petty cavils on frivolous points, these Lilliputian sophistries, whether our «eggs are best broken at the broad or narrow end.»

The opponents of the catholics may be divided into two classes; those who assert that the catholics have too much already, and those who allege that the lower orders, at least, have nothing more to require. We are told by the former, that the catholics never will be contented: by the latter, that they are already too happy. The last paradox is sufficiently refuted by the present as by all past petitions; it might as well be said, that the negroes did not desire to be emancipated, but this is an unfortunate comparison, for you have already delivered them out of the house of bondage without any petition on their part, but many from their task-masters to a contrary effect; and for myself, when I consider this, I pity the catholic peasantry for not having the good fortune to be born black. But the catholics are contented, or at least ought to be, as we are told; I shall therefore proceed to touch on a few of those circumstances which so marvellously contribute to their exceeding contentment. They are not allowed the free exercise of their religion in the regular army; the catholic soldier cannot absent himself from the service of the protestant clergyman, and unless he is quartered in Ireland, or in Spain, where can he find eligible opportunities of attending his own? The

permission of catholic chaplains to the Irish militia regiments was conceded as a special favour, and not till after years of remonstrance, although an act, passed in 1793, established it as a right. But are the catholics properly protected in Ireland? Can the church purchase a rood of land whereon to erect a chapel? No! all the places of worship are built on leases of trust or sufferance from the laity, easily broken and often betrayed. The moment any irregular wish, any casual caprice of the benevolent landlord meets with opposition, the doors are barred against the congregation. This has happened continually, but in no instance more glaringly, than at the town of Newton-Barry, in the county of Wexford. The catholics enjoying no regular chapel, as a temporary expedient, hired two barns; which, being thrown into one, served for public worship. At this time, there was quartered opposite to the spot an officer, whose mind appears to have been deeply imbued with those prejudices which the protestant petitions, now on the table, proved to have been fortunately eradicated from the more rational portion of the people; and when the catholics were assembled on the sabbath as usual, in peace and goodwill towards men, for the worship of their God and yours, they found the chapel door closed, and were told that if they did not immediately retire (and they were told this by a yeoman officer and a magistrate), the riot act should be read, and the assembly dispersed at the point of the bayonet! This was complained of to the middle man of government, the secretary at the Castle in 1806, and the answer was (in lieu of redress), that he would cause a letter to be written to the colonel, to prevent, if possible, the recurrence of similar disturbances. Upon this fact, no very great stress need be laid; but it tends to prove that while the catholic church has not power to purchase land for its chapels to stand upon, the laws for its protection are of no avail. In the mean time, the catholics are at the mercy of every «pelting petty officer,» who may choose to play his «fantastic tricks before high heaven,» to insult his God, and injure his fellow-creatures.

Every school boy, any foot-boy (such have held commissions in our service), any foot-boy who can exchange his shoulder-knot for an epaulet, may perform all this and more against the catholic by virtue of that very authority, delegated to him by his sovereign, for the express purpose of defending his fellow-subjects to the last drop of his blood, without discrimination or distinction between catholic and protestant.

Have the Irish catholics the full benefit of trial by jury? They have not; they never can have until they are permitted to share the privilege of serving as sheriffs and under-sheriffs. Of this, a striking example occurred at the last Enniskillen assizes. A yeoman was arraigned for the murder of a catholic named Macvournagh; three respectable uncontradicted witnesses deposed that they saw the prisoner load, take aim, fire at, and kill the said Macvournagh. This was properly commented on by the judge; but to the astonishment of the bar, and indignation of the court, the protestant jury acquitted the accused. So glaring was the partiality, that Mr Justice Osborne felt it his duty to bind over the acquitted, but not absolved assassin, in large recognizances; thus for a time taking away his licence to kill catholics.

Are the very laws passed in their favour observed? They are rendered nugatory in trivial as in serious cases. By a late act, catholic chaplains are permitted in jails, but in Fermanagh county the grand jury lately persisted in presenting a suspended clergyman for the office, thereby evading the statute, notwithstanding the most pressing remonstrances of a most respectable magistrate, named Fletcher, to the contrary. Such is law, such is justice, for the happy, free, contented catholic!

It has been asked in another place, why do not the rich catholics endow foundations for the education of the priesthood? Why do you not permit them to do so? Why are all such bequests subject to the interference, the vexatious, arbitrary, peculating interference of the orange commissioners for charitable donations?

As to Maynooth college, in no instance, except at the time of its foundation, when a noble lord (Camden), at the head of the Irish administration, did appear to interest himself in its advancement; and during the government of a noble duke (Bedford), who, like his ancestors, has ever been the friend of freedom and mankind, and who has not so far adopted the selfish policy of the day as to exclude the catholics from the number of his fellow-creatures; with these exceptions, in no instance has that institution been properly encouraged. There was indeed a time when the catholic clergy were conciliated, while the union was pending, that union which could not be carried without them, while their assistance was requisite in procuring addresses from the catholic counties; then they were cajoled and caressed, feared and flattered, and given to understand that "the union would do every thing;" but the moment it was passed,

they were driven back with contempt into their former obscurity.

In the conduct pursued towards Maynooth college, every thing is done to irritate and perplex—every thing is done to efface the slightest impression of gratitude from the catholic mind; the very hay made upon the lawn, the fat and tallow of the beef and mutton allowed, must be paid for and accounted upon oath. It is true, this economy in miniature cannot sufficiently be commended, particularly at a time when only the insect defaulters of the treasury, your Hunts and your Chinnerys, when only those «gilded bugs» can escape the microscopic eye of ministers. But when you come forward session after session, as your paltry pittance is wrung from you with wrangling and reluctance, to boast of your liberality, well might the catholic exclaim, in the words of Prior,—

«To John I owe some obligation,
But John unluckily thinks fit
To publish it to all the nation,
So John and I are more than quit.»

Some persons have compared the catholics to the beggar in Gil Blas. Who made them beggars? Who are enriched with the spoils of their ancestors? And cannot you relieve the beggar when your fathers have made him such? If you are disposed to relieve him at all, cannot you do it without flinging your farthings in his face? As a contrast, however, to this beggarly benevolence, let us look at the Protestant Charter Schools; to them you have lately granted 41,000*l.*: thus are they supported, and how are they recruited? Montesquieu observes, on the English constitution, that the model may be found in Tacitus, where the historian describes the policy of the Germans, and adds, «this beautiful system was taken from the woods;» so in speaking of the charter schools: it may be observed, that this beautiful system was taken from the gypsies. These schools are recruited in the same manner as the Janissaries at the time of their enrolment under Amurath, and the gypsies of the present day with stolen children, with children decoyed and kidnapped from their catholic connexions by their rich and powerful protestant neighbours: this is notorious, and one instance may suffice to shew in what manner.—The sister of a Mr Carthy (a catholic gentleman of very considerable property) died, leaving two girls, who were immediately marked out

as proselytes, and conveyed to the charter school of Coolgreny; their uncle, on being apprised of the fact, which took place during his absence, applied for the restitution of his nieces, offering to settle an independence on these his relations; his request was refused, and not till after five years' struggle, and the interference of very high authority, could this catholic gentleman obtain back his nearest of kindred from a charity charter school. In this manner are proselytes obtained, and mingled with the offspring of such protestants as may avail themselves of the institution. And how are they taught? A catechism is put into their hands, consisting of, I believe, forty-five pages, in which are three questions relative to the protestant religion; one of these queries is, "Where was the protestant religion before Luther?" Answer, "In the Gospel." The remaining forty-four pages and a half regard the damnable idolatry of papists!

Allow me to ask our spiritual pastors and masters, is this training up a child in the way which he should go? Is this the religion of the gospel before the time of Luther? that religion which preaches "Peace on earth, and glory to God?" Is it bringing up infants to be men or devils? Better would it be to send them any where than teach them such doctrines; better send them to those islands in the South Seas, where they might more humanely learn to become cannibals; it would be less disgusting that they were brought up to devour the dead, than persecute the living. Schools do you call them? call them rather dunghills, where the viper of intolerance deposits her young, that when their teeth are cut and their poison is mature, they may issue forth, filthy and venomous, to sting the catholic. But are these the doctrines of the Church of England, or of churchmen? No, the most enlightened churchmen are of a different opinion. What says Paley? "I perceive no reason why men of different religious persuasions should not sit upon the same bench, deliberate in the same council, or fight in the same ranks, as well as men of various religious opinions, upon any controverted topic of natural history, philosophy, or ethics." It may be answered, that Paley was not strictly orthodox; I know nothing of his orthodoxy, but who will deny that he was an ornament to the church, to human nature, to christianity?

I shall not dwell upon the grievance of tithes, so severely felt by the peasantry, but it may be proper to observe, that there is an addition to the burthen, a per centage to the gatherer, whose interest it

thus becomes to rate them as highly as possible, and we know that in many large livings in Ireland, the only resident protestants are the tithe proctor and his family.

Among many causes of irritation, too numerous for recapitulation, there is one in the militia not to be passed over, I mean the existence of Orange lodges amongst the privates; can the officers deny this? And if such lodges do exist, do they, can they tend to promote harmony amongst the men, who are thus individually separated in society, although mingled in the ranks? And is this general system of persecution to be permitted, or is it to be believed that with such a system the catholics can or ought to be contented? If they are, they belie human nature; they are then, indeed, unworthy to be any thing but the slaves you have made them. The facts stated are from most respectable authority, or I should not have dared in this place, or any place, to hazard this avowal. If exaggerated, there are plenty as willing, as I believe them to be unable, to disprove them. Should it be objected that I never was in Ireland, I beg leave to observe, that it is as easy to know something of Ireland without having been there, as it appears with some to have been born, bred, and cherished there, and yet remain ignorant of its best interests.

But there are, who assert that the catholics have already been too much indulged; see (cry they) what has been done; we have given them one entire college, we allow them food and raiment, the full enjoyment of the elements, and leave to fight for us as long as they have limbs and lives to offer, and yet they are never to be satisfied! Generous and just declaimers! To this, and to this only amount the whole of your arguments, when stript of their sophistry. Those personages remind me of a story of a certain drummer, who being called upon in the course of duty to administer punishment to a friend tied to the halberts, was requested to flog high; he did—to flog low, he did—to flog in the middle, he did—high, low, down the middle, and up again, but all in vain, the patient continued his complaints with the most provoking pertinacity, until the drummer, exhausted and angry, flung down his scourge, exclaiming, «the devil burn you, there's no pleasing you, flog where one will!» Thus it is, you have flogged the catholic high, low, here, there, and every where, and then you wonder he is not pleased. It is true, that time, experience, and that weariness which attends even the exertise of barbarity, have taught you to flog a little more gently, but still you continue to lay on the lash, and will so continue, till perhaps the rod may

be wrested from your hands, and applied to the backs of yourselves and your posterity.

It was said by somebody in a former debate (I forget by whom, and am not very anxious to remember), if the catholics are emancipated, why not the Jews? If this sentiment was dictated by compassion for the Jews, it might deserve attention, but as a sneer against the catholic, what is it but the language of Shylock transferred from his daughter's marriage to catholic emancipation—

«Would any of the tribe of Barrabbas
Should have it rather than a christian.»

I presume a catholic is a christian, even in the opinion of him whose taste only can be called in question for his preference of the Jews.

It is a remark often quoted of Dr Johnson (whom I take to be almost as good authority as the gentle apostle of intolerance, Dr Duigenan), that he who could entertain serious apprehensions of danger to the church in these times, would have «cried fire in the deluge.» This is more than a metaphor, for a remnant of these antediluvians appear actually to have come down to us, with fire in their mouths and water in their brains, to disturb and perplex mankind with their whimsical outcries. And as it is an infallible symptom of that distressing malady with which I conceive them to be afflicted (so any doctor will inform your lordships), for the unhappy invalids to perceive a flame perpetually flashing before their eyes, particularly when their eyes are shut (as those of the persons to whom I allude have long been), it is impossible to convince these poor creatures, that the fire against which they are perpetually warning us and themselves, is nothing but an *ignis fatuus* of their own drivelling imaginations. What rhubarb, senna, or «what purgative drug can scour that fancy thence?»—It is impossible, they are given over, their's is the true

«Caput insanabile tribus Anticyris.»

These are your true protestants. Like Bayle, who protested against all sects whatsoever, so do they protest against catholic petitions, protestant petitions, all redress, all that reason, humanity, policy, justice, and common sense, can urge against the delusions of their

absurd delirium. These are the persons who reverse the fable of the mountain that brought forth a mouse; they are the mice who conceive themselves in labour with mountains.

To return to the catholics:—suppose the Irish were actually contented under their disabilities—suppose them capable of such a bull as not to desire deliverance—ought we not to wish it for ourselves? Have we nothing to gain by their emancipation? What resources have been wasted? What talents have been lost by the selfish system of exclusion? You already know the value of Irish aid: at this moment the defence of England is intrusted to the Irish militia; at this moment, while the starving people are rising in the fierceness of despair, the Irish are faithful to their trust. But till equal energy is imparted throughout by the extension of freedom, you cannot enjoy the full benefit of the strength which you are glad to interpose between you and destruction. Ireland has done much, but will do more. At this moment the only triumph obtained through long years of continental disaster has been achieved by an Irish general; it is true he is not a catholic; had he been so, we should have been deprived of his exertions; but I presume no one will assert that his religion would have impaired his talents or diminished his patriotism, though in that case he must have conquered in the ranks, for he never could have commanded an army.

But while he is fighting the battles of the catholics abroad, his noble brother has this night advocated their cause, with an eloquence which I shall not depreciate by the humble tribute of my panegyric, whilst a third of his kindred, as unlike as unequal, has been combating against his catholic brethren in Dublin, with circular letters, edicts, proclamations, arrests, and dispersions—all the vexatious implements of petty warfare that could be wielded by the mercenary guerillas of government, clad in the rusty armour of their obsolete statutes. Your lordships will, doubtless, divide new honours between the saviour of Portugal, and the dispenser of delegates! It is singular, indeed, to observe the difference between our foreign and domestic policy. If catholic Spain, faithful Portugal, or the no less catholic and faithful king of the one Sicily (of which, by the by, you have lately deprived him), stand in need of succour, away goes a fleet and an army, an ambassador and a subsidy, sometimes to fight pretty hardly, generally to negotiate very badly, and always to pay very dearly for our popish allies. But let four millions of fellow-subjects pray for relief, who fight and pay and labour in your behalf,

they must be treated as aliens, and although their « father's house has many mansions, » there is no resting place for them. Allow me to ask, are you not fighting for the emancipation of Ferdinand the Seventh, who certainly is a fool, and consequently, in all probability, a bigot; and have you more regard for a foreign sovereign than your own fellow-subjects, who are not fools, for they know your interest better than you know your own; who are not bigots, for they return you good for evil; but who are in worse durance than the prison of an usurper, inasmuch as the fetters of the mind are more galling than those of the body.

Upon the consequences of your not acceding to the claims of the petitioners, I shall not expatiate: you know them, you will feel them, and your children's children when you are passed away. Adieu to that union so called, as « *Lucus a non lucendo*, » a union from never uniting, which in its first operation gave a death-blow to the independence of Ireland, and in its last may be the cause of her eternal separation from this country. If it must be called a union, it is the union of the shark with his prey; the spoiler swallows up his victim, and thus they become one and indivisible. Thus has Great Britain swallowed up the parliament, the constitution, the independence of Ireland, and refuses to disgorge even a single privilege, although for the relief of her swollen and distempered body politic.

And now, my lords, before I sit down, will his majesty's ministers permit me to say a few words, not on their merits, for that would be superfluous, but on the degree of estimation in which they are held by the people of these realms. The esteem in which they are held has been boasted of in a triumphant tone on a late occasion within these walls, and a comparison instituted between their conduct, and that of noble lords on this side of the House.

What portion of popularity may have fallen to the share of my noble friends (if such I may presume to call them), I shall not pretend to ascertain; but that of his majesty's ministers it were vain to deny. It is, to be sure, a little like the wind, « no one knows whence it cometh or whither it goeth, » but they feel it, they enjoy it, they boast of it. Indeed, modest and unostentatious as they are, to what part of the kingdom even the most remote, can they flee to avoid the triumph which pursues them? If they plunge into the midland counties, there will they be greeted by the manufacturers, with spurned petitions in their hands, and those halters round their necks recently voted in their behalf, imploring blessings on the heads of

those who so simply, yet ingeniously, contrived to remove them from their miseries in this to a better world. If they journey on to Scotland, from Glasgow to Johnny Groat's, every where will they receive similar marks of approbation. If they take a trip from Portpatrick to Donaghadee, there will they rush at once into the embraces of four catholic millions, to whom their vote of this night is about to endear them for ever. When they return to the metropolis, if they can pass under Temple Bar without unpleasant sensations at the sight of the greedy niches over that ominous gateway, they cannot escape the acclamations of the livery, and the more tremulous, but not less sincere, applause, the blessings «not loud but deep» of bankrupt merchants and doubting stock-holders. If they look to the army, what wreaths, not of laurel, but of night-shade, are preparing for the heroes of Walcheren. It is true there are few living deponents left to testify to their merits on that occasion: but a «cloud of witnesses» are gone above from that gallant army which they so generously and piously dispatched, to recruit the «noble army of martyrs.»

What if in the course of this triumphal career (in which they will gather as many pebbles as Caligula's army did on a similar triumph, the prototype of their own), they do not perceive any of those memorials which a grateful people erect in honour of their benefactors; what although not even a sign-post will condescend to depose the Saracen's head in favour of the likeness of the conquerors of Walcheren, they will not want a picture who can always have a caricature; or regret the omission of a statue who will so often see themselves exalted in effigy. But their popularity is not limited to the narrow bounds of an island; there are other countries where their measures, and, above all, their conduct to the catholics, must render them pre-eminently popular. If they are beloved here, in France they must be adored. There is no measure more repugnant to the designs and feelings of Buonaparte than catholic emancipation; no line of conduct more propitious to his projects, than that which has been pursued, is pursuing, and, I fear, will be pursued, towards Ireland. What is England without Ireland, and what is Ireland without the catholics? It is on the basis of your tyranny Napoleon hopes to build his own. So grateful must oppression of the catholics be to his mind, that doubtless (as he has lately permitted some renewal of intercourse) the next cartel will convey to this country cargoes of Sèvres-china and blue ribands (things in great request, and of equal value at this moment), blue ribands of the Legion of Honour for Dr Duigenan

and his ministerial disciples. Such is that well-earned popularity, the result of those extraordinary expeditions, so expensive to ourselves, and so useless to our allies; of those singular inquiries, so exculpatory to the accused, and so dissatisfactory to the people; of those paradoxical victories, so honourable, as we are told, to the British name, and so destructive to the best interests of the British nation: above all, such is the reward of a conduct pursued by ministers towards the catholics.

I have to apologise to the House, who will, I trust, pardon me, not often in the habit of intruding upon their indulgence, for so long attempting to engage their attention. My most decided opinion is, as my vote will be, in favour of the motion.

DEBATE ON MAJOR CARTWRIGHT'S PETITION,
JUNE 1, 1813.

LORD BYRON rose and said:

MY LORDS; the petition which I now hold for the purpose of presenting to the House, is one which I humbly conceive requires the particular attention of your lordships, inasmuch as, though signed but by a single individual, it contains statements which (if not disproved) demand most serious investigation. The grievance of which the petitioner complains is neither selfish nor imaginary. It is not his own only, for it has been; and is still felt by numbers. No one without these walls, nor indeed within, but may to-morrow be made liable to the same insult and obstruction, in the discharge of an imperious duty for the restoration of the true constitution of these realms, by petitioning for reform in parliament. The petitioner, my lords, is a man whose long life has been spent in one unceasing struggle for the liberty of the subject, against that undue influence which has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished; and

¹ The following *jeu d'esprit*, addressed to Mr Hobhouse on his election for Westminster, has been attributed to Lord Byron. It is given here from the affinity it bears to the subject in question.

« Mors Janua vitæ.»

Would you get to the house through the true gate,
Much quicker than even Whig Charley went;
Let Parliament send you to Newgate—
And Newgate will send you to—Parliament.

whatever difference of opinion may exist as to his political tenets, few will be found to question the integrity of his intentions. Even now oppressed with years, and not exempt from the infirmities attendant on his age, but still unimpaired in talent, and unshaken in spirit—*“frangas non flectes”*—he has received many a wound in the combat against corruption; and the new grievance, the fresh insult of which he complains, may inflict another scar, but no dishonour. The petition is signed by John Cartwright, and it was in behalf of the people and parliament, in the lawful pursuit of that reform in the representation, which is the best service to be rendered both to parliament and people, that he encountered the wanton outrage which forms the subject matter of his petition to your lordships. It is couched in firm, yet respectful language—in the language of a man, not regardless of what is due to himself, but at the same time, I trust, equally mindful of the deference to be paid to this House. The petitioner states, amongst other matter of equal, if not greater importance, to all who are British in their feelings, as well as blood and birth, that on the 21st January, 1813, at Huddersfield, himself and six other persons, who, on hearing of his arrival, had waited on him merely as a testimony of respect, were seized by a military and civil force, and kept in close custody for several hours, subjected to gross and abusive insinuation from the commanding-officer, relative to the character of the petitioner; that he (the petitioner) was finally carried before a magistrate, and not released till an examination of his papers proved that there was not only no just, but not even statutable charge against him, and that, notwithstanding the promise and order from the presiding magistrates of a copy of the warrant against your petitioner, it was afterwards withheld on divers pretexts, and has never until this hour been granted. The names and condition of the parties will be found in the petition. To the other topics touched upon in the petition, I shall not now advert, from a wish not to encroach upon the time of the House; but I do most sincerely call the attention of your lordships to its general contents—it is in the cause of the parliament and people that the rights of this venerable freeman have been violated, and it is, in my opinion, the highest mark of respect that could be paid to the House, that to your justice, rather than by appeal to any inferior court, he now commits himself. Whatever may be the fate of his remonstrance, it is some satisfaction to me, though mixed with regret for the occasion, that I have this opportunity of publicly

stating the obstruction to which the subject is liable, in the prosecution of the most lawful and imperious of his duties—the obtaining by petition reform in parliament. I have shortly stated his complaint; the petitioner has more fully expressed it. Your lordships will, I hope, adopt some measure fully to protect and redress him, and not him alone, but the whole body of the people insulted and aggrieved in his person, by the interposition of an abused civil, and unlawful military force between them and their right of petition to their own representatives.

His lordship then presented the petition from Major Cartwright, which was read, complaining of the circumstances at Huddersfield, and of interruptions given to the right of petitioning, in several places in the northern parts of the kingdom, and which his lordship moved should be laid on the table.

Several lords having spoken on the question,

LORD BYRON replied, that he had, from motives of duty, presented this petition to their lordships' consideration. The noble earl had contended that it was not a petition but a speech; and that, as it contained no prayer, it should not be received. What was the necessity of a prayer? If that word were to be used in its proper sense, their lordships could not expect that any man should pray to others. He had only to say, that the petition, though in some parts expressed strongly perhaps, did not contain any improper mode of address, but was couched in respectful language towards their lordships; he should therefore trust their lordships would allow the petition to be received.

THE END.



